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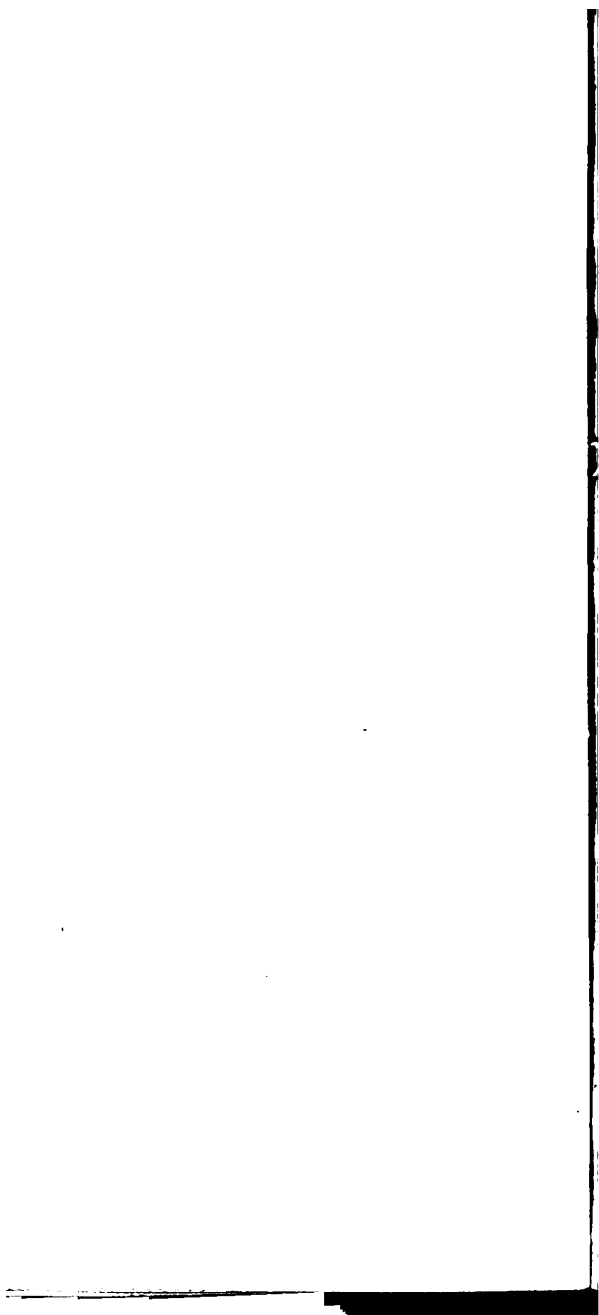
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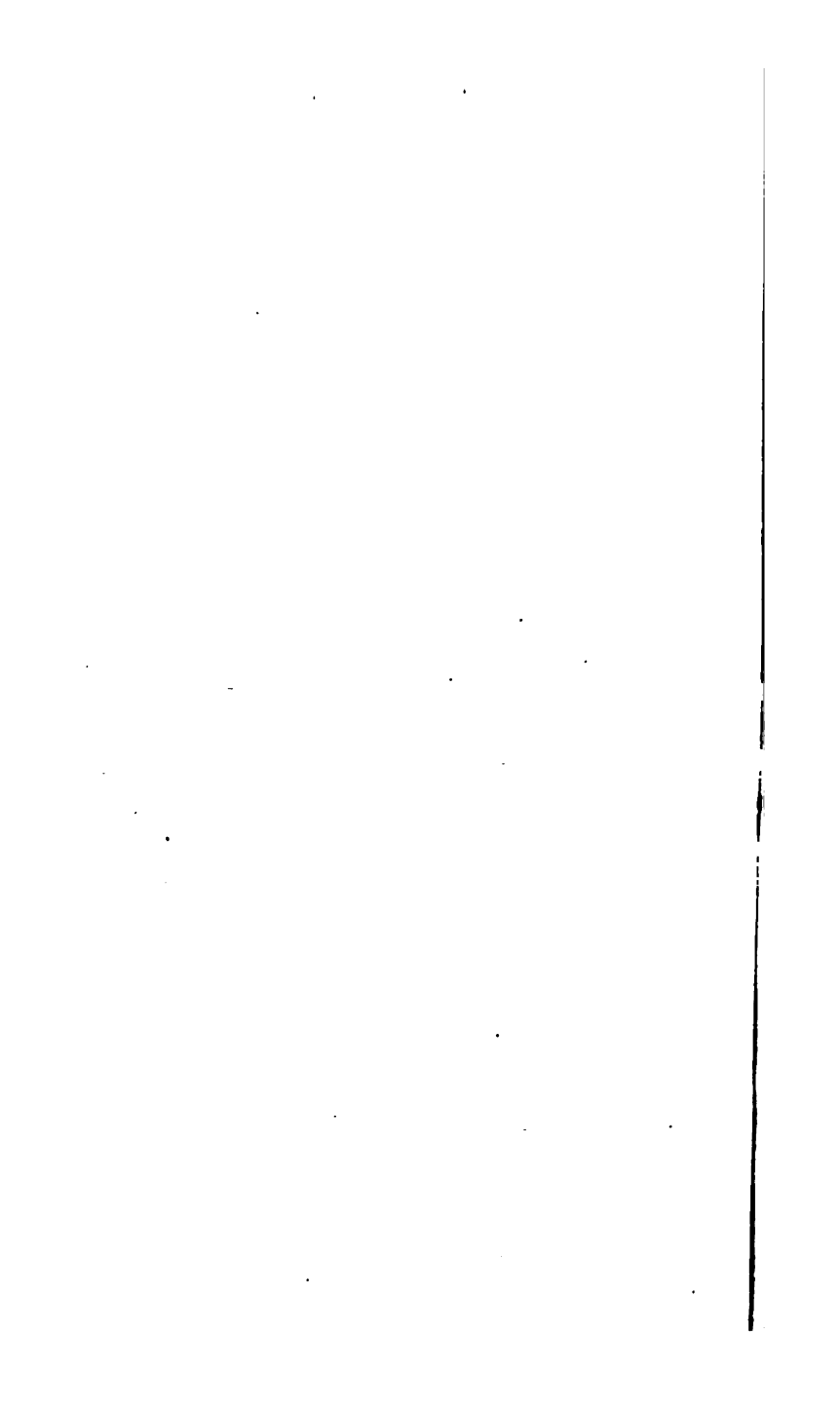
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BY SAMUEL JOHNSON AND GEORGE STEEVENS.

REVISED AND AUGMENTED,
BY ISAAC REED, ESQ.

CONTAINING

As you Like It.
All is Well that Ends Well.
Taming of The Shrew.
Winter's Tale.
Comedy of Errors.
King Richard II.
King Henry IV. 1st. Part.

King Richard III.
King Henry VIII.
Troilus and Cressida.
Romeo and Juliet.
Coriolanus.
Antony and Cleopatra.

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AS YOU LIKE IT.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke, *living in exile.*

Frederick, *brother to the Duke, and usurper of his dominions.*

Amiens, } *lords attending upon the Duke in his banishment.*
Jaques, }

Le Beau, *a courtier attending upon Frederick.*

Charles, *his wrestler.*

Oliver,

Jaques, } *sons of sir Rowland de Bois.*
Orlando, }

Adam, } *servants to Oliver.*
Dennis, }

Touchstone, *a clown.*

Sir Oliver Mar-text, *a vicar.*

Corin, } *shepherds.*
Sylvius, }

William, *a country fellow, in love with Audrey.*

A person representing Hymen.

Rosalind, *daughter to the banished Duke.*

Celia, *daughter to Frederick.*

Phebe, *a shepherdess.*

Audrey, *a country wench.*

Lords belonging to the two Dukes; Pages, Foresters and other Attendants.

The SCENE lies, first, near Oliver's house; afterwards, partly in the usurper's court, and partly in the forest of Arden.

The list of the persons being omitted in the old editions, was added by Mr. Rowe. Johnson.

AS YOU LIKE IT.*

ACT I.....SCENE I.

An Orchard, near Oliver's House.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me: By will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well:¹ and there begins my sadness. My

* Shakspeare has followed Lodge's novel more exactly than is his general custom when he is indebted to such worthless originals; and has sketched some of his principal characters, and borrowed a few expressions from it. His imitations, &c. however, are in general too insignificant to merit transcription.

It should be observed, that the characters of *Jaques*, the *Clown*, and *Audrey*, are entirely of the poet's own formation.

Although I have never met with any edition of this comedy before the year 1623, it is evident, that such a publication was at least designed. At the beginning of the second volume of the entries at Stationers' Hall, are placed two leaves of irregular prohibitions, notes, &c. Among these are the following:

Aug. 4.

" <i>As you Like it</i> , a book.	} to be staid."
" <i>Henry the Fifth</i> , a book.	
" The Comedy of <i>Much Ado</i> , a book.	

The dates scattered over these plays are from 1596 to 1615.

Steevens.

¹ *As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me: By will, but a poor thousand crowns; &c.*] The grammar as well as sense, suffers cruelly by this reading. There are two nominatives to the verb *bequeathed*, and not so much as one to the verb *charged*: and yet, to the nominative there wanted, [*his blessing*] refers. So that the whole sentence is confused and obscure. A very small alteration in the reading and pointing sets all right.—*As I remember, Adam, it was upon this my father bequeathed me, &c.* The grammar is now rectified, and the sense also; which is this: Orlando and Adam were discoursing together on the cause why the younger brother had but a thousand crowns left him. They agree upon it; and Orlando opens th

brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept:² For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound

scene in this manner—*As I remember, it was upon this*, i. e. for the reason we have been talking of, that my father left me but a thousand crowns; however, to make amends for this scanty provision, he charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well.

Warburton.

There is, in my opinion, nothing but a point misplaced, and an omission of a word which every hearer can supply, and which therefore an abrupt and eager dialogue naturally excludes.

I read thus: *As I remember, Adam, it was on this fashion bequeathed me. By will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well.* What is there in this difficult or obscure? The nominative *my father* is certainly left out, but so left out that the auditor inserts it, in spite of himself. Johnson.

— *it was on this fashion bequeathed me*, as Dr. Johnson reads, is but awkward English. I would read: *As I remember, Adam, it was on this fashion.*—He bequeathed me by will, &c. Orlando and Adam enter abruptly in the midst of a conversation on this topick; and Orlando is correcting some misapprehension of the other. *As I remember* (says he) it was thus. He left me a thousand crowns; and, *as thou sayest*, charged my brother, &c.

Blackstone.

Omission being of all the errors of the press the most common, I have adopted the emendation proposed by Sir W. Blackstone. Malone.

Being satisfied with Dr. Johnson's explanation of the passage as it stands in the old copy, I have followed it. Steevens.

² — *stays me here at home unkept:*] We should read *stys*, i. e. keeps me like a brute. The following words—*for call you that keeping—that differs not from the stalling of an ox?* confirms this emendation. So, Caliban says—

“And here you *sty* me

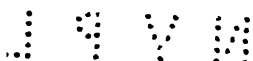
“In this hard rock.” Warburton.

Sties is better than *stays*, and more likely to be Shakspeare's.

Johnson.

“, in *Noah's Flood*, by Drayton:

“And *sty* themselves up in a little room.” Steevens.



to him as I. Besides this, nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me:³ he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter OLIVER.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?⁴

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employ'd, and be naught awhile.⁵

³ — *his countenance seems to take from me.*] We should certainly read—*his discountenance.* Warburton.

There is no need of change; a countenance is either good or bad. Johnson.

⁴ — *what make you here?*] i. e. what do you here? So, in *Hamlet*:

“What make you at Elsinour?” Steevens.

⁵ — *be better employ'd, and be naught awhile.*] Mr. Theobald has here a very critical note; which, though his modesty suffered him to withdraw it from his second edition, deserves to be perpetuated, i. e. (says he) *be better employed, in my opinion, in being and doing nothing.* Your idleness, as you call it, may be an exercise by which you make a figure, and endear yourself to the world: and I had rather you were a contemptible cypher. The poet seems to me to have that trite proverbial sentiment in his eye, quoted from *Attilius*, by the younger *Pliny* and others: *satius est otiosum esse quam nihil agere.* But *Oliver*, in the perverseness of his disposition, would reverse the doctrine of the proverb. Does the reader know what all this means? But 'tis no matter. I will assure him—*be naught a while* is only a north-country proverbial curse equivalent to, *a mischief on you.* So, the old poet *Skelton*:

“Correct first thy selfe, walk and be nought,

“Deeme what thou list, thou knowest not my though

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than he I am before knows me.* I

But what the Oxford editor could not explain, he would amend, and reads:

— and do aught a while. *Warburton.*

If *be nought awhile* has the signification here given it, the reading may certainly stand; but till I learned its meaning from this note, I read:

Be better employed, and be naught a while.

In the same sense as we say—*It is better to do mischief, than to do nothing.* *Johnson.*

Notwithstanding Dr. Warburton's far-fetched explanation, I believe that the words *be nought awhile*, mean no more than this: "Be content to be a cypher, till I shall think fit to elevate you into consequence."

This was certainly a proverbial saying. I find it in *The Storie of King Darius*, an interlude, 1565:

"Come away, and be nought a while,

"Or surely I will you both defyle."

Again, in *K. Henry IV*, P. II, Falstaff says to Pistol: "Nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, *he shall be nothing* here." *Steevens.*

Naught and *nought* are frequently confounded in old English books. I once thought that the latter was here intended, in the sense affixed to it by Mr. Steevens: "Be content to be a cypher, till I shall elevate you into consequence." But the following passage in *Sweetnam*, a comedy, 1620, induces me to think that the reading of the old copy (*naught*) and Dr. Johnson's explanation are right:

"— get you both in, and be *naught a while*."

The speaker is a chamber-maid, and she addresses herself to her mistress and her lover. *Malone.*

Malone says that *nought* (meaning *nothing*) was formerly spelled with an *a*, *naught*; which is clearly the manner in which it ought still to be spelled, as the word *aught*, (any thing) from whence it is derived, is spelled so.

A similar expression occurs in *Bartholomew Fair*, where Ursula says to Mooncalf: "Leave the bottle behind you, and be *curs'd awhile*;" which seems to confirm Warburton's explanation. *M. Mason.*

* *Ay, better than he I am before knows me.*] The first folio reads—*better than him*—. But, little respect is due to the anomalies of the play-house editors; and of this comedy there is no quarto edition. *Steevens.*

know, you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me: The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.⁷

Ol. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Ol. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain:⁸ I am the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains: Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Ol. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My

Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—*he* I am before; more correctly, but without authority. Our author is equally irregular in *The Winter's Tale*:

"I am appointed *him* to murder you." *Malone*.

Of *The Winter's Tale* also there is none but the play-house copy. *Steevens*.

⁷ — *albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.*] This is sense indeed, and may be thus understood.—The reverence due to my father is, in some degree, derived to you, as the first-born. But I am persuaded that Orlando did not here mean to compliment his brother, or condemn himself; something of both which there is in that sense. I rather think he intended a satirical reflection on his brother, who by *letting him feed with his hinds*, treated him as one not so nearly related to old Sir Rowland as himself was. I imagine therefore Shakspeare might write—*Albeit your coming before me is nearer his revenue*, i. e. though you are no nearer in blood, yet it must be owned, indeed, you are nearer in estate. *Warburton*.

This, I apprehend, refers to the courtesy of distinguishing the eldest son of a knight, by the title of esquire. *Henley*.

⁸ *I am no villain:*] The word *villain* is used by the elder brother, in its present meaning, for a *worthless, wicked, or bloody man*; by Orlando, in its original signification, for a *fellow of base extraction*. *Johnson*.

father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt ORL. and ADAM.*]

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physick your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Hola, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit DEN.*].—'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good monsieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave⁹ to wander.

⁹ — good leave —] As often as this phrase occurs, it means ready assent. So, in *King John*:

Oli. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the duke's daughter,¹ be banished with her father.

Cha. O, no; for the duke's daughter,² her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden,³ and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day; and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall: To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes

“*Bast.* James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?

“*Gur.* Good leave, good Philip.” *Steevens.*

¹ —the duke's daughter,] The words *old* and *new* [inserted by Sir T. Hanmer] seem necessary to the perspicuity of the dialogue. *Johnson.*

—the duke's daughter,] i. e. the banished duke's daughter.

Malone.

The author of *The Revisal* is of opinion, that the subsequent words—*her cousin*, sufficiently distinguish the person intended.

Steevens.

² —for the duke's daughter,] i. e. the *usurping* duke's daughter. Sir T. Hanmer reads here—the *new* duke's; and in the preceding speech—the *old* duke's daughter; but in my opinion unnecessarily. The ambiguous use of the word *duke* in these passages is much in our author's manner. *Malone.*

³ —in the forest of Arden,] *Ardenne* is a forest of considerable extent in French Flanders, lying near the Meuse, and between Charlemont and Rocroy. It is mentioned by Spenser, in his *Colin Clout's come home again*, 1595:

“Into a forest wide and waste he came,

“Where store he heard to be of savage prey;

“So wide a forest, and so waste as this,

“Not famous *Ardeyn*, nor foul *Arlo* is.”

But our author was furnished with the scene of his play by Lodge's novel. *Malone.*

me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I must for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Ol. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles,—it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger: And thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: And so, God keep your worship! [Exit.]

Ol. Farewel good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester:⁴ I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts⁵ enchantingly beloved; and,

⁴ — *this gamester:*] *Gamester*, in the present instance, and some others, does not signify a man viciously addicted to games of chance, but a frolicksome person. Thus, in *King Henry VIII*:

“You are a merry *gamester*, my lord Sands.” *Steevens*.

— *of all sorts* —] *Sorts*, in this place, means ranks and degrees of men. *Ritson*.

indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither,⁶ which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier?⁷ Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so would'st thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see; What think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport

⁶ — kindle the boy thither,] A similar phrase occurs in *Macbeth*, Act I, sc. iii:

“— enkindle you unto the crown.” *Steevens.*

⁷ — I were merrier?] *I*, which was inadvertently omitted in the old copy, was inserted by Mr. Pope. *Malone.*

neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel,⁸ that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would, we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true: for those, that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those, that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favour'dly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No? When nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire?—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone:⁹ for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.—How now, wit? whither wander you?

⁸ — *mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel,*] The wheel of Fortune is not the wheel of a housewife. Shakspeare has confounded Fortune, whose wheel only figures uncertainty and vicissitude, with the destiny that spins the thread of life, though not indeed with a wheel. *Johnson.*

Shakspeare is very fond of this idea. He has the same in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“—and rail so high,

“That the false housewife, Fortune, break her wheel.”

Steevens.

⁹ — *who perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent &c.*] The old copy reads—“*perceiveth*—.”

Malone retains the old reading, but adds—“*and hath sent,*” *Steevens.*

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is 't that thou mean'st?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Ccl. My father's love is enough to honour him.¹—

¹ *Touch.* One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Ros. *My father's love is enough to honour him.*] This reply to the Clown is in all the books placed to Rosalind; but Frederick was not her father, but Celia's: I have therefore ventured to prefix the name of Celia. There is no countenance from any passage in the play, or from the *Dramatis Personæ*, to imagine, that both the Brother-Dukes were namesakes; and one called the Old, and the other the Younger-Frederick; and without some such authority, it would make confusion to suppose it. *Theobald.*

Mr. Theobald seems not to know that the *Dramatis Personæ* were first enumerated by Rowe. *Johnson.*

Frederick is here clearly a mistake, as appears by the answer of Rosalind, to whom Touchstone addresses himself, though the question was put to him by Celia. I suppose some abbreviation was used in the MS. for the name of the rightful, or old duke, as he is called, [perhaps *Fer.* for *Ferdinand*] which the transcriber or printer converted into Frederick. *Fernardyne* is one of the persons introduced in the novel on which this comedy is founded. Mr. Theobald solves the difficulty by giving the next speech to Celia, instead of Rosalind; but there is too much of filial warmth in it for Celia:—besides, why should her father be called *old*

Enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whip'd for taxation,² one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true: for since the little wit, that fools have, was silenced,³ the little foolery, that wise men have, makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: What's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport? Of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Frederick? It appears from the last scene of this play that this was the name of the younger brother. *Malone.*

Mr. Malone's remark may be just; and yet I think the speech which is still left in the mouth of Celia, exhibits as much tenderness for the fool, as respect for her own father. She stops Touchstone, who might otherwise have proceeded to say what she could not hear without inflicting punishment on the speaker. *Old* is an unmeaning term of familiarity. It is still in use, and has no reference to age. The Duke in *Measure for Measure* is called by Lucio "the old fantastical Duke," &c. *Steevens.*

² — *you'll be whip'd for taxation,*] This was the discipline usually inflicted upon fools. Brantome informs us that Legat, fool to Elizabeth of France, having offended her with some indelicate speech, "*fut bien fouetté à la cuisine pour ces paroles.*" A representation of this ceremony may be seen in a cut prefixed to B. II, ch. c, of the German Petrarch. *Douce.*

Taxation is censure, or satire. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "Niece, you *tax* signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you." Again, in the play before us:

"— my *taxing* like a wildgoose flies —." *Malone.*

³ — *since the little wit, that fools have, was silenced,*] Shakspeare probably alludes to the use of *fools* or *jesters*, who for some ages had been allowed in all courts an unbridled liberty of censure and mockery, and about this time began to be less tolerated. *Johnson.*

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.⁴

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank, ——

Ros. Thou lovest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies:⁵ I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons, ——

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence; ——

Ros. With bills on their necks,—*Be it known unto all men by these presents,*⁶ ——

⁴ —— *laid on with a trowel.*] I suppose the meaning is, that there is too heavy a mass of big words laid upon a slight subject. *Johnson.*

This is a proverbial expression, which is generally used to signify a *glaring falshood*. See Ray's *Proverbs*. *Steevens.*

It means a good round hit, thrown in without judgment or design. *Ritson.*

To lay on with a trowel, is, to do any thing strongly and without delicacy. If a man flatters grossly, it is a common expression to say, that he *lays it on with a trowel*. *M. Mason.*

⁵ *You amaze me, ladies:*] *To amaze*, here, is not to astonish or strike with wonder, but to perplex; to confuse, so as to put out of the intended narrative. *Johnson.*

So, in *Cymbeline*, Act IV, sc. iii:

“I am *amazed* with matter.” *Steevens.*

⁶ *With bills on their necks,—Be it known unto all men by these presents,*] The *ladies* and the *fool*, according to the mode of wit at that time, are at a kind of *cross purposes*. Where the words of one speaker are wrested by another, in a repartee, to a different meaning. As where the Clown says just before—*Nay, if I keep not my rank*. Rosalind replies—*Thou lovest thy old smell*. So here when Rosalind had said—*With bills on their necks*, the Clown to be quits with her, puts in—*Know all men by these presents*. She spoke of an instrument of war, and he turns it to an instrument of law of the same name, beginning with these words: So “they must be given to him. *Warburton.*

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third: Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

This conjecture is ingenious. Where meaning is so very thin, as in this vein of jocularly, it is hard to catch, and therefore I know not well what to determine; but I cannot see why Rosalind should suppose, that the competitors in a wrestling match carried *bills* on their shoulders, and I believe the whole conceit is in the poor resemblance of *presence* and *presents*. *Johnson.*

With bills on their necks, should be the conclusion of *Le Beau's* speech. Mr. Edwards ridicules Dr. Warburton, "As if people carried such instruments of war, as *bills* and *guns* on *their necks*, not on *their shoulders*." But unluckily the ridicule falls upon himself. Lassels, in his *Voyage of Italy*, says of tutors, "Some persuade their pupils, that it is fine carrying a *gun upon their necks*." But what is still more, the expression is taken immediately from Lodge, who furnished our author with his plot. "Ganimede on a day sitting with Aliena, (the assumed names, as in the play) cast up her eye, and saw where Rosader came pacing towards them with his *forest-bill on his necke*." *Farmer.*

The quibble may be countenanced by the following passage in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

"Good-morrow, taylor, I abhor *bills* in a morning—

"But thou may'st watch at night with *bill* in hand."

Again, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, B. I:

"— with a sword by his side, a *forest-bille on his necke*," &c.

Again, in Rowley's *When you see me you know me*, 1621:

"Enter King, and Compton, with *bills on his back*."

Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

"And each of you a good bat on *his neck*."

Again:

"— are you not big enough to bear

"Your bats upon your necks?" *Steevens.*

I don't think that by *bill* is meant either an instrument of war, or one of law, but merely a label or advertisement—as we say a *play-bill*, a *hand-bill*; unless *Farmer's* ingenious amendment be admitted, and these words become part of *Le Beau's* speech; in which case the word *bill* would be used by him to denote a weapon, and by Rosalind perverted to mean a *label*. *M. Mason.*

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard, breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken musick in his sides?⁷ is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here: for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on; since the youth will not be entertained, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

⁷ — is there any else longs to see this broken musick in his sides?]
A stupid error in the copies. They are talking here of some who had their ribs broke in wrestling: and the pleasantry of Rosalind's repartee must consist in the allusion she makes to *composing* in *musick*. It necessarily follows, therefore, that the poet wrote—*set this broken musick in his sides.* Warburton.

If any change were necessary, I should write, *feel this broken musick*, for *see*. But *see* is the colloquial term for perception or experiment. So we say every day; *see* if the water be hot; I will *see* which is the best time; she has tried, and *sees* that she cannot lift it. In this sense *see* may be here used. The sufferer can, with no propriety, be said to *set* the musick; neither is the allusion to the act of tuning an instrument, or pricking a tune, one of which must be meant by *setting* musick. Rosalind hints at a whimsical similitude between the series of ribs gradually shortening, and some musical instruments, and therefore calls *broken ribs, broken musick.* Johnson.

This probably alludes to the pipe of Pan, which consisting of reeds of unequal length, and gradually lessening, bore some resemblance to the ribs of a man. *M. Mason.*

Broken musick either means the noise which the breaking of ribs would occasion, or the hollow sound which proceeds from a person's receiving a violent fall. *Douce.*

I can offer no legitimate explanation of this passage, but may observe that another, somewhat parallel, occurs in *K. Henry V.* "Come, your answer in *broken musick*; for thy voice is it and thy English broken." *Steevens.*

Cel. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter, and cousin? are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege? so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men:⁸ In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so; I'll not be by. [*Duke goes apart.*]

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.⁹

Orl. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?¹

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment,² the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

⁸ — odds in the men:] Sir T. Hanmer. In the old editions, the man. Johnson.

⁹ — the princesses call for you.] The old copy reads—the princesses calls. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

¹ — have you challenged Charles the wrestler?] This wrestling match is minutely described in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592.

² — if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment,] Absurd! The sense requires that we should read,—our eyes, and—our judgment. The argument is, *Your spirits are too bold, and therefore your judgment deceives you; but did you see and know yourself with our more impartial judgment, you would forbear.* Warburton.

I cannot find the absurdity of the present reading. *If you were not blinded and intoxicated*, says the princess, *with the spirit of enterprise, if you could use your own eyes to see, or your own judgment to know yourself, the fear of your adventure would counsel you.*

Johnson.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing.³ But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial:⁴ wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you.

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

³ *I beseech you, punish me not &c.]* I should wish to read, *I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, Therein I confess myself much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing.*

Johnson.

As the word *wherein* must always refer to something preceding, I have no doubt but there is an error in this passage, and that we ought to read *herein*, instead of *wherein*. The hard thoughts that he complains of are the apprehensions expressed by the ladies of his not being able to contend with the wrestler. He beseeches that they will not punish him with them; and then adds, "Herein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial." *M. Mason.*

The meaning I think is, "punish me not with your unfavourable opinion (of my abilities); which, however, I confess, I deserve to incur, for denying such fair ladies any request." The expression is licentious, but our author's plays furnish many such.

Malone.

⁴ — *let your gentle wishes, go with me to my trial:]* Addison might have had this passage in his memory, when he put the following words into Juba's mouth:

"——— Marcia, may I hope

"That thy kind wishes follow me to battle?" *Steevens.*

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [CHA. and ORL. wrestle.]

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [CHA. is thrown. Shout.]

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. [CHA. is borne out.] What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. I would, thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would, thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke FRED. Train, and LE BEAU.*]

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son;⁵—and would not change that calling,⁶
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd sir Rowland as his soul;

⁵ *His youngest son;*] The words "than to be descended from any other house, however high," must be understood. Orlando is replying to the duke, who is just gone out, and had said—

"Thou should'st have better pleas'd me with this deed,
"Hadst thou descended from another house." Malone.

⁶ —that calling,] i. e. appellation; a very unusual, if not unprecedented sense of the word. Stevens.

And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd:
If you do keep your promises in love,
But justly, as you have exceeded promise,⁷
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,
[Giving him a chain from her neck.]
Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune;⁸
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.—
Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman.
Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up,
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.⁹

⁷ — as you have exceeded promise,] The old copy, without regard to the measure, reads—all promise. *Steevens.*

⁸ — one out of suits with fortune,] This seems an allusion to cards, where he that has no more cards to play of any particular sort, is out of suit. *Johnson.*

Out of suits with fortune, I believe, means, turned out of her service, and stripped of her livery. *Steevens.*

So afterwards, Celia says, “—but turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest.” *Malone.*

⁹ *Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.*] A quintain was a post or butt set up for several kinds of martial exercises, against which they threw their darts and exercised their arms. The allusion is beautiful. *I am*, says Orlando, *only a quintain, a lifeless block on which lose only exercises his arms in jest; the great disparity of condition between Rosalind and me, not suffering me to hope that love will ever make a serious matter of it.* The famous satirist Regnier, who lived about the time of our author, uses the same metaphor, on the same subject, though the thought be different:

“*Et qui depuis dix ans jusqu'en ses derniers jours,*

“*A soutenu le prix en l'escrime d'amours;*

“*Lasse en fin de servir au peuple de quintaine,*

“*Elle*” &c. *Warburton.*

This is but an imperfect (to call it no worse) explanation of beautiful passage. The quintain was not the object of the dart and arms: it was a stake driven into a field, upon which

Ros. He calls us back: My pride fell with my fortunes:

I'll ask him what he would:—Did you call, sir?—
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you:—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Ros. and CEL.*]

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place: Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love;
Yet such is now the duke's condition,¹
That he misconstrues all that you have done.

hung a shield and other trophies of war, at which they shot, darted, or rode, with a lance. When the shield and the trophies were all thrown down, the quintain remained. Without this information how could the reader understand the allusion of—

— *My better parts*

Are all thrown down? Guthrie.

Mr. Malone has disputed the propriety of Mr. Guthrie's animadversions; and Mr. Douce is equally dissatisfied with those of Mr. Malone.

The phalanx of our auxiliaries, as well as their circumstantiality, is so much increased, that we are often led (as Hamlet observes) to

“——— fight for a spot

“Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause.”

The present strictures, therefore, of Mr. Malone and Mr. Douce, (which are too valuable to be omitted, and too ample to find their place under the text of our author) must appear at the conclusion of the play. *Steevens.*

For a more particular description of a *quintain*, see a note on a passage in Jonson's *Underwoods*, Whalley's edit. Vol. VII, p. 55.

M. Mason.

A humorous description of this amusement may also be read in Laneham's Letter from “Killingworth Castle.” *Henley.*

¹ — *the duke's condition,*] The word *condition* means character, temper, disposition. So, Antonio, the merchant of Venice, called by his friend the *best condition'd man.* *Johnson.*

The duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.²

Orl. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;

But yet, indeed, the shorter³ is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,⁴
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well!

[*Exit LE BEAU.*]

² — *than me to speak of.*] The old copy has—*than I.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

³ — *the shorter* —] Thus Mr. Pope. The old copy reads—the *taller.* Mr. Malone—the *smaller.* *Steevens.*

Some change is absolutely necessary, for Rosalind, in a subsequent scene, expressly says that *she* is “more than common *tall*,” and assigns that as a reason for her assuming the dress of a man, while her cousin Celia retained her female apparel. Again, in Act IV, sc. iii, Celia is described by these words—“the woman *low*, and browner than her brother;” i. e. Rosalind. Mr. Pope reads—“the *shorter* is his daughter;” which has been admitted in all the subsequent editions: but surely *shorter* and *taller* could never have been confounded by either the eye or the ear. The present emendation, it is hoped, has a preferable claim to a place in the text, as being much nearer to the corrupted reading.

Malone.

Shakspeare sometimes speaks of *little* women, but I do not recollect that he or any other writer, has mentioned *small* ones. Otherwise, Mr. Malone's conjecture should have found a place in our text. *Steevens.*

⁴ — *in a better world than this,*] So, in *Coriolanus*, Act^r sc. iii: “There is a world elsewhere.” *Steevens.*

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
 From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother:—
 But heavenly Rosalind! [Exit.

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind;—Cupid have mercy!—Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs, throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father:⁵ O, how full of briars is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try; if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase,⁶ I should hate him,

⁵ — *for my child's father:*] i. e. for him whom I hope to marry, and have children by. *Theobald.*

⁶ *By this kind of chase,*] That is, by this way of following the argument. *Dear* is used by Shakspeare in a double sense for

for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?⁷

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do:—Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste, And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin:

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our publick court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,
(As I do trust I am not) then, dear uncle,
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:—
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:

beloved, and for hurtful, hated, baleful. Both senses are authorised, and both drawn from etymology; but properly, *beloved* is *dear*, and *hateful* is *dere*. Rosalind uses *dearly* in the good, and Celia in the bad sense. *Johnson.*

⁷ *Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?*] Celia answers Rosalind, (who had desired her “*not to hate Orlando, for her sake,*”) as if she had said—“*love him, for my sake:*” to which the former replies, “*Why should I not [i. e. love him]*?” So, in the following passage, in *King Henry VIII.*:

“—— Which of the peers

“Have uncontentm'd gone by him, or at least

“Strangely neglected?”

Uncontentm'd must be understood as if the author had written—*not contentm'd*; otherwise the subsequent words would convey a meaning directly contrary to what the speaker intends. *Malone.*

Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Ros. So was I, when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I, when your highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay,
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse;⁸
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;⁹
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,¹

When she is gone: then open not thy lips;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege;

⁸ — remorse;] i. e. compassion. So, in *Macbeth*:

"Stop the access and passage to remorse." *Steevens*.

⁹ — we still have slept together,

Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;] Youthful friendship is described in nearly the same terms in a book published the year in which this play first appeared in print:—"They ever went together, *plaid together, ate together*, and usually *slept together*, out of the great love that was between them." *Life of Guzman de Alfarache*, folio, printed by Edward Blount, 1623, P. I, B. I, c. viii, p. 75. *Reed*.

¹ And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,] When she was seen alone, she would be more noted. *Johnson*.

I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool:—You, niece, provide yourself;

If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke FRED. and Lords.*]

Cel. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;²
Pr'ythee, be cheerful; know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banish'd me his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:³
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me, how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take your change upon you,⁴
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle.⁵

² *Thou hast not, cousin;*] Some word is wanting to the metre.
Perhaps our author wrote:

Indeed thou hast not, cousin. *Steevens.*

³ — *Rosalind lacks then the love*

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:] The poet certainly wrote—*which teacheth me.* For if Rosalind had learnt to think Celia one part of herself, she could not lack that love which Celia complains she does. *Warburton.*

Either reading may stand. The sense of the established text is not remote or obscure. Where would be the absurdity of saying, *You know not the law which teaches you to do right?* *Johnson.*

⁴ — *to take your change upon you,*] i. e. to take your change or reverse of fortune upon yourself, without any aid or participation. *Malone.*

I have inserted this note, but without implicit confidence in the reading it explains. The second folio has *charge.* *Steevens.*

⁵ *To seek my uncle.]* Here the old copy adds—in the forest of

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far?
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;⁶
The like do you; so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-ax⁷ upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
We'll have a swashing⁸ and a martial outside;
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me, Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we essay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;

Arden. But these words are an evident interpolation, without use, and injurious to the measure:

Why, whither shall we go?—To seek my uncle,
being a complete verse. Besides, we have been already informed
by Charles the wrestler, that the banished duke's residence was
in the forest of Arden. *Steevens.*

⁶ *And with a kind of umber smirch my face;*] *Umbre* is a dusky
yellow-coloured earth, brought from Umbria in Italy. See a
note on "*the umber'd fires*," in *K. Henry V*, Act III. *Malone.*

⁷ — *curtle-ax* —] Or *cutlance*, a broad sword. *Johnson.*

⁸ *We'll have a swashing &c.*] A *swashing* outside is an appear-
ance of noisy, bullying valour. *Swashing blow* is mentioned in
Romeo and Juliet; and, in *King Henry V*, the Boy says:—"As
young as I am, I have observed these three *swashers*;" meaning
Nym, *Pistol*, and *Bardolph*. *Steevens.*

Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight: Now go we in content,⁹
To liberty, and not to banishment.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.....SCENE I.

The Forest of Arden.

*Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, and other Lords, in the
dress of Foresters.*

Duke S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,¹
The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,—
This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,

⁹ — *Now go we in content,*] The old copy reads—*Now go in we content.* Corrected by the editor of the second folio. I am not sure that the transposition is necessary. Our author might have used *content* as an adjective. *Malone.*

¹ *Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,*] The old copy reads—*"not the penalty —."* *Steevens.*

What was the penalty of Adam, hinted at by our poet? The being sensible of the difference of the seasons? The Duke says, the cold and effects of the winter feelingly persuade him what he is. How does he *not* then feel the penalty? Doubtless, the text must be restored as I have corrected it; and it is obvious, in the course of these notes, how often *not* and *but*, by mistake have changed place in our author's former editions. *Theobald.*

As *not* has here taken the place of *but*, so, in *Coriolanus*, Act II, sc. iii, *but* is printed instead of *not*:

"*Cor.* Ay, *but* mine own desire.

"¹ *Cit.* How! *not* your own desire." *Malone.*

Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;²
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,³
 Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it:⁴ Happy is your grace,
 That can translate the stubbornness of fortune

² Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,

Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;] It was the current opinion in Shakspeare's time, that in the head of an old toad was to be found a stone, or pearl, to which great virtues were ascribed. This stone has been often sought, but nothing has been found more than accidental or perhaps morbid indurations of the skull. *Johnson.*

In a book called *A Green Forest, or a Natural History*, &c. by John Maplett, 1567, is the following account of this imaginary gem: "In this stone is apparently scene verie often the verie forme of a tode, with despotted and coloured feete, but those uglye and defusedly. It is available against envenoming."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, 1639:

"— in most physicians' heads,

"There is a kind of toadstone bred."

Again, in *Adrasta, or The Woman's Spleen*, 1635:

"Do not then forget the stone

"In the toad, nor serpent's bone," &c.

Pliny, in the 32d Book of his *Natural History*, ascribes many wonderful qualities to a bone found in the right side of a toad, but makes no mention of any gem in its head. This deficiency however is abundantly supplied by Edward Fenton, in his *Secrete Wonders of Nature*, 4to. bl. l. 1569, who says, "That there is founde in the heades of old and great toades, a stone which they call Borax or Stelon: it is most commonly founde in the head of a hee toad, of power to repulse poysons, and that it is a most so-veraigne medicine for the stone."

Thomas Lupton, in his *First Booke of Notable Things*, 4to. bl. l. bears repeated testimony to the virtues of the "Tode-stone, called *Crapaudina*." In his *Seventh Booke* he instructs us how to procure it; and afterwards tells us—"You shall knowe whether the Tode-stone be the ryght and perfect stone or not. Holde the stone before a Tode, so that he may see it; and if it be a ryght and true stone, the Tode will leape towarde it, and make as though he would snatch it: He envieth so-much that man should have that stone." *Steevens.*

³ *Finds tongues in trees, &c.*] So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book I:

"Thus both trees and each thing else, be the bookes to a
fancie." *Steevens.*

⁴ *I would not change it.*] Mr. Upton, not without probability, gives these words to the Duke, and makes Amiens begin—
Happy is your grace. *Johnson.*

Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,—
Being native burghers of this desert city,⁵—
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads⁶
Have their round haunches gor'd.

¹ *Lord.*

Indeed, my lord,

The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens, and myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:⁷
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase:⁸ and thus the hairy fool,

⁵ — *native burghers of this desert city,*] In Sidney's *Arcadia*, the deer are called "the wild *burgesses* of the forest." Again, in the 18th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"Where, fearless of the hunt, the hart securely stood,
"And every where walk'd free, a *burgess* of the wood."

Steevens.

A kindred expression is found in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592:

"About her wond'ring stood

"The *citizens* o' the wood."

Our author afterwards uses this very phrase:

"Sweep on, you fat and greasy *citizens*." *Malone.*

⁶ — *with forked heads* —] i. e. with *arrows*, the points of which were *barbed*. So, in *A mad World my Masters*:

"While the broad arrow with the *forked head*

"Misses," &c. *Steevens.*

⁷ — *as he lay along*

Under an oak, &c.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech

"That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,

"His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,

"And pore upon the brook that babbles by."

Gray's Elegy.

Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
 Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
 Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S.

But what said Jaques?

Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.

First, for his weeping in the needless stream;⁹

Poor deer, quoth he, *thou mak'st a testament*

As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more

*To that which had too much:*¹ Then, being alone,²

Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;

'Tis right, quoth he; *thus misery doth part*

The flux of company: Anon, a careless herd,

Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,

And never stays to greet him; *Ay*, quoth Jaques,

Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;

'Tis just the fashion: *Wherefore do you look*

Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?

Thus most invectively he pierceth through

The body of the country,³ city, court,

⁸ — *the big round tears &c.*] It is said in one of the marginal notes to a similar passage in the 13th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, that "the harte weepeth at his dying: his tears are held to be precious in medicine." *Steevens.*

⁹ — *in the needless stream;*] The stream that wanted not such a supply of moisture. The old copy has *into*, caught probably by the compositor's eye from the line above. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. *Malone.*

¹ *To that which had too much:*] Old copy—*too must*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

Shakspeare has almost the same thought in his *Lover's Complaint*:

" — in a river —

" Upon whose weeping margin she was set,

" Like usury, applying wet to wet."

Again, in *King Henry VI*, P. III, Act V, sc. iv:

" With tearful eyes add water to the sea,

" And give more strength to that which hath too much."

Steevens.

² — *Then, being alone,*] The old copy redundantly reads—*Then being there alone.* *Steevens.*

³ *The body of the country,*] The oldest copy omits—*the*; but it is supplied by the second folio, which has many advantages over the first. Mr. Malone is of a different opinion; but let him speak for himself. *Steevens.*

Yea, and of this our life: swearing, that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what 's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place;
I love to cope him⁴ in these sullen fits,
For then he 's full of matter.

2 Lord. I 'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke F. Can it be possible, that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 Lord. My lord, the roynish clown,⁵ at whom so oft

Country is here used as a trisyllable. So again, in *Twelfth Night*:

“The like of him. Know'st thou this *country*?”

The editor of the second folio, who appears to have been utterly ignorant of our author's phraseology and metre, reads—*The body of the country*, &c. which has been followed by all the subsequent editors. *Malone.*

Is not *country* used elsewhere also as a dissyllable? See *Coriolanus*, Act I, sc. vi:

“And that his *country* 's dearer than himself.”

Besides, by reading *country* as a trisyllable, in the middle of a verse, it would become rough and dissonant. *Stevens.*

⁴ — to cope him —] To encounter him; to engage with him. *Johnson.*

⁵ — the roynish clown,] *Roynish*, from *rogneux*, Fr. mangy, scurvy. The word is used by Chaucer, in *The Romaunt of the Rose*, 988:

“That knottie was and all roinous.”

Again, *ibid.* 6190:

“This argument is all roignous —.”

Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
 Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
 Confesses, that she secretly o'er-head
 Your daughter and her cousin much commend
 The parts and graces of the wrestler⁶
 That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
 And she believes, wherever they are gone,
 That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother;⁷ fetch that gallant hither;
 If he be absent, bring his brother to me.
 I'll make him find him: do this suddenly;
 And let not search and inquisition quail⁸
 To bring again these foolish runaways. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Before Oliver's House.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What! my young master?—O, my gentle
 master,

O, my sweet master, O you memory⁹

Again, by Dr. Gabriel Harvey, in his *Pierce's Supererogation*, 4to. 1593. Speaking of Long Meg of Westminster, he says—"Although she were a lusty bouncing rampe, somewhat like Galletta or maid Marian, yet was she not such a roinish rannel, such a dissolute gillian-flirt," &c.

We are not to suppose the word is literally employed by Shakespeare, but in the same sense that the French still use *carogne*, a term of which Moliere is not very sparing in some of his pieces.

Steevens.

⁶ — *of the wrestler* —] *Wrestler*, (as Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed in a note on *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*) is here to be sounded as a trisyllable. *Steevens.*

⁷ *Send to his brother*;] I believe we should read—*brother's*. For when the Duke says in the following words: "Fetch that gallant hither;" he certainly means Orlando. *M. Mason.*

⁸ — *quail* —] To *quail* is to faint, to sink into dejection. So, in *Cymbeline*:

"— which my false spirits

"*Quail* to remember." *Steevens.*

⁹ — *O you memory* —] Shakespeare often uses *memory* for *memorial*; and Beaumont and Fletcher sometimes. So, in *The Humorous Lieutenant*:

Of old sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
 Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
 And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
 Why would you be so fond¹ to overcome
 The bony priser² of the humorous duke?
 Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
 Know you not, master, to some kind of men³
 Their graces serve them but as enemies?
 No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
 Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
 O, what a world is this, when what is comely
 Envenoms him that bears it?

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
 Come not within these doors; within this roof

"I knew then how to seek your *memories*."
 Again, in *The Atheist's Tragedy*, by C. Turner, 1611:

"And with his body place that *memory*

"Of noble Charlemont."

Again, in *Byron's Tragedy*:

"That statue will I prize past all the jewels

"Within the cabinet of Beatrice,

"The *memory* of my grandame." *Steevens*.

¹ — so fond —] i. e. so indiscreet, so inconsiderate. So, in
The Merchant of Venice:

"—— I do wonder,

"Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond

"To come abroad with him ——." *Steevens*.

² *The bony priser* —] In the former editions—*The bonny priser*.
 We should read—*bony priser*. For this wrestler is characterised
 for his strength and bulk, not for his gaiety or good humour.

Warburton.

So, *Milton*:

"Giants of mighty *bone*." *Johnson*.

So, in the Romance of *Syr Degare*, bl. l. no date:

"This is a man all for the nones,

"For he is a man of *great bones*."

Bonny, however, may be the true reading. So, in *King Henry*
VI, P. II, Act V:

"Even of the *bonny* beast he lov'd so well." *Steevens*.

The word *bonny* occurs more than once in the novel from which
 this play of *As you Like it* is taken. It is likewise much used by
 the common people in the northern counties. I believe, however,
bony to be the true reading. *Malone*.

³ — to some kind of men —] Old copy—*sceme kind*. Corrected
 by the editor of the second folio. *Malone*.



The enemy of all your graces lives:
 Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the son—
 Yet not the son;—I will not call him son—
 Of him I was about to call his father)—
 Hath heard your praises; and this night he means
 To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
 And you within it; if he fail of that,
 He will have other means to cut you off:
 I overheard him, and his practices.
 This is no place,⁴ this house is but a butchery;
 Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
 Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce
 A thievish living on the common road?
 This I must do, or know not what to do:
 Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
 I rather will subject me to the malice
 Of a diverted blood,⁵ and bloody brother.

⁴ *This is no place,*] *Place* here signifies a *seat*, a *mansion*, a *residence*. So, in the first Book of *Samuel*: "Saul set him up a *place*, and is gone down to Gilgal."

Again, in Chaucer's *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales*:

"His wanning was ful fayre upon an heth,

"With grene trees yshadewed was his *place*."

We still use the word in compound with another, as—*St. James's place*, *Rathbone place*; and *Crosby place*, in *K. Richard III.*, &c. *Steevens*.

Our author uses this word again in the same sense in his *Lover's Complaint*:

"Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her *place*."

Plas, in the Welch language, signifies a mansion-house. *Malone*.

Steevens's explanation of this passage is too refined. *Adam* means merely to say—"This is no *place* for you." *M. Mason*.

⁵ — *diverted blood,*] *Blood* turned out of the course of nature. *Johnson*.

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

"Sometimes *diverted*, their poor balls are tied

"To the orb'd earth —." *Malone*.

To *divert* a water-course, that is, to *change its course*, was a common legal phrase, and an object of litigation in Westminster Hall, in our author's time, as it is at present.

Again, in *Ray's Travels*: "We rode along the sea coast to Ostend, *diverting* at Nieuport, to refresh ourselves, and get a
 the town; i. e. leaving our course. *Reed*.

Adam. But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,
 The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
 Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,
 When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
 And unregarded age in corners thrown;
 Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,
 Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,⁶
 Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
 All this I give you: Let me be your servant;
 Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
 For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;⁷
 Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
 The means of weakness and debility;
 Therefore my age is a lusty winter,
 Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
 I'll do the service of a younger man
 In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man; how well in thee appears
 The constant service of the antique world,
 When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
 Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
 And having that, do choke their service up
 Even with the having:⁸ it is not so with thee.
 But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
 That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
 In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry:
 But come thy ways, we'll go along together;
 And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
 We'll light upon some settled low content.

⁶ — and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow, &c.] See *Saint Luke*,
 xii, 6, and 24. *Douce.*

⁷ — rebellious liquors in my blood;] That is liquors which
 inflame the blood or sensual passions, and incite them to rebel
 against reason. So, in *Othello*:

“For there's a young and sweating devil here,

“That commonly rebels.” *Malone.*

Perhaps he only means liquors that rebel against the constitu-
 tion. *Steevens.*

⁸ Even with the having:] Even with the promotion gained
 service is service extinguished. *Johnson.*

Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow thee,
 To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
 From seventeen years⁹ till now almost fourscore
 Here lived I, but now live here no more.
 At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
 But at fourscore, it is too late a week:
 Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
 Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Forest of Arden.

*Enter ROSALIND in boy's clothes, CELIA drest like a
 Shepherdess, and TOUCHSTONE.*

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!¹

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat; therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I can go no further.

⁹ *From seventeen years —*] The old copy reads—*seventy*. The correction, which is fully supported by the context, was made by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

¹ *O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!]* The old copy reads—*how merry &c.* *Steevens.*

And yet, within the space of one intervening line, she says, she could find in her heart to disgrace her man's apparel, and cry like a woman. Sure, this is but a very bad symptom of the *briskness of spirits*: rather a direct proof of the contrary disposition. Mr. Warburton and I, concurred in conjecturing it should be, as I have reformed in the text:—*how weary are my spirits!* And the Clown's reply makes this reading certain. *Theobald.*

She invokes Jupiter, because he was supposed to be always in good spirits. A *jovial* man was a common phrase in our author's time. One of Randolph's plays is called *ARISTIPPUS, or The Jovial Philosopher*; and a comedy of Broome's, *The Jovial Crew, or The Merry Beggars*.

In the original copy of *Othello*, 4to. 1622, nearly the same mistake has happened; for there we find—

“Let us be *merry*, let us hide our joys,”
 instead of—Let us be *wary*. *Malone.*

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you:² yet I should bear no cross,³ if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone:—Look you, who comes here; a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess;
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As sure I think did never man love so)

How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily:
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly⁴
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer⁵ in thy mistress' praise,

² — *I had rather bear with you, than bear you:*] This jingle is repeated in *King Richard III*:

“You mean to bear me, not to bear with me.” *Steevens.*

³ — *yet I should bear no cross,*] A cross was a piece of money stamped with a cross. On this our author is perpetually quibbling. *Steevens.*

⁴ *If thou remember'st not the slightest folly* —] I am inclined to believe that from this passage Suckling took the hint of his song:

“Honest lover, whosoever,

“If in all thy love there ever

“Was one wav'ring thought, if thy flame

“Were not still even, still the same.

“Know this,

“Thou lov'st amiss,

“And to love true,

“Thou must begin again, and love anew,” &c. *Johnson.*

Thou hast not lov'd:
 Or if thou hast not broke from company,
 Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
 Thou hast not lov'd: O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

[Exit SIL.]

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,⁶
 I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine: I remember, when I was in love,
 I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that
 for coming anight⁷ to Jane Smile: and I remember the
 kissing of her batlet,⁸ and the cow's dugs that her pretty
 chop'd hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing
 of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods,⁹

⁶ Wearying thy hearer —] The old copy has—*wearing*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. I am not sure that the emendation is necessary, though it has been adopted by all the editors. *Malone*.

⁶ — of thy wound,] The old copy has—*they would*. The latter word was corrected by the editor of the second folio, the other by Mr. Rowe. *Malone*.

⁷ — anight—] Thus the old copy. *Anight*, is in the night. The word is used by Chaucer, in *The Legende of good Women*. Our modern editors read, *o' nights*, or *o' night*. *Steevens*.

⁸ — batlet,] The instrument with which washers beat their coarse clothes. *Johnson*.

Old copy—*batler*. Corrected in the second folio. *Malone*.

⁹ — two cods,] For *cods* it would be more like sense to read —*peas*, which having the shape of pearls, resembled the common presents of lovers. *Johnson*.

In a schedule of jewels in the 15th Vol. of Rymer's *Fadera*, we find, "Item, two *peascoddes* of gold with 17 pearles." *Farmer*.

Peascods was the ancient term for *peas* as they are brought to market. So, in Greene's *Groundwork of Cony-catching*, 1592: "— went twice in the week to London, either with fruit or *peascods*," &c. Again, in *The Shepherd's Slumber*, a song published in *England's Helicon*, 1600:

"In *peascod time* when hound to horne

"Gives ear till buck be kill'd," &c.

Again, in *The honest Man's Fortune*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Shall feed on delicates, the first *peascods*, strawberries."

Steevens.

In the following passage, however, Touchstone's present certainly signifies not the *pea* but the *pod*, and so, I believe, the word is used here: "He [Richard II] also used a *peascod* branch with the *cods* open, but the *peas* out, as it is upon his robe in his monument at Westminster." Camden's *Remains*, 1614. Here

and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears,¹
Wear these for my sake. We, that are true lovers, run
 into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is
 all nature in love mortal in folly.²

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser, than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit,
 till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion
 Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with
 me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man,
 If he for gold will give us any food;
 I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla; you, clown!

Ros. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say:—
 Good even to you, friend.³

we see the *cods* and not the *peas* were worn. Why Shakspeare used the former word rather than *Pods*, which appears to have had the same meaning, is obvious. *Malone.*

The *peascod* certainly means the whole of the pea as it hangs upon the stalk. It was formerly used as an ornament in dress, and was represented with the shell open exhibiting the peas. The passage cited from Rymer, by Dr. Farmer, shows that the peas were sometimes made of pearls, and rather overturns Dr. Johnson's conjecture, who probably imagined that Touchstone took the *cods* from the *peascods*, and not from his mistress. *Douce.*

¹ — *weeping tears,*] A ridiculous expression from a sonnet in Lodge's *Rosalind*, the novel on which this comedy is founded. It likewise occurs in the old anonymous play of *The Victories of King Henry V*, in Peele's *Fests*, &c. *Steevens.*

The same expression occurs also in Lodge's *Dorastus and Fawnia*, on which *The Winter's Tale* is founded. *Malone.*

² — *so is all nature in love mortal in folly.*] This expression I do not well understand. In the middle counties, *mortal*, from *mort*, a great quantity, is used as a particle of amplification; as *mortal tall*, *mortal little*. Of this sense I believe Shakspeare takes advantage to produce one of his darling equivocations. Thus the meaning will be, *so is all nature in love* abounding in *folly*. *Johnson.*

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed:
Here 's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze;
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks⁴ to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale, and at our sheepecote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.⁵

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages: I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold:
Go with me; if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [Exeunt.

³ — to you, friend.] The old copy reads—to your friend.
Corrected by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

⁴ And little recks —] i. e. heeds, cares for. So, in *Hamlet*:
“And recks not his own rede.” *Steevens.*

⁵ And in my voice most welcome shall you be,] In my voice, as far
as I have a voice, or vote, as far as I have power to bid you wel-
come. *Johnson.*

SCENE V.

*The same.**Enter AMIENS, JAKUES, and Others.*

SONG.

*Ami. Under the greenwood tree,
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And tune⁶ his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither;
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
 But winter and rough weather.*

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel sucks eggs: More, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged;⁷ I know, I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing: Come, more; another stanza; Call you them stanzas?

Ami. What you will, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing: Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request, than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment, is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me

⁶ *And tune* —] The old copy has *turne*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"And to the nightingale's complaining note

"Tune my distresses, and record my woes." *Malone*.

The old copy may be right, though Mr. Pope, &c. read *tunç*. To *turn* a *tune* or a *note*, is still a current phrase among vulgar musicians. *Steevens*.

⁷ — *ragged*;] Our modern editors (Mr. Malone excepted) read *rugged*; but *ragged* had anciently the same meaning. So, in Nash's *Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse*, 4to. 1593: "I would not trot a false gallop through the rest of his *ragged* verses," &c.

Steevens.

the beggarly thanks. Come sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree:—he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable⁸ for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

*Who doth ambition shun, [All together here]
And loves to live i' the sun,⁹
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.*

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:

*If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdàme, ducdàme, ducdàme;¹
Here shall he see,
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to Ami.*

⁸ — disputable—] For *disputatious*. *Malone*.

⁹ — to live i' the sun,] Modern editions, to lie. *Johnson*.

To live i' the sun, is to labour and "sweat in the eye of Phœbus," or, *vitam agere sub dio*; for by lying in the sun, how could they get the food they eat? *Tollet*.

¹ — ducdàme;] For *ducdàme*, Sir Thomas Hanmer, very acutely and judiciously, reads *duc ad me*, that is, bring him to me. *Johnson*.

If *duc ad me* were right, Amiens would not have asked its meaning, and been put off with "a Greek invocation." It is evidently a word coined for the nonce. We have here, as Butler says, "One for sense, and one for rhyme." Indeed we must have

Ami. What's that *ducdàme*?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.²

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke; his banquet is prepar'd.
[*Exeunt severally.*]

a double rhyme; or this stanza cannot well be sung to the same tune with the former. I read thus:

"*Ducdàme, Ducdàme, Ducdàme,*

"Here shall he see

"Gross fools as he,

"An' if he will come to *Ami.*"

That is, to Amiens. Jaques did not mean to ridicule himself.

Farmer.

Duc ad me has hitherto been received as an illusion to the burthen of Amiens's song—

Come hither, come hither, come hither.

That Amiens, who is a courtier, should not understand Latin, or be persuaded it was Greek, is no great matter for wonder. An anonymous correspondent proposes to read—*Hue ad me.*

In confirmation of the old reading, however, Dr. Farmer observes to me, that, being at a house not far from Cambridge, when news was brought that the hen-roost was robbed, a facetious old squire who was present, immediately sung the following stanza, which has an odd coincidence with the ditty of Jaques:

"*Damè, what makes your ducks to die?*

"*duck, duck, duck.*—

"*Damè, what makes your chicks to cry?*

"*chuck, chuck, chuck.*"—

I have placed Dr. Farmer's emendation in the text. *Ducdàme* is a trisyllable. *Steevens.*

If it do come to pass,

That any man turn ass,

Leaving his wealth and ease,

A stubborn will to please,

Duc ad me, duc ad me, duc ad me;

Here shall he see

Gross fools as, &c.] See HOR. Serm. L. II, sat. iii:

"Audire atque togam jubeo componere, quisquis

"Ambitione mala aut argenti pallet amore;

"Quisquis luxuria tristive superstitione,

"Aut alio mentis morbo calet: Huc proprius me,

"Dum doceo insanire omnes, vos ordine adite." *Malone.*

² — the first-born of Egypt.] A proverbial expression for high-born persons. *Johnson.*

The phrase is scriptural, as well as proverbial. So, in *Exodus*, xii, 29: "And the Lord smote all the first-born in Egypt."

Steevens.

SCENE VI.

*The same.**Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave.³ Farewel, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little: If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake, be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheerly: and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII.

The same.

A table set out. Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, Lords, and Others.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can no where find him like a man.

¹ *Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence;
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars,⁴ grow musical,

³ *Here lie I down, and measure out my grave.]* So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“—fall upon the ground, as I do now,

“Taking the measure of an unmade grave.” *Steevens.*

⁴ —compact of jars,].i. e. made up of discords. In *The Comedy of Errors*, we have “compact of credit,” for made up of credulity. Again, in *Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612:

“—like gilded tombs

“Compacted of jet pillars.”

The same expression occurs also in *Tamburlane*, 1590:

“Compact of rapine, piracy, and spoil.” *Steevens.*

We shall have shortly discord in the spheres:—
Go, seek him, tell him, I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

1 Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool;—a miserable world!⁵—
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.
Good-morrow, fool, quoth I: *No, sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune:*⁶
And then he drew a dial from his poke;
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, *It is ten o'clock:*
Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags:

⁵ *A motley fool;—a miserable world!*] What! because he met
a *motley fool*, was it therefore a *miserable world*? This is sadly
blundered; we should read:

— a *miserable varlet*.

His head is altogether running on this fool, both before and after
these words, and here he calls him a *miserable varlet*, notwithstanding he *rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms*, &c. Nor is the
change we may make, so great as appears at first sight.

Warburton.

I see no need of changing *world* to *varlet*, nor, if a change were
necessary, can I guess how it should certainly be known that
varlet is the true word. A *miserable world* is a parenthetical excla-
mation, frequent among melancholy men, and natural to Jaques
at the sight of a fool, or at the hearing of reflections on the fra-
gility of life. Johnson.

⁶ *Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune:*] *Fortuna favat
fatuis*, is, as Mr. Upton observes, the saying here alluded to;
or, as in Publius Syrus:

“*Fortuna, nimium quem fovet, stultum facit.*”

So, in the Prologue to *The Alchemist*:

“*Fortune, that favours fooles, these two short houres*

“*We wish away.*”

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*, Act I, sc. iii:

“*Sog. Why, who am I, sir?*

“*Mac. One of those that fortune favours.*

“*Car. The periphrasis of a foole.*” Reed.

'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;
 And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven;
 And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
 And then, from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,
 And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
 The motley fool thus moral on the time,
 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
 That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
 And I did laugh, sans intermission,
 An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
 A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.⁷

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier;
 And says, if ladies be but young, and fair,
 They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—
 Which is as dry as the remainder bisket
 After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd
 With observation, the which he vents
 In mangled forms:—O, that I were a fool!
 I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit;⁸
 Provided, that you weed your better judgments
 Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
 That I am wise. I must have liberty
 Withal, as large a charter as the wind,⁹

⁷ — Motley's *the only wear*.] It would have been unnecessary to repeat that a *motley*, or *parti-coloured coat*, was anciently the dress of a fool, had not the editor of Ben Jonson's works been mistaken in his comment on the 53d *Epigram*:

" — where (out of *motley*)'s he

" Could save that line to dedicate to thee?"

Motley, says Mr. Whalley, is the man who *out of any odd mixture*, or old scraps, could save, &c. whereas it means only, *Who but a fool*, i. e. *one in a suit of motley*, &c.

The observation—*Motley's the only wear*, might have been suggested to Shakspeare by the following line in the 4th Satire of Donne:

"Your only wearing is your grogram." *Steevens*.

⁸ — *only suit*;] *Suit* means *petition*, I believe, not *dress*.

Johnson.

The poet meant a quibble. So, Act V: "Not out of your *aparel*, but out of your *suit*." *Steevens*.

To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
 And they that are most galled with my folly,
 They most must laugh: And why, sir, must they so?
 The *why* is plain as way to parish church:
 He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,
 Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
 Not to seem senseless of the bob:¹ if not,
 The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
 Even by the squandring glances of the fool.²
 Invest me in my motley; give me leave
 To speak my mind, and I will through and through
 Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,³
 If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fy on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter,⁴ would I do, but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
 For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
 As sensual as the brutish sting⁵ itself;

⁹ — as large a charter as the wind,] So, in *King Henry V*:

"The wind, that charter'd libertine, is still." *Malone*.

¹ Not to seem senseless of the bob.] The old copies read only—*Seem senseless*, &c. Not to were supplied by Mr. Theobald. See the following note. *Steevens*.

Besides that the third verse is defective one whole foot in measure, the tenour of what Jaques continues to say, and the reasoning of the passage, show it no less defective in the sense. There is no doubt, but the two little monosyllables, which I have supplied, were either by accident wanting in the manuscript, or by inadvertence were left out. *Theobald*.

² — if not, &c.] Unless men have the prudence not to appear touched with the sarcasms of a jester, they subject themselves to his power; and the wise man will have his folly anatomized, that is, dissected and laid open, by the squandring glances or random shots of a fool. *Johnson*.

³ Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,] So, in *Macbeth*:

"Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of the perilous stuff." *Douce*.

⁴ — for a counter,] Dr. Farmer observes to me, that about the time when this play was written, the French *counters* (i. e. pieces of false money used as a means of reckoning) were brought into use in England. They are again mentioned in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"— will you with counters sum

"The past-proportion of his infinite?" *Steevens*.

⁵ As sensual as the brutish sting —] Though the brutish sting is

And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the very very means do ebb?⁶
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, The city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says, his bravery⁷ is not on my cost,
(Thinking that I mean him) but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; How, what then?⁸ Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

capable of a sense not inconvenient in this passage, yet as it is a harsh and unusual mode of speech, I should read the *brutish fly*.

Johnson.

I believe the old reading is the true one. So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. I, c. viii:

"A heard of bulls whom kindly rage doth sting."

Again, B. II, c. xii:

"As if that hunger's point, or Venus' sting,

"Had them enrag'd."

Again, in *Othello*:

"—our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts." *Steevens.*

⁶ *Till that the very very* —] The old copy reads—*weary very*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. *Malone.*

⁷ — *his bravery* —] i. e. his fine clothes. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

"With scarfs and fans, and double change of bravery."

Steevens.

⁸ *There then; How, what then? &c.*] The old copy reads, very redundantly—

There then; How then? What then? &c. *Steevens.*

I believe we should read—*Where then?* So, in *Othello*:

"What then? How then? *Where's* satisfaction?" *Malone.*

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress;
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility:⁹ yet am I inland bred,¹
And know some nurture:² But forbear, I say;
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason,
I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall
force,

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought, that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment: But whate'er you are,
'That in this desert inaccessible,³

⁹ — the thorny point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show

Of smooth civility:] We might read *torn* with more elegance,
but elegance alone will not justify alteration. *Johnson.*

¹ — inland bred,] *Inland* here, and elsewhere in this play, is
the opposite to *outland*, or *upland*. Orlando means to say, that he
had not been bred among clowns. *H. White.*

² And know some nurture:] *Nurture* is education, breeding,
manners. So, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1616:

"He shew'd himself as full of nurture as of nature."

Again, as Mr. Holt White observes to me, Barret says, in his
Alvarie, 1580: "It is a point of nurture, or good manners, to sa-
lute them that you meete. *Urbanitatis est salutare obvios.*"

Steevens.

St. Paul advises the Ephesians, in his Epistle, ch. vi, 4, to
bring their children up "in the nurture and admonition of th
Lord." *Harris.*

Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
 Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
 If ever you have look'd on better days;
 If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
 If ever sat at any good man's feast;
 If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
 And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
 Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
 In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days;
 And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
 And sat at good men's feasts; and wip'd our eyes
 Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
 And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
 And take upon command what help we have,⁴
 That to your wanting may be ministred.

Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
 Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
 And give it food.⁵ There is an old poor man,
 Who after me hath many a weary step
 Limp'd in pure love; till he be first suffic'd,—
 Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—
 I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
 And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good comfort!
[Exit.]

Duke S. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy:
 This wide and universal theatre
 Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
 Wherein we play in.⁶

³ — *desert inaccessible*,] This expression I find in *The Adventures of Simonides*, by Barn. Riche, 1580: "— and onely acquainted himselfe with the solitarinesse of this *unaccessible desert*." *Henderson.*

⁴ *And take upon command what help we have*,] *Upon command*, is at your own command. *Steevens.*

⁵ *Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn, And give it food.*] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,
 "Hasting to feed her fawn." *Malone.*

⁶ *Wherein we play in.*] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope more correctly reads:

Jag. All the world's a stage,⁷
 And all the men and women merely players:
 They have their exits, and their entrances;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages.⁸ At first, the infant,

Wherein we play.

I believe, with Mr. Pope, that we should only read—

Wherein we play.

and add a word at the beginning of the next speech, to complete the measure; viz.

"Why, all the world's a stage."

Thus, in *Hamlet*:

"*Hor.* So Rosencrantz and Guildenstern go to 't.

"*Ham.* Why, man, they did make love to their employment."

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

"Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once."

Again, *ibid*:

"Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done."

In twenty other instances we find the same adverb introductorily used. *Steevens.*

⁷ *All the world's a stage, &c.*] This observation occurs in one of the fragments of Petronius: "Non duco contentionis funem, dum constet inter nos; quod fere totus mundus exerceat histrioniam."

Steevens.

This observation had been made in an English drama before the time of Shakspeare. See *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:

"Pythagoras said, that *this world was like a stage*,

"*Whereon many play their parts.*"

In *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, 1597, we find these lines:

"Unhappy man —

"Whose life a sad continual tragedie,

"Himself the actor, in the world, the stage,

"While as the acts are measur'd by his age." *Malone.*

⁸ *His acts being seven ages.*] Dr. Warburton observes, that this was "no unusual division of a play before our author's time;" but forbears to offer any one example in support of his assertion. I have carefully perused almost every dramatick piece antecedent to Shakspeare, or contemporary with him; but so far from being divided into acts, they are almost all printed in an unbroken continuity of scenes. I should add, that there is one play of six acts to be met with, another of twenty-one; but the second of these is a translation from the Spanish, and never could have been designed for the stage. In *God's Promises*, 1577, "A Tragedie or Enterlude," (or rather a *Mystery*) by John Bale, seven acts may indeed be found.

It should, however, be observed, that the intervals in the Greek Tragedy are known to have varied from three acts to seven.

Steevens.

Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
And then,⁹ the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail

Dr. Warburton boldly asserts that this was "no *unusual* division of a play before our author's time." One of Chapman's plays (*Two Wise Men and all the rest Fools*) is indeed in seven acts. This, however, is the only dramattick piece that I have found so divided. But surely it is not necessary to suppose that our author alluded here to any such precise division of the drama. His comparisons seldom run on four feet. It was sufficient for him that a play was distributed into *several* acts, and that human life, long before his time, had been divided into *seven* periods. In *The Treasury of ancient and modern Times*, 1613, Proclus, a Greek author, is said to have divided the life-time of man into SEVEN AGES; over each of which one of the seven planets was supposed to rule. "The FIRST AGE is called *Infancy*, containing the space of foure yeares.—The SECOND AGE continueth ten yeares, until he attaine to the yeares of fourteene: this age is called *Childhood*.—The THIRD AGE consisteth of eight yeares, being named by our auncients *Adolescencie* or *Youthhood*; and it lasteth from fourteene, till two and twenty yeares be fully compleate.—The FOURTH AGE paceth on, till a man have accomplished two and fortie yeares, and is termed *Young Manhood*.—The FIFTH AGE, named *Mature Manhood*, hath (according to the said author) fiftene yeares of continuance, and therefore makes his progress so far as six and fifty yeares.—Afterwards, in adding twelve to fifty-six, you shall make up sixty-eight yeares, which reach to the end of the SIXTH AGE, and is called *Old Age*.—The SEAVENTH and last of these seven ages is limited from sixty-eight yeares, so far as four-score and eight, being called weak, declining, and *Decrepitate Age*.—If any man chance to goe beyond this age, (which is more admired than noted in many) you shall evidently perceive that he will turne to his first condition of Infancy againe."

Hippocrates likewise divided the life of man into seven ages, but differs from Proclus in the number of yeares allotted to each period. See Brown's *Vulgar Errors*, folio, 1686, p. 173. *Malone*.

I have seen, more than once, an old print, entitled, *The Stage of Man's Life*, divided into seven ages. As emblematical representations of this sort were formerly stuck up, both for ornament and instruction, in the generality of houses, it is more probable that Shakspeare took his hint from thence, than from Hippocrates or Proclus. *Henley*.

One of the representations to which Mr. Henley alludes, was formerly in my possession; and considering the use it is of in explaining the passage before us, "I could have better spared a better print." I well remember that it exhibited the school-boy with his satchel hanging over his shoulder. *Steevens*.

⁹ And then,] And, which is wanting in the old copy, was supplied, for the sake of metre, by Mr. Pope. *Steevens*.

Unwillingly to school: And then, the lover;
 Sighing like furnace,¹ with a woful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eye-brow: Then, a soldier;
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,²
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick³ in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the justice;
 In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances,⁴
 And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloons;⁵

¹ *Sighing like furnace,*] So, in *Cymbeline*: "— he *furnaceth* the thick sighs from him —." *Malone*.

² — a soldier;

Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,] So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson:

"Your soldiers face—the grace of this face consisteth much in a beard." *Steevens*.

Beards of different cut were appropriated in our author's time to different characters and professions. The soldier had one fashion, the judge another, the bishop different from both, &c. See a note on *King Henry V*, Act III, sc. vi: "And what a beard of the general's cut," &c. *Malone*.

³ — sudden and quick —] Lest it should be supposed that these epithets are synonymous, it is necessary to be observed that one of the ancient senses of *sudden*, is *violent*. Thus, in *Macbeth*:

"— I grant him *sudden*,
 "Malicious," &c. *Steevens*.

⁴ *Full of wise saws and modern instances,*] It is remarkable that Shakspeare uses *modern* in the double sense that the Greeks used *καιρος*, both for *recens* and *absurdus*. *Warburton*.

I am in doubt whether *modern* is in this place used for *absurd*: the meaning seems to be, that the justice is full of *old* sayings and *late* examples. *Johnson*.

Modern means *trite*, *common*. So, in *King John*:

"And scorns a *modern* invocation."

Again, in this play, Act IV, sc. i: "— betray themselves to *modern* censure." *Steevens*.

Again, in another of our author's plays: "— to make *modern* and familiar things supernatural and causeless." *Malone*.

⁵ — *The sixth age shifts*

Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloons;] There is a greater beauty than appears at first sight in this image. He is her

With spectacles on nose,⁶ and pouch on side;
 His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome: Set down your venerable burden,⁷
 And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need;

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you
 As yet, to question you about your fortunes:—
 Give us some musick; and, good cousin, sing.

comparing human life to a *stage play* of seven acts, which is no unusual division before our author's time. The sixth he calls the *lean and slipper'd pantaloone*, alluding to that general character in the Italian comedy, called *Il Pantalón*; who is a thin emaciated old man in *slippers*; and well designed, in that epithet, because *Pantalón* is the only character that acts in slippers. *Warburton*.

In *The Travels of the Three English Brothers*, a comedy, 1606, an Italian Harlequin is introduced, who offers to perform a play at a lord's house, in which, among other characters, he mentions "a jealous coxcomb, and an old *Pantaloun*." But this is seven years later than the date of the play before us: nor do I know from whence our author could learn the circumstance mentioned by Dr. Warburton, that "*Pantalón* is the only character in the Italian comedy that acts in slippers." In Florio's *Italian Dictionary*, 1598, the word is not found. In *The Taming of the Shrew*, one of the characters, if I remember right, is called "an old *Pantaloon*," but there is no farther description of him. *Malone*.

⁶ — the lean and slipper'd pantaloone;

With spectacles on nose,] So, in *The Plotte of the deade Man's Fortune*: "Enter the *panteloun* and pescape with *spectakles*."

Steevens.

⁷ — *Set down your venerable burden,]* Is it not likely that Shakespeare had in his mind this line of the *Metamorphoses*? XIII, 125:

"— *Patremque*

"*Fert humeris, venerabile onus, Cythereius heros.*" *Johnson.*

A. Golding, p. 169, b. edit. 1587, translates it thus:

"— upon his backe

"His aged father and his gods, an honorable packe." *Steevens.*

AMIENS sings.

SONG.

I.

*Blow, blow, thou winter wind,**Thou art not so unkind**As man's ingratitude;⁸**Thy tooth is not so keen,**Because thou art not seen,⁹**Although thy breath be rude.**Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly:**Most friendship is feigning, most loving meer folly:**Then, heigh, ho, the holly!**This life is most jolly.*

⁸ *Thou art not so unkind &c.*] That is, thy action is not so contrary to thy *kind*, or to human nature, as the ingratitude of man. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*, 1593:

"O had thy mother borne so bad a mind,

"She had not brought forth thee, but dy'd unkind."

Malone.

⁹ *Thy Tooth is not so keen,*

Because thou art not seen,] This song is designed to suit the Duke's exiled condition, who had been ruined by *ungrateful flatterers*. Now the *winter wind*, the song says, is to be preferred to *man's ingratitude*. But why? *Because it is not seen*. But this was not only an aggravation of the injury, as it was done in secret, *not seen*, but was the very circumstance that made the keenness of the ingratitude of his faithless courtiers. Without doubt, Shakespeare wrote the line thus:

Because thou art not sheen,

i. e. smiling, shining, like an ungrateful court-servant, who flatters while he wounds, which was a very good reason for giving the *winter wind* the preference. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Spangled star-light *sheen*."

And several other places. Chaucer uses it in this sense:

"Your blissful sister Lucina the *shene*."

And Fairfax:

"The sacred angel took his target *shene*,

"And by the Christian champion stood unseen."

The Oxford editor, who had this emendation communicated to him, takes occasion from hence to alter the whole line thus:

Thou causest not that teen.

But, in his rage of correction, he forgot to leave the reason, which is now wanting. Why the *winter wind* was to be preferred to *man's ingratitude*. Warburton.

I am afraid that no reader is satisfied with Dr. Warburton

II.

*Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh*

As benefits forgot:

Though thou the waters warp,¹

Thy sting is not so sharp

As friend remember'd not.²

Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! &c.

emendation, however vigorously enforced; and it is indeed enforced with more art than truth. *Sheen*, i. e. *smiling*, *shining*. That *sheen* signifies *shining*, is easily proved, but when or where did it signify *smiling*? yet *smiling* gives the sense necessary in this place. Sir T. Hanmer's change is less uncouth, but too remote from the present text. For my part, I question whether the original line is not lost, and this substituted merely to fill up the measure and the rhyme. Yet even out of this line, by strong agitation may sense be elicited, and sense not unsuitable to the occasion. *Thou winter wind*, says Amiens, *thy rudeness gives the less pain*, as thou art not seen, *as thou art an enemy that dost not brave us with thy presence*, and *whose unkindness is therefore not aggravated by insult*. *Johnson*.

Though the old text may be tortured into a meaning, perhaps it would be as well to read:

Because the heart's not seen.

y harts, according to the ancient mode of writing, was easily corrupted. *Farmer*.

So, in the Sonnet introduced into *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"Through the velvet leaves the wind

"All unseen 'gan passage find." *Steevens*.

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

"To be imprison'd in the viewless winds." *Malone*.

¹ *Though thou the waters warp,*] The surface of *waters*, so long as they remain unfrozen, is apparently a perfect plane; whereas, when they are, this surface deviates from its exact flatness, or *warps*. This is remarkable in small ponds, the surface of which, when frozen, forms a regular concave: the ice on the sides rising higher than that in the middle. *Kenrick*.

To *warp* was, probably, in Shakspeare's time, a colloquial word, which conveyed no distant allusion to any thing else, physical or mechanical. To *warp* is to *turn*, and to *turn* is to *change*: when milk is *changed* by curdling, we now say it is *turned*: when water is *changed* or *turned* by frost, Shakspeare says, it is *curdled*. To be *warp'd* is only to be changed from its natural state.

Johnson.

Dr. Johnson is certainly right. So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, of Ben Jonson: "I know not, he's grown out of his garb a-late, he's *warp'd*.—And so, methinks too, he is much converted." Thus

Duke S. If that you were the good sir Rowland's son,—
As you have whisper'd faithfully, you werē;
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness

the *mole* is called the mould-warp, because it changes the appearance of the surface of the earth. Again, in *The Winter's Tale*, Act I:

"My favour here begins to warp."

Dr. Farmer supposes *warp'd* to mean the same as *curdled*, and adds, that a similar idea occurs in *Timon*:

"—— the icicle

"That *curdled* by the frost," &c. *Steevens*.

Among a collection of Saxon adages in Hickes's *Thesaurus*, Vol. I, p. 221, the succeeding appears: *ƿinter sceal gefeoƿpan ƿeƿer, winter shall warp water*. So that Shakspeare's expression was anciently proverbial. It should be remarked, that among the numerous examples in Manning's excellent edition of Lye's Dictionary, there is no instance of *ƿeoƿpan* or *geƿeoƿpan*, implying to *freeze*, *bend*, *turn*, or *curdle*, though it is a verb of very extensive signification.

Probably this word still retains a similar sense in the Northern part of the island, for in a Scottish parody on Dr. Percy's elegant ballad, beginning, "O Nancy, wilt thou go with me," I find the verse "Nor shrink before the wintry wind," is altered to "Nor shrink before the *warping* wind." *H. White*.

The meaning is this: Though the very waters, by thy agency, are forced, against the law of their nature, to *bend* from their stated level, yet thy sting occasions less anguish to man, than the ingratitude of those he befriended. *Henley*.

Wood is said to *warp* when its surface, from being level, becomes bent and uneven; from *warpan*, Saxon, to cast. So, in this play, Act III, sc. iii: "— then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, *warp*, *warp*." I doubt whether the poet here alludes to any operation of frost. The meaning may be only, Thou bitter wintry sky, though thou *curlest* the waters, thy sting, &c. *Thou* in the line before us refers only to *bitter sky*. The influence of the winter's sky or season may, with sufficient propriety, be said to *warp* the surface of the ocean, by agitation of its waves alone.

That this passage refers to the turbulence of the sky, and the consequent agitation of the ocean, and not to the operation of frost, may be collected from our author's having in *King John* described ice as uncommonly smooth:

"To throw a perfume on the violet,

"To *smooth* the ice," &c. *Malone*.

² *As friend remember'd not.*] *Remember'd* for *remembering*. So afterwards, Act III, sc. last:

"And now I am *remember'd* —."

i. e. and now that I *bethink* me, &c. *Malone*.

Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,—
 Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke,
 That lov'd your father: the residue of your fortune,
 Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
 Thou art right welcome as thy master is:³
 Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
 And let me all your fortunes understand. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.....SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
 But were I not the better part made mercy,
 I should not seek an absent argument⁴
 Of my revenge, thou present: But look to it;
 Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
 Seek him with candle;⁵ bring him dead or living,
 Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
 To seek a living in our territory.
 Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
 Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands;
 Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
 Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O, that your highness knew my heart in this!
 I never lov'd my brother in my life.

³ — as thy master is:] The old copy has—masters. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

⁴ — an absent argument —] An argument is used for the contents of a book, thence Shakspeare considered it as meaning the subject, and then used it for subject in yet another sense. *Johnson.*

⁵ Seek him with candle:] Alluding, probably, to *St. Luke's* Gospel, ch. xv, v. 8: "If she lose one piece, doth she not light a candle,—and seek diligently till she find it?" *Steevens.*

Seek him with candle:] Seek him without intermission by night and by day;—let not the night shroud him from thy search—enjoy no rest until you find him. *Amer. Ed.*

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push him out of doors;
 And let my officers of such a nature
 Make an extent upon his house and lands:⁶
 Do this expediently,⁷ and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Forest.

Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
 And, thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,⁸ survey
 With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
 Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.⁹
 O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
 And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
 That every eye, which in this forest looks,
 Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
 Run, run, Orlando; carve, on every tree,
 The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive¹ she. [*Exit.*]

⁶ *And let my officers of such a nature*

Make an extent upon his house and lands:] "To make an extent of lands," is a legal phrase, from the words of a writ, (*extendi facias*) whereby the sheriff is directed to cause certain lands to be appraised to their full extended value, before he delivers them to the person entitled under a recognizance, &c. in order that it may be certainly known how soon the debt will be paid. *Malone.*

⁷ — *expediently,*] That is, *expeditiously.* *Johnson.*

Expedient, throughout our author's plays, signifies—*expeditious.* So, in *King John*:

"His marches are *expedient* to this town." *Steevens.*

⁸ — *thrice-crowned queen of night,*] Alluding to the triple character of Proserpine, Cynthia, and Diana, given by some mythologists to the same goddess, and comprised in these memorial lines:

*Terret, lustrat, agit, Proserpina, Luna, Diana,
 Ima, superna, feras, sceptro, fulgore, sagittis.* *Johnson.*

⁹ — *that my full life doth sway.*] So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"M. O. A. I. doth *sway* my life." *Steevens.*

¹ — *unexpressive* —] For *inexpressible.* *Johnson.*

Milton also, in his *Hymn on the Nativity*, uses *unexpressive* for *inexpressible*:

"Harping with loud and solemn quire,

"With *unexpressive* notes to heaven's new-born heir."

Mal

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends:—That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; That good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night, is lack of the sun: That he, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.²

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher.³ Wast ever in court, shepherd?

² — *he, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.*] I am in doubt whether the custom of the language in Shakspeare's time did not authorise this mode of speech, and make *complain of good breeding* the same with *complain of the want of good breeding*. In the last line of *The Merchant of Venice* we find that to *fear the keeping* is to *fear the not keeping*. *Johnson*.

I think he means rather *may complain of a good education*, for being so inefficient, of so little use to him. *Malone*.

³ *Such a one is a natural philosopher.*] The shepherd had said all the philosophy he knew was the property of things, that *rain wetted, fire burnt, &c.* And the Clown's reply, as a satire on physicks or natural philosophy, though introduced with a quibble, is extremely just. For the natural philosopher is indeed as ignorant (notwithstanding all his parade of knowledge) of the *efficient* cause of things, as the rustic. It appears, from a thousand instances, that our poet was well acquainted with the physicks of his time; and his great penetration enabled him to see this remediless defect of it. *Warburton*.

Shakspeare is responsible for the quibble only, let the commentator answer for the refinement. *Steevens*.

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope, —

Touch. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roasted egg,⁴ all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those, that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and

The Clown calls Corin a *natural philosopher*, because he reasons from his *observations on nature*. *M. Mason*.

A *natural* being a common term for a fool, Touchstone, perhaps, means to quibble on the word. He may however only mean, that Corin is a self-taught philosopher; the disciple of nature. *Malone*.

⁴ — *like an ill-roasted egg*,] Of this jest I do not fully comprehend the meaning. *Johnson*.

There is a proverb, that a *fool is the best roaster of an egg, because he is always turning it*. This will explain how an egg may be *damn'd all on one side*; but will not sufficiently show how Touchstone applies his simile with propriety; unless he means that he who has not been at court is but *half* educated. *Steevens*.

I believe there was nothing intended in the corresponding part of the simile, to answer to the words, "all on one side." Shakespeare's similes (as has been already observed) hardly ever run on four feet. Touchstone, I apprehend, only means to say, that Corin is completely damned; as irretrievably destroyed as an egg that is utterly spoiled in the roasting, by being done all on one side only. So, in a subsequent scene, "and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse." Here the poet certainly meant that the speaker and his companion should sing in unison, and thus *resemble each other* as perfectly as two gypsies on a horse; not two gypsies on a horse sing *both in a tune*. *Malone*.

is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow, again: A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep; And would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh: Indeed!—Learn of the wise, and perpend: Civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee!⁵ thou art raw.⁶

⁵ — make incision in thee!'] *To make incision* was a proverbial expression then in vogue for, to make to understand. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Humorous Lieutenant*:

“ — O excellent king,

“ Thus he begins, thou life and light of creatures,

“ Angel-ey'd king, vouchsafe at length thy favour;

“ And so proceeds to incision” —.

i. e. to make him understand what he would be at. *Warburton.*

Till I read Dr. Warburton's note, I thought the allusion had been to that common expression, of *cutting such a one for the simples*; and I must own, after consulting the passage in the *Humorous Lieutenant*, I have no reason to alter my supposition.—The editors of Beaumont and Fletcher declare the phrase to be unintelligible in that, as well as in another play where it is introduced.

I find the same expression in *Monsieur Thomas*:

“ We'll bear the burthen: proceed to incision, fidler.”

Again, (as I learn from a memorandum of my late friend, Dr. Farmer) in *The Times Whistle, or a new Daunce of Seven Satires*: MS. about the end of Queen Eliz. by R. C. Gent. now at Canterbury: The Prologue ends—

“ Be stout my heart, my hand be firm and steady;

“ Strike, and strike home,—the vaine worldes vaine is ready:

“ Let ulcer'd limbes & goutie humors quake,

“ Whilst with my pen I doe incision make.” *Steevens.*

I believe that Steevens has explained this passage justly, and am certain that Warburton has entirely mistaken the meaning of what which he has quoted from *The Humorous Lieutenant*, which

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

T'ouch. That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-wether;⁷ and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth, to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper.

Ros. 'From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lin'd,⁸
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Rosalind.⁹

plainly alludes to the practice of the young gallants of the time, who used to cut themselves in such a manner as to make their blood flow, in order to show their passion for their mistresses, by drinking their healths, or writing verses to them in blood. For a more full explanation of this custom, see a note on *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV, sc. iii. *M. Mason.*

⁶ — *thou art raw.*] i. e. thou art ignorant; unexperienced. So, in *Hamlet*: "— and yet but *raw* neither, in respect of his quick sail." *Malone.*

⁷ — *bawd to a bell-wether;*] *Wether* and *ram* had anciently the same meaning. *Johnson.*

⁸ — *fairest lin'd,*] i. e. most fairly delineated. Modern editors read—*limn'd*, but without authority, from the ancient copies.

Steevens.
⁹ *But the fair of Rosalind.*] Thus the old copy. *Fair* is beauty, complexion. See the notes on a passage in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act I, sc. i, and *The Comedy of Errors*, Act II, sc. i. The modern editors read—*the face of Rosalind.* Lodge's No will likewise support the ancient reading:

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-woman's rank to market.¹

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:—

*If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Winter-garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap, must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.*

"Then muse not, nymphes, though I bemone

"The absence of fair Rosalynde,

"Since for her faire there is fairer none," &c.

Again:

"And hers the faire which all men do respect." *Stevens.*

Face was introduced by Mr. Pope. *Malone.*

¹ — rank to market.] Sir T. Hanmer reads—rate to market.

Johnson.

Dr. Grey, as plausibly, proposes to read—*rant*. "Gyll brawled like a butter-whore," is a line in an ancient medley. The sense designed, however, might have been—"it is such wretched rhyme as the butter-woman sings as she is riding to market." So, in Churchyard's *Charge*, 1580, p. 7:

"And use a kinde of *ridyng rime* —."

Again, in his *Farewell from the Courte*:

"A man maie," says he

"— use a kinde of *ridyng rime*

"To sutche as wooll not let me clime."

Ratt-ryme, however, in Scotch, signifies some verse repeated by rote. See Ruddiman's Glossary to G. Douglas's *Virgil*. *Stevens.*

The Clown is here speaking in reference to the ambling pace of the metre, which, after giving a specimen of, to prove his assertion, he affirms to be "the very false gallop of verses." *Henley.*

I am now persuaded that Sir T. Hanmer's emendation is right. The hobbling metre of these verses, (says Touchstone) is like the ambling, shuffling pace of a butter-woman's horse, going to market. The same kind of imagery is found in *K. Henry IV*, P. I:

"And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,

"Nothing so much, as *mincing poetry*;

"'Tis like the forc'd gait of a *shuffling nag*." *Malone.*

"The right butter-woman's rank to market" means the jog-trot rate (as it is vulgarly called) with which butter-women uniformly wheel one after another in their road to market: in its application Orlando's poetry, it means a set or string of verses in the same cadence and vulgar uniformity of rhythm. *Whiter.*

*Sweetest nut hath sowrest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.*

This is the very false gallop of verses;² Why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit³ in the country: for you'll be rotten e'er you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, reading a paper.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Cel. *Why should this desert silent be?*⁴

*For is it unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show.*⁵

² *This is the very false gallop of verses;*] So, in Nashe's *Apolo-
gie of Pierce Pennilesse*, 4to, 1593: "I would trot a *false gallop*
through the rest of his ragged *verses*, but that if I should retort
the rime doggrell aright, I must make my verses (as he doth
his) run *hobbling*, like a brewer's cart upon the stones, and ob-
serve no measure in their feet." *Malone.*

³ — *the earliest fruit* —] Shakspeare seems to have had lit-
tle knowledge in gardening. The *medlar* is one of the *latest*
fruits, being uneatable till the end of November. *Steevens.*

⁴ *Why should this desert silent be?*] This is commonly printed:
Why should this a desert be?

But although the metre may be assisted by this correction, the
sense still is defective; for how will the *hanging of tongues on*
every tree, make it less a desert? I am persuaded we ought to
read:

Why should this desert silent be? *Tyrwhitt.*

The notice which this emendation deserves, I have paid to it,
by inserting it in the text. *Steevens.*

⁵ *That shall civil sayings show.*] *Civil* is here used in the same
sense as when we say *civil* wisdom or *civil* life, in opposition to
a solitary state, or to the state of nature. This desert shall not
appear *unpeopled*, for every tree shall teach the maxims or inci-
dents of social life. *Johnson.*

Some, how brief the life of man
 Runs his erring pilgrimage;
 That the stretching of a span
 Buckles in his sum of age.
 Some, of violated vows
 'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
 But upon the fairest boughs,
 Or at every sentence' end,
 Will I Rosalinda write;
 Teaching all that read, to know
 The quintessence of every sprite
 Heaven would in little show.⁶
 Therefore heaven nature charg'd⁷
 That one body should be fill'd
 With all graces wide enlarg'd:
 Nature presently distill'd
 Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
 Cleopatra's majesty;
 Atalanta's better part;⁸
 Sad⁹ Lucretia's modesty.

Civil, I believe, is not designedly opposed to *solitary*. It means only grave, or solemn. So, in *Twelfth Night*, Act III, sc. iv:

"Where is Malvolio? he is *sad* and *civil*."

i. e. *grave* and *demure*.

Again, in *A woman's Prize*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"That fourteen yards of satin give my woman;

"I do not like the colour; 'tis too *civil*." *Steevens*.

⁶ — in little show.] The allusion is to a miniature-portrait. The current phrase in our author's time was "painted in *little*."

Malone.

So, in *Hamlet*: "— a hundred ducats a-piece, for his *picture* in *little*." *Steevens*.

⁷ Therefore heaven nature charg'd —] From the picture of *Apelles*, or the accomplishments of *Pandora*.

Πανδωρην οτι πανλει 'Ολυμπια δωματ' εχοντες

Δωρον εδωρησαν. —

So, before:

" — But thou

"So perfect, and so peerless, art created

"Of every creature's best." *Tempest*.

Perhaps from this passage Swift had his hint of *Biddy Floyd*.

Johnson.

⁸ *Atalanta's better part*;] I know not well what could be the *better part* of *Atalanta* here ascribed to *Rosalind*. Of the *Ata-*

*Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches¹ dearest priz'd.*

lanta most celebrated, and who therefore must be intended here where she has no epithet of discrimination, the *better part* seems to have been her heels, and the worse part was so bad that Rosalind would not thank her lover for the comparison. There is a more obscure Atalanta, a huntress and a heroine, but of her nothing bad is recorded, and therefore I know not which was her better part. Shakspeare was no despicable mythologist, yet he seems here to have mistaken some other character for that of Atalanta. *Johnson.*

Perhaps the poet means her beauty and graceful elegance of shape, which he would prefer to her swiftness. Thus Ovid:

“ — nec dicere posses,
“ *Laude pedum, formæque bono præstantior esset.*
“ *Ut faciem, etposito corpus velamine vidit,*
“ *Obstupuit —.*”

But cannot Atalanta's *better part* mean her virtue or virgin chastity, with which nature had graced Rosalind, together with Helen's beauty without her heart or lewdness, with Cleopatra's dignity of behaviour, and with Lucretia's modesty, that scorned to survive the loss of honour? Pliny's *Natural History*, B. XXXV, c. iii, mentions the portraits of Atalanta and Helen, *utraque excellentissima forma, sed altera ut virgo*; that is, “both of them for beauty, incomparable, and yet a man may discern the one [Atalanta] of them to be a *maiden*, for her modest and chaste countenance,” as Dr. P. Holland translated the passage; of which probably our poet had taken notice, for surely he had judgment in painting. *Tollet.*

I suppose Atalanta's *better part* is her wit, i. e. the *swiftness of her mind*. *Farmer.*

Shakspeare might have taken part of this enumeration of distinguished females from John Grange's *Golden Aphroditis*, 1577: “— who seemest in my sight faire *Helen* of Troy, Polixene, Calliope, yea *Atalanta* hir selfe in beauty to surpassse, Pandora in qualities, Penelope and *Lucretia* in chastenesse to deface.”

Again, *ibid*:

“ Polixene fayre, Calliop, and
“ Penelop may give place;
“ *Atlanta* and dame *Lucres* fayre
“ She doth them both deface.”

Again, *ibid*: “*Atalanta* who sometyne bore the bell of beauties price in that hyr native soyle.”

It may be observed, that Statius also, in his sixth *Thebaid*, has confounded *Atalanta* the wife of Hippomenes, and daughter of Siconeus, with *Atalanta* the daughter of Cœnomaus, and wife of Pelops. See v. 564. *Steevens.*

*Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.*

Dr. Farmer's explanation may derive some support from a subsequent passage: "— as swift a wit as Atalanta's heels."

Malone.

I think this stanza was formed on an old tetrastick epitaph, which, as I have done, Mr. Steevens may possibly have read in a country church-yard:

"She who is dead and sleepeth in this tomb,
"Had Rachel's comely face, and Leah's fruitful womb:
"Sarah's obedience, Lydia's open heart,
"And Martha's care, and Mary's better part." *Whalley.*

The following passage in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1613, might lead one to suppose that Atalanta's better part was her lips:

"— That eye was Juno's;
"Those lips were her's that won the golden ball;
"That virgin blush Diana's."

Be this as it may, these lines show that Atalanta was considered as uncommonly beautiful, and therefore may serve to support Mr. Tollet's first interpretation.

It is observable that the story of Atalanta in the tenth Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* is interwoven with that of *Venus and Adonis*, which our author had undoubtedly read. The lines most material to the present point run thus in Golding's translation, 1567:

"She overcame them out of doubt; and hard it is to tell
"Thee, whether she did in footemanshippe or beautie more
 excell."
"— he did condemne the young men's love. But when
"He saw her face and body bare, (for why, the lady then
"Did strip her to her naked skin) the which was like to mine,
"Or rather, if that thou wast made a woman, like to thine,
"He was amaz'd."

"— And though that she
"Did flie as swift as arrow from a Turkie bow, yet hee
"More wondered at her beautie, then at swiftnesse of her
 pace;
"Her running greatly did augment her beautie and her
 grace." *Malone.*

The passage quoted by Mr. Malone from Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, has no reference to the ball of Atalanta, but to the golden apple which was adjudged to Venus by Paris, on Mount Ida.

After all, I believe, that "Atalanta's better part" means only— the best part about her, such as was most commended. *Steevens.*

⁹ *Sad* —] Is grave, sober, not light. *Johnson.*

So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "She is never sad but when she sleeps." *Steevens.*

¹ — the touches —] The features; *les traits.* *Johnson.*

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cry'd, *Have patience, good people!*

Cel. How now! back friends;—Shepherd, go off a little:—Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [*Exeunt COR. and TOUCH.*]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too: for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondering, how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree:² I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat,³ which I can hardly remember.

So, in *King Richard III.*

"Madam, I have a touch of your condition." *Steevens.*

² — a palm-tree:] A palm-tree, in the forest of Arden, is as much out of its place, as the lioness in a subsequent scene.

Steevens.

³ — I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time that I was an Irish rat,] Rosalind is a very learned lady. She alludes to the Pythagorean doctrine, which teaches that souls transmigrate from one animal to another, and relates that in his time she was an Irish rat, and by some metrical charm was rhymed to death. The power of killing rats with rhymes Donne mentions in his *Satires*, and Temple in his *Treatises*. Dr. Grey has produced a similar passage from *Randolph*:

"——— My poets

"Shall with a satire, steep'd in gall and vinegar,

"Rhyme them to death as they do rats in Ireland."

Johnson.

So, in an address to the reader at the conclusion of Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*:

"Rhime them to death, as they do Irish rats

"In drumming tunes." *Steevens.*

So, in *The Defence of Poesie*, by our author's contemporary, Sir Philip Sidney: "Though I will not wish unto you—to be driven

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck:
Change you colour?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet;⁴ but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.⁵

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping!⁶

Ros. Good my complexion!⁷ dost thou think, though

by a poet's verses, as Rubonax was, to hang yourself, nor to be rimed to death, as is said to be done in *Ireland*—” *Malone*.

⁴ — friends to meet;] Alluding ironically to the proverb:

“Friends may meet, but mountains never greet.”

See Ray's *Collection*. *Steevens*.

⁵ — but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.] “Montes duo inter se concurrerunt,” &c. says Pliny, *Hist. Nat. Lib. II.* c. lxxxiii, or in Holland's translation: “Two hills (removed by an earthquake) encountered together, charging as it were, and with violence assaulting one another, and retyring again with a most mighty noise.” *Tollet*.

⁶ — out of all whooping!] i. e. out of all measure, or reckoning. So, in the old ballad of *Yorke, Yorke for my Money*, &c. 1584:

“And then was shooting, out of cry,

“The skantling at a handful nie.”

Again, in the old bl. l. comedy called *Common Conditions*:

“I have beraed myself out of cry.” *Steevens*.

This appears to have been a phrase of the same import as another formerly in use, “out of all cry.” The latter seems to allude to the custom of giving notice by a crier of things to be sold. So, in *A Chaste Maide of Cheapside*, a comedy, by T. Middleton, 1630: “I'll sell all at an outcry.” *Malone*.

An outcry is still a provincial term for an auction. *Steevens*.

⁷ Good my complexion!] This is a mode of expression, Mr. Theobald says, which he cannot reconcile to common sense. Like enough: and so too the Oxford editor. But the meaning is—Hold good my complexion, i. e. let me not blush. *Warburton*.

Good my complexion!] My native character, my female inquisitive disposition, canst thou endure this!—For thus character-

I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea-off discovery.⁸ I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

izing the most beautiful part of the creation, let our author answer. *Malone.*

Good my complexion! is a little unmeaning exclamatory address to her beauty; in the nature of a small oath. *Ritson.*

⁸ *One inch of delay more is a South-sea-off discovery.*] The old copy reads—*is a South-sea of discoverie.* *Steevens.*

This is stark nonsense; we must read—*off* discovery, i. e. *from* discovery. "If you delay me one inch of time longer, I shall think this secret as far from discovery as the *South-sea* is.

Warburton.

This sentence is rightly noted by the commentator as nonsense, but not so happily restored to sense. I read thus:

One inch of delay more is a South-sea. Discover, I pr'ythee; tell me who is it quickly!—When the transcriber had once made *discovery* from *discover* I, he easily put an article after *South-sea*. But it may be read with still less change, and with equal probability—*Every inch of delay more is a South-sea discovery: Every delay*, however short, is to me tedious and irksome as the longest voyage, as a voyage of *discovery* on the *South-sea*. How much voyages to the *South-sea* on which the English had then first ventured, engaged the conversation of that time, may be easily imagined. *Johnson.*

Of for *off*, is frequent in the elder writers. A *South-sea of discovery* is a *discovery a South-sea off*—as far as the *South-sea*.

Farmer.

Warburton's sophistication ought to have been reprobated, and the old, which is the only reading that can preserve the sense of *Rosalind*, restored. A *South-sea of discovery*, is not a *discovery*, as FAR OFF, but as COMPREHENSIVE as the *South-sea*; which, being the largest in the world, affords the widest scope for exercising curiosity. *Henley.*

On a further consideration of this passage I am strongly inclined to think, with Dr. Johnson, that we should read a *South-sea discovery*. "Delay, however short, is to me tedious and irksome as the longest voyage, as a voyage of discovery on the *South-sea*." The word *of*, which had occurred just before, might have been inadvertently repeated by the compositor.

Malone.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando; that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak sad brow, and true maid.⁹

Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he?¹ What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Garagantua's mouth² first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: To say, ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and

⁹ — *— speak sad brow, and true maid.*] i. e. speak with a grave countenance, and as truly as thou art a virgin; speak seriously and honestly. *Ritson.*

¹ *Wherein went he?*] In what manner was he clothed? How did he go dressed? *Heath.*

² — *Garagantua's mouth* —] Rosalind requires nine questions to be answered in *one word*. Celia tells her that a word of such magnitude is too big for any mouth but that of Garagantua the giant of Rabelais. *Johnson.*

Garagantua swallowed five pilgrims, their staves and all, in a salad. It appears from the books of the Stationers' Company, that in 1592 was published, "*Garagantua his Prophecie*." And in 1594, "A booke entitled, *The History of Garagantua*." The book of *Garagantua* is likewise mentioned in Laneham's *Narrative of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth Castle*, in 1575. Some translator of one of these pieces is censured by Hall, in his second Book of *Satires*:

"But who conjur'd, &c.

"Or wicked *Rabais* drunken revellings

¶ To grace the misrule of our tavernings?" *Steevens.*

in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies,³ as to resolve the propositions of a lover:—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with a good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.⁴

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.⁵

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue,⁶ I pr'ythee; it curvets very unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart.⁷

³ — to count atomies,] *Atomies* are those minute particles discernible in a stream of sunshine that breaks into a darkened room. *Henley*.

"An *atomie*, (says Bullokar, in his *English Expositor*, 1616) is a mote flying in the sunne. Any thing so small that it cannot be made lesse." *Malone*.

⁴ — when it drops forth such fruit.] The old copy reads—when it drops forth fruit. The word *such* was supplied by the editor of the second folio. I once suspected the phrase, "when it drops forth," to be corrupt; but it is certainly our author's; for it occurs again in this play:

"—— woman's gentle brain

"Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention."

This passage serves likewise to support the emendation that has been made. *Malone*.

⁵ — such a sight, it well becomes the ground.] So, in *Hamlet*:

"—— Such a sight as this

"Becomes the field," — *Steevens*.

⁶ Cry, holla! to thy tongue,] The old copy has—the tongue. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Holla* was a term of the menage, by which the rider restrained and stopp'd his horse. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"What recketh he his rider's angry stir,

"His flattering *holla*, or his stand I say?"

The word is again used in *Othello*, in the same sense as here:

"*Holla!* stand there." *Malone*.

Again, in Cotton's *Wonders of the Peak*:

"But I must give my muse the *holla* here." *Reed*.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

Cel. You bring me out:—Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he; slink by, and note him.

[*CEL. and Ros. retire.*]

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God be with you; let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christen'd.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers: Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth,⁸ from whence you have studied your questions.

7 — to kill my heart.] A quibble between *heart* and *hart*.

Steevens.

Our author has the same expression in many other places. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"Why, that contempt will *kill* the speaker's *heart*."

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"— they have *murder'd* this poor *heart* of mine."

But the preceding word, *hunter*, shows that a quibble was here intended between *heart* and *hart*. In our author's time the latter word was often written instead of *heart*, as it is in the present instance, in the old copy of this play. *Malone.*

⁸ — but I answer you right painted cloth,] This alludes to the fashion in old tapestry hangings, of mottos and moral sentences

Jag. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we

from the mouths of the figures worked or painted in them. The poet again hints at this custom, in his poem, called *Tarquin and Lucrece*:

"Who fears a sentence, or an old man's saw,
"Shall by a *painted cloth* be kept in awe." *Theobald.*

So, in Barnaby Riche's *Soldier's Wishe to Britons Welfare, or Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill*, &c. 1604, p. 1: "It is enough for him that can but robbe a *painted cloth* of a historie, a booke of a discourse, a foole of a fashion, &c.

The same allusion is common to many of our old plays. So, in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599: "Now will I see if my memory will serve for some *proverbs*. O, a *painted cloth* were as well worth a shilling, as a thief is worth a halter."

Again, in *A Match at Midnight*, 1633:

"There's a witty posy for you.
"— No, no; I'll have one shall savour of a saw.—
"Why then 'twill smell of the *painted cloth*."

Again, in *The Muses' Looking Glass*, by Randolph, 1638:

"— I have seen in *Mother Redcap's* hall
"In *painted cloth*, the story of the prodigal."

From this last quotation we may suppose that the rooms in public houses were usually hung with what Falstaff calls *water-work*. On these hangings, perhaps, moral sentences were depicted as issuing from the mouths of the different characters represented.

Again, in Sir Thomas More's *English Works*, printed by Rastell, 1557: "Mayster Thomas More in hys youth devysed in hys father's house in London, a goodly hangyng of fyne *paynted clothe*, with nine pageauntes, and verses over every of those pageauntes; which verses expressed and declared what the ymages in those pageauntes represented: and also in those pageauntes were paynted the thyngs that the verses over them dyd (in-effecte) declare."

Of the present phraseology there is an instance in *King John*:

"He *speaks plain cannon-fire*, and bounce, and smoke."
Steevens.

I answer you right painted cloth, may mean, I give you a true painted cloth answer; as we say, she talks *right Billingsgate*: that is, exactly such language as is used at Billingsgate.

Johnson.

This singular phrase may be justified by another of the same kind in *King Henry V.*

"I speak to thee *plain soldier*."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

"He *speaks* nothing but *madman*."

There is no need of Sir T. Hanmer's alteration: "I ans you right in the *style of painted cloth*." We had before in

two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world,⁹ but myself; against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There shall I see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cipher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good signior love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good monsieur melancholy.

[*Exit JAQ.—CEL. and Ros. come forward.*]

play, "It is the *right* butter-woman's rate to market." So, in Golding's translation of *Ovid*, 1567:

"—— the look of it was *right* a maiden's look."

I suppose Orlando means to say, that Jaques's questions have no more of novelty or shrewdness in them than the trite maxims of the painted cloth. The following lines which are found in a book with this fantastick title,—*No whipping nor tripping, but a kind of friendly snipping*, octavo, 1601, may serve as a specimen of painted cloth language:

"Read what is written on the *painted cloth* :

"Do no man wrong; be good unto the poor;

"Beware the mouse, the maggot and the moth,

"And ever have an eye unto the door;

"Trust not a fool, a villain, nor a whore;

"Go neat, not gay, and spend but as you spare;

"And turn the colt to pasture with the mare;" &c.

That moral sentences were wrought in these painted cloths, is ascertained by the following passage in *A Dialogue both pleasant and pitifull*, &c. by Dr. Willyam Bulleyn, 1564, (sign. H 5.) which has been already quoted: "This is a comelie parlour,—and faire clothes, with pleasaunte borders aboute the same, with many wise sayings painted upon them." *Malone*.

⁹ — no breather in the world,] So, in our author's 81st Sonnet:

"When all the *breathers of this world* are dead."

rain, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"She shows a body, rather than a life;

"A statue, than a *breather*." *Malone*.

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well; What would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is 't a clock?

Orl. You should ask me, what time o'day; there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage,¹ and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: These time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

¹ *Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract &c.]* And yet, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, our author tells us, "Time goes on crutches, till love hath all his rites." In both passages, however, the interim is equally represented as tedious. *Malone.*

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed² a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an in-land man;³ one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physick, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you:

² — removed] i. e. remote, sequestered. *Reed.*

So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, folio, 1623:

"From Athens is her house remov'd seven leagues."

Stevens.

³ — in-land man;] Is used in this play for one civilised, in opposition to the rustic of the priest. So, Orlando, before: "Yet am I inland bred, and know some nurture." *Johnson.*

See Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1598:

"His presence made the rudest peasant melt,

"That in the vast uplandish countrie dwelt."

Again, in Puttenham's *Arte of Poesie*, 4to. 1589, fol. 120: "— or finally in any uplandish village or corner of a realm, where is no resort but of poor rustickall or uncivill people." *Malone.*

Again, in Chapman's version of the 24th *Iliad*:

"— but lion-like, uplandish, and mere wilde." *Stevens.*

he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue eye,⁴ and sunken; which you have not: an unquestionable spirit;⁵ which you have not: a beard neglected; which you have not:—but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having⁶ in beard is a younger brother's revenue:—Then your hose should be ungarter'd,⁷ your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe

⁴ — a blue eye,] i. e. a blueness about the eyes. *Steevens.*

⁵ — an unquestionable spirit;] That is, a spirit not *inquisitive*, a mind indifferent to common objects, and negligent of common occurrences. Here Shakspeare has used a passive for an active mode of speech: so, in a former scene, "The Duke is too disputable for me," *that is, too disputatious.* *Johnson.*

May it not mean, *unwilling to be conversed with?* *Chamier.*

Mr. Chamier is right in supposing that it means a spirit averse to conversation.

So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Demetrius says to Helena—

"I will not stay your *question*."

And, in *The Merchant of Venice*, Antonio says—

"I pray you, think you *question* with the Jew."

In the very next scene, Rosalind says—"I met the Duke yesterday, and had much *question* with him." And in the last scene, Jaques de Bois says—"The Duke was converted after some *question* with a religious man." In all which places, *question* means *discourse* or conversation. *M. Mason.*

⁶ — your having —] Having is possession, estate. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "The gentleman is of no *having*." *Steevens.*

⁷ — Then your hose should be ungarter'd, &c.] These seem to have been the established and characteristical marks by which the votaries of love were denoted in the time of Shakspeare. So, in *The Fair Maid of the Exchange*, by Heywood, 1637: "Shall I, that have jested at love's sighs, now raise whirlwinds? Shall I, that have flouted *ah me's* once a quarter, now practise *ah me's* every minute? Shall I defy hat-bands, and tread garters and shoe-strings under my feet? Shall I fall to falling bands, and be a ruffian no longer? I must; I am now liegeman to Cupid, and have read all these informations in the book of his statutes." Again, in *A pleasant Comedy how to chuse a good Wife from a bad*, 1602:

"— I was once like thee

"A sigher, melancholy humorist,

"Crosser of arms, a goer without garters,

"A hat-band hater, and a busk-point wearer." *Malone.*

untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device⁸ in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as mad-men do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a moonish youth,⁹ grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness;¹ which was, to forswear the

⁸ — *point-device* —] i. e. exact, drest with finical nicety. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: "I hate such insociable and *point-device* companions." *Steevens*.

⁹ — *a moonish youth*,] i. e. variable. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"O swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon." *Steevens*.

¹ — *to a living humour of madness*;] If this be the true reading, we must by *living* understand *lasting*, or *permanent*, but I

full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastick: And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart,² that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I 'll show it you: and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind:—Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*]

cannot forbear to think that some antithesis was intended which is now lost; perhaps the passage stood thus—*I drove my suitor from a dying humour of love to a living humour of madness.* Or rather thus—*From a mad humour of love to a loving humour of madness*, that is, “from a *madness* that was *love*, to a *love* that was *madness*.” This seems somewhat harsh and strained, but such modes of speech are not unusual in our poet; and this harshness was probably the cause of the corruption. *Johnson.*

Perhaps we should read—to a *humour of loving madness.*

Farmer.

Both the emendations appear to me inconsistent with the tenour of Rosalind's argument. Rosalind by her fantastick tricks did not drive her suitor either into a *loving* humour of madness, or a humour of *loving* madness; (in which he was originally without her aid;) but she drove him *from* love into a sequester'd and melancholy retirement. A *living humour of madness* is, I conceive, in our author's licentious language, a humour of *living madness*, a mad humour that operates on the *mode of living*; or, in other words, and more accurately, a *mad humour of life*; “—to forswear the world, and to *live* in a nook merely monastick.” *Malone.*

² — as clean as a sound sheep's heart,] This is no very delicate comparison, though produced by Rosalind in her assumed character of a shepherd. A *sheep's heart*, before it is drest, is always split and washed, that the blood within it may be dislodged.

Stevens.

SCENE III.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY;³ JAKES at a distance, observing them.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?⁴

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.⁵

³ — *Audrey;*] Is a corruption of *Etheldreda*. The saint of that name is so styled in ancient calendars. *Steevens*.

⁴ *Doth my simple feature content you?*] Says the Clown to Audrey. "Your *features*!" (replies the wench) Lord warrant us! what *features*?⁶ I doubt not this should be—your *feature*! Lord warrant us! *what's feature?* *Farmer*.

Feat and *feature*, perhaps, had anciently the same meaning. The Clown asks, if the *features* of his face content her, she takes the word in another sense, i. e. *feats*, *deeds*, and in her reply seems to mean, what *feats*, i. e. what have we done yet? The courtship of Audrey and her gallant had not proceeded further, as Sir Wiiful Witwood says, than a little mouth-glue; but she supposes him to be talking of something which as yet he had not performed. Or the jest may turn only on the Clown's pronunciation. In some parts, *features* might be pronounced, *faitors*, which signify *rascals*, *low wretches*. Pistol uses the word in *The Second Part of King Henry IV*, and Spenser very frequently. *Steevens*.

In Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594, is the following couplet:

"I see then, *artless feature* can content,

"And that true beauty needs no ornament."

Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*:

"It is my fault, not she, that merits blame;

"My *feature* is not to content her sight;

"My words are rude, and work her no delight."

Feature appears to have formerly signified the whole countenance. So, in *King Henry VI*, P. I:

"Her peerless *feature*, joined with her birth,

"Approves her fit for none but for a king." *Malone*.

⁵ — *as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.*] *Capricious* is not here humoursome, fantastical, &c. but *lascivious*. HOR. Epod. 10, Libidinosus immolabitur caper. The Goths are the Getæ. Ovid. Trist. V. 7, The *thatch'd house* is that of Baucis and Philemon. Ovid. Met. VIII, 630, *Stipulis et canna tecta palustri*. *Upton*.

Mr. Upton is, perhaps, too refined in his interpretation of *capricious*. Our author remembered that *caper* was the Latin for a goat, and thence chose this epithet. This, I believe, is the whole. There is a poor quibble between *goats* and *Goths*. *Malone*.

Jaq. O knowledge ill-inhabited!⁶ worse than Jove in a thatch'd house! [*Aside.*

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room:⁷—Truly I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: Is it honest in deed, and word? It is a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.⁸

⁶ — *ill-inhabited!*] i. e. ill-lodged. An unusual sense of the word.

A similar phrase occurs in Reynolds's *God's Revenge against Murder*, Book V, Hist. 21: "Pieria's heart is not so *ill lodged*, nor her extraction and quality so contemptible, but that she is very sensible of her disgrace." Again, in *The Golden Legend*, Wynkyn de Worde's edit. fol. 196: "I am ryghtwysnes that am *enhabited* here, and this hous is myne, and thou art not ryghtwyse."

Steevens.

⁷ — *it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room:*] Nothing was ever wrote in higher humour than this simile. A great reckoning, in a little room, implies that the entertainment was mean, and the bill extravagant. The poet here alluded to the French proverbial phrase *of the quarter of an hour of Rabelais*: who said, there was only one quarter of an hour in human life passed ill, and that was between the calling for the reckoning and paying it. Yet the delicacy of our Oxford editor would correct this into—*It strikes a man more dead than a great reeking in a little room.* This is amending with a vengeance. When men are joking together in a merry humour, all are disposed to laugh. One of the company says a good thing; the jest is not taken; all are silent, and he who said it, quite confounded. This is compared to a tavern jollity interrupted by the coming in of a *great reckoning*. Had not Shakspeare reason now in this case to apply his simile to his own case, against his critical editor? Who, it is plain, taking the phrase to *strike dead*, in a literal sense, concluded, from his knowledge in philosophy, that it could not be so effectually done by a *reckoning* as by a *reeking*. Warburton.

⁸ — *and what they swear in poetry, &c.*] This sentence seems perplexed and inconsequent: perhaps it were better read thus—*What they swear as lovers, they may be said to feign as poets.*

Johnson.

I would read—*It may be said, as lovers they do feign.*

M. Mason.

Aud. Do you wish then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly: for thou swear'st to me, thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd: for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jag. A material fool!⁹

[*Aside.*

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.¹

⁹ *A material fool!*] A fool with matter in him; a fool stocked with notions. *Johnson.*

So, in Chapman's version of the 24th *Iliad*:

"— his speech even charm'd his cares,

"So order'd, so materiall. —" *Steevens.*

1 — *I am foul.*] By *foul* is meant *coy* or *frowning*. *Hanmer.*

I rather believe *foul* to be put for the rustick pronunciation of *full*. Audrey, supposing the Clown to have spoken of her as a *foul slut*, says, naturally enough, *I am not a slut, though, I thank the gods, I am foul*, i. e. *full*. She was more likely to *thank the gods* for a belly-full, than for her being *coy* or *frowning*. *Tyrwhitt.*

In confirmation of Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture, it may be observed, that in the song at the end of *Love's Labour's Lost*, instead of—"and ways be *foul*," we have in the first quarto, 1598, "and ways be *full*." In that and other of our author's plays many words seem to have been spelled by the ear. *Malone.*

Audrey says, she is not *fair*, i. e. *handsome*, and therefore prays the gods to make her *honest*. The Clown tells her that to cast *honesty* away upon a *foul slut*, (i. e. an ill favoured dirty creature) is to put meat in an unclean dish. She replies, she is no *slut*, (no *dirty drab*) though, in her great simplicity, she thanks the gods for her *foulness*, (homeliness) i. e. for being as she is. "Well, (adds he) praised be the gods for thy *foulness*, sluttishness may come hereafter." *Ritson.*

I think that, by *foul*, Audrey means, *not fair*, or what we call *homely*. Audrey is neither *coy* or ill-humoured: but she thanks God for her homeliness, as it rendered her less exposed to temptation. So, in the next scene but one, Rosalind says to Phebe—

"*Foul* is most *foul*, being *foul*, to be a scoffer."

M. Mason.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jag. I would fain see this meeting. [*Aside.*

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though?² Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,—Many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so: —Poor men alone?—No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal.³ Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence⁴ is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT.

Here comes sir Oliver:⁵—Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are

² — *what though?*] What then? *Johnson.*

³ — *the rascal.*] Lean, poor deer, are called rascal deer.

⁴ — *defence* —] *Defence*, as here opposed to “no skill,” signifies the art of *fencing*. Thus, in *Hamlet*: “—and gave you such a masterly report, for arts and exercise in your *defence*.”

⁵ — *sir Oliver*:] He that has taken his first degree at the university, is in the academical style called *Dominus*, and in common language was heretofore termed *Sir*. This was not always a word of contempt; the graduates assumed it in their own writings; so Trevisa the historian writes himself *Syr John de Trevisa*. *Johnson.*

We find the same title bestowed on many divines in our old comedies. So, in *Wily Beguiled*:

“— *Sir John* cannot tend to it at evening prayer; for there comes a company of players to town on Sunday in the afternoon, and *Sir John* is so good a fellow, that I know he'll scarce leave their company, to say evening prayer.”

well met: Will you despatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [*discovering himself*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good master *What ye call 't*: How do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you⁶ for your last company: I am very glad to see you:—Even a toy in hand here, sir:—Nay; pray, be cover'd.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow,⁷ sir, the horse his curb, and the faulcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot: then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife. [*Aside.*

Again: "We'll all go to church together, and so save *Sir John* a labour." See notes on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I, sc. i. *Steevens.*

Degrees were at this time considered as the highest dignities; and it may not be improper to observe, that a clergyman, who hath not been educated at the Universities, is still distinguished in some parts of North Wales, by the appellation of *Sir John*, *Sir William*, &c. Hence the Sir Hugh Evans of Shakspeare is not a Welsh knight who hath taken orders, but only a Welsh clergyman without any regular degree from either of the Universities. See Barrington's *History of the Guelir Family*. *Nichols.*

⁶ — *God 'ild you* —] i. e. God yield you, God reward you. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"And the gods yield you for 't!"

See notes on *Macbeth*, Act I, sc. vi. *Steevens.*

⁷ — *his bow*,] i. e. his yoke. The ancient yoke in form resembled a bow. See note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act V. *Steevens.*

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey;

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.

Farewel, good master Oliver!

Not—O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,^s

Leave me not behi' thee;

But—Wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding wi' thee.

[*Exeunt JAQ. TOUCH. and AUD.*]

^s *Not—O sweet Oliver,*

O brave &c.] Some words of an old ballad. *Warburton.*

Of this speech as it now appears, I can make nothing, and think nothing can be made. In the same breath he calls his mistress to be married, and sends away the man that should marry them. Dr. Warburton has very happily observed, that *O sweet Oliver* is a quotation from an old song; I believe there are two quotations put in opposition to each other. For *wind* I read *wend*, the old word for *go*. Perhaps the whole passage may be regulated thus:

Clo. *I am not in the mind, but it were better for me to be married of him than of another, for he is not like to marry me well, and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.—Come, sweet Audrey; we must be married, or we must live in bawdry.*

Jaq. *Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.* [They whisper.

Clo. *Farewel, good sir Oliver, not O sweet Oliver, O brave Oliver, leave me not behind thee,—but*

Wend away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee to-day.

Of this conjecture the reader may take as much as shall appear necessary to the sense, or conducive to the humour. I have received all but the additional words. The song seems to be complete without them. *Johnson.*

The Clown dismisses Sir Oliver only because Jaques had alarmed his pride, and raised his doubts, concerning the validity of a marriage solemnized by one who appears only in the character of an itinerant preacher. He intends afterwards to have recourse to some other of more dignity in the same profession. Dr. Johnson's opinion, that the latter part of the Clown's speech is only a repetition from some other ballad, or perhaps a different part of the same, is, I believe, just.

O brave Oliver, leave me not behind you, is a quotation at the beginning of one of N. Breton's Letters, in his *Packet*, &c. 1600.

Steev

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [Exit.

That Touchstone is influenced by the counsel of Jaques, may be inferred from the subsequent dialogue between the former and Audrey, Act V, sc. i:

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying. *Malone.*

O sweet Oliver. The epithet of *sweet* seems to have been peculiarly appropriated to *Oliver*, for which, perhaps, he was originally obliged to the old song before us. No more of it, however, than these two lines has as yet been produced. See Ben Jonson's *Underwood*:

"All the *mad* Rolands and *sweet* Olivers."

And, in *Every Man in his Humour*, p. 88, is the same allusion:

"Do not stink, *sweet* Oliver." *Tyrwhitt.*

In the books of the Stationers' Company, Aug. 6, 1584, was entered, by Richard Jones, the ballad of—

"*O sweete Olyver*

"Leave me not behinde thee."

Again: "The answer of *O sweete Olyver*."

Again, in 1586: "*O sweete Olyver* altered to the Scriptures."

Steevens.

I often find a part of this song applied to Cromwell. In a paper called, *A Man in the Moon, discovering a World of Knavery under the Sun*, "the *juncto* will go near to give us the *bagge*, if *O brave Oliver* come not suddenly to relieve them." The same allusion is met with in *Cleveland*. *Wind away* and *wind off* are still used *provincially*: and, I believe, nothing but the *provincial* pronunciation is wanting to join the parts together. I read:

Not—O sweet Oliver!

O brave Oliver!

Leave me not behi' thee—

But—wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding wi' thee. Farmer.

To produce the necessary rhyme, and conform to the pronunciation of Shakspeare's native county, I have followed Dr. Farmer's direction.

Wind is used for *wend* in *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607:

"*Winde* we then, Antony, with this royal queen."

Again, in the MS. romance of the *Sowdon of Babyloyne*, p. 63:

"And we shalle to-morrowe as stil as stoon,

"The Saresyns awake e'r ye wynde." *Steevens.*

SCENE IV.

*The same. Before a Cottage.**Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.**Ros.* Never talk to me, I will weep.*Cel.* Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.*Ros.* But have I not cause to weep?*Cel.* As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.*Ros.* His very hair is of the dissembling colour.*Cel.* Something browner than Judas's:⁹ marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.*Ros.* I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.¹*Cel.* An excellent colour: your chesnut was ever the only colour.*Ros.* And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.²*Cel.* He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana:³ a nun of winter's sisterhood⁴ kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

⁹ *Something browner than Judas's:]* See Mr. Tollet's note and mine, on a passage in the fourth scene of the first Act of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, from both which it appears that *Judas* was constantly represented in ancient painting or tapestry, with red hair and beard.

So, in *The Insatiate Countess*, 1613: "I ever thought by his red beard he would prove a *Judas*." *Steevens*.

¹ *I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.]* There is much of nature in this petty perverseness of *Rosalind*: she finds fault in her lover, in hope to be contradicted, and when *Celia* in sportive malice too readily seconds her accusations, she contradicts herself rather than suffer her favourite to want a vindication.

Johnson.

² — *as the touch of holy bread.]* We should read *beard*, that is, as the kiss of an holy saint or hermit, called the *kiss of charity*. This makes the comparison just and decent; the other impious and absurd. *Warburton*.

³ — *a pair of cast lips of Diana:]* i. e. a pair left off by *Diana*. *Theobald*.

⁴ — *a nun of winter's sisterhood —]* This is finely expressed. But Mr. Theobald says, *the words give him no ideas*. And it is certain, that words will never give men what nature has denied them. However, to mend the matter, he substitutes *Winifred's*

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning; and comes not?

Cel. Nay certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet,⁵ or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Cel. *Was* is not *is*: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings: He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

sisterhood. And after so happy a thought, it was to no purpose to tell him there was no religious order of that denomination. The plain truth is, Shakspeare meant *an unfruitful sisterhood*, which had devoted itself to chastity. For as those who were of the sisterhood of the spring, were the votaries of Venus; those of summer, the votaries of Ceres; those of autumn, of Pomona: so these of the *sisterhood of winter* were the votaries of Diana; called, *of winter*, because that quarter is not, like the other three, productive of fruit or increase. On this account it is, that when the poet speaks of what is most *poor*, he instances it in *winter*, in these fine lines of *Othello*:

“But riches fineless is *as poor as winter*

“To him that ever fears he shall be poor.”

The other property of winter, that made him term them of its sisterhood, is its coldness. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“To be a *barren sister* all your life,

“Chanting faint hymns to the *cold fruitless moon*.”

Warburton.

There is certainly no need of Theobald's conjecture, as Dr. Warburton has most effectually supported the old reading. In one circumstance, however, he is mistaken. The *Golden Legend*, p. cccr, &c. gives a full account of *St. Winifred* and her sisterhood. Edit. by Wynkyn de Worde, 1527. Steevens.

⁵ — *as concave as a cover'd goblet,*] Why a *cover'd*? Because a goblet is never kept *cover'd* but when *empty*. Shakspeare never throws out his expressions at random. *Warburton.*

Warburton asks, “Why a *cover'd* goblet?”—and answers, “Because a goblet is never *cover'd* but when *empty*.” If that be the case, the cover is of little use; for when empty, it may as well be uncovered. But it is the idea of hollowness, not that of emptiness, that Shakspeare wishes to convey; and a goblet is more completely hollow when covered, than when it is not.

M. Mason.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question⁶ with him: He asked me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that 's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart⁷ the heart of his lover;⁸

⁶ — much question —] i. e. conversation. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"You may as well use *question* with the wolf." *Steevens.*

⁷ — quite traverse, athwart &c.] An unexperienced lover is here compared to a *puny tilter*, to whom it was a disgrace to have his lance broken across, as it was a mark either of want of courage or address. This happened when the horse flew on one side, in the career: and hence, I suppose, arose the jocular proverbial phrase of *spurring the horse only on one side*. Now as breaking the lance against his adversary's breast, in a direct line, was honourable, so the breaking it *across* against his breast was, for the reason above, dishonourable; hence it is, that Sidney in his *Arcadia*, speaking of the mock-combat of Clinias and Dametas, says: "*The wind took such hold of his staff that it crost quite over his breast,*" &c.—And to *break across* was the usual phrase, as appears from some wretched verses of the same author, speaking of an unskilful tilter:

"Methought some staves he mist: if so, not much amiss:

"For when he most did hit, he ever yet did miss.

"One said he *brake across*, full well it so might be," &c.

This is the allusion. So that Orlando, a young gallant, affecting the fashion, (for *brave* is here used, as in other places, for fashionable) is represented either *unskilful* in courtship, or *timorous*. The lover's meeting or appointment corresponds to the tilter's career: and as the one breaks staves, the other breaks oaths. The business is only meeting fairly, and doing both with address: and 'tis for the want of this, that Orlando is blamed.

Warburton.

So, in *Northward Hoe*, 1607: "—melancholick like a *tilter*, that had *broke his staves foul* before his mistress." *Steevens.*

A *puny tilter*, that *breaks his staff like a noble goose*:] Sir Thomas Hanmer altered this to a *nose-quill'd* goose, but no one seems to have regarded the alteration. Certainly *nose-quill'd* is an epithet likely to be corrupted: it gives the image wanted, and may in a great measure be supported by a quotation from Turberville's *Falconrie*: "Take with you a *duck*, and slip one of her *wing feathers*, and having thrust it through her *nares*, throw her out unto your hawke." *Farmer.*

Again, in *Philaster*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"He shall for this time only be *seel'd up*

as a puppy tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all 's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides:—Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft enquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love;
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:—
Bring us unto this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say, that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness: The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon; Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?⁹

“With a feather through his nose, that he may only
“See heaven,” &c.

Again, in the *Booke of Hawkyng, Huntynge, and Fishing*, &c. bl. l. no date: “— and with a pen put it in the haukes nares once or twice,” &c. Again, in Philemon Holland's translation of the tenth Book of Pliny's *Natural History*, 1601, p. 300: “It is good moreover to draw a little quill or feather through their nostrills across,” &c. *Steevens.*

⁸ — of his lover;] i. e. of his mistress. *Malone.*

⁹ — Will you sterner be

Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?] This is spoken of
e executioner. He *lives*, indeed, by bloody drops, if you will:

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, at a distance.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.

but how does he *die* by bloody drops? The poet must certainly have wrote:

——— *that deals and lives, &c.*

i. e. that gets his bread by, and makes a trade of cutting off heads: but the Oxford editor makes it plainer. He reads:

Than he that lives and thrives by bloody drops. Warburton.

Either Dr. Warburton's emendation, except that the word *deals*, wants its proper construction, or that of Sir Tho. Hanmer, may serve the purpose; but I believe they have fixed corruption upon the wrong word, and should rather read:

Than he that dies his lips by bloody drops?

Will you speak with more sternness than the executioner, whose lips are used to be *sprinkled* with blood? The mention of *drops* implies some part that must be sprinkled rather than dipped.

Johnson.

I am afraid our bard is at his quibbles again. To *die*, means as well to *dip a thing in a colour foreign to its own* as to *expire*. In this sense, contemptible as it is, the executioner may be said to *die* as well as *live* by *bloody drops*. Shakspeare is fond of opposing these terms to each other.

In *King John* is a play on words not unlike this:

“——— all with purple hands

“*Dy'd* in the *dying* slaughter of their foes.”

Camden has preserved an epitaph on a dyer, which has the same turn:

“He that *dyled* so oft in sport,

“*Dyed* at last, no colour for 't.”

So, Heywood, in his *Epigrams*, 1562:

“Is thy husband a *dyer*, woman? alack,

“Had he no colour to *die* thee on but black!

“*Dieth* he oft? yea too oft when customers call;

“But I would have him one day *die* once for all.

“Were he gone, *dyer* never more would I wed,

“*Dyers* be ever *dying*, but never dead.”

Again, Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589:

“We once sported upon a country fellow, who came to run for the best game, and was by his occupation a *dyer*, and had very big swelling legs.

“He is but *coarse* to run a *course*,

“Whose shanks are bigger than his thigh;

“Yet is his luck a little worse

“That often *dyes* before he *die*.”

“Where ye see the words *course* and *die* used in divers senses, one giving the *rebound* to the other.” *Steevens.*

J. Davies, of Hereford, in his *Scourge of Folly*, printed about 1611, has the same conceit, and uses almost our author's words:

Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye:
 'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,¹
 That eyes,—that are the frailest and softest things,
 Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—
 Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
 Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
 And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
 Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
 Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
 Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
 Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
 Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
 Some scar of it; ~~lean~~ but upon a rush,²
 The cicatrice and capable impressure³
 Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
 Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;

OF A PROUD LYING DYER.

"Turbine, the *dyer*, stalks before his dore,
 "Like Cæsar, that by *dying* oft did thrive;
 "And though the beggar be as proud as poore,
 "Yet (like the mortifide) he *dyes* to *live*."

Again, on the same:

"Who lives well, dies well:—not by and by;
 "For this man *lives* proudly, yet well doth *die*." *Malone*.

He that lives and dies, i. e. he who, to the very end of his life, continues a common executioner. So, in the second scene of the fifth Act of this play: "*live and die* a shepherd." *Tollet*.

To *die and live* by a thing is to be constant to it, to persevere in it to the end. *Lives*, therefore, does not signify *is maintained*; but the two verbs taken together mean, *who is all his life conversant with bloody drops*. *Musgrave*.

¹ 'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,] *Sure for surely*. *Douce*.

² — *lean but upon a rush*,] *But*, which is not in the old copy, was added, for the sake of the metre, by the editor of the second folio. *Malone*.

³ *The cicatrice and capable impressure* —] *Cicatrice* is here not very properly used; it is the scar of a wound. *Capable impressure*, hollow mark. *Johnson*.

Capable, I believe, means here—*perceptible*. Our author often uses the word for *intelligent*; (See a note on *Hamlet*,—

"His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
 "Would make them *capable*.")

Hence, with his usual license, for *intelligible*, and then for *perceptible*. *Malone*.

Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil.

O dear Phebe,

If ever, (as that ever may be near)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,⁴
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe.

But, till that time,

Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? [*advancing*] Who might
be your mother,⁵

That you insult, exult, and all at once,⁶
Over the wretched? What though you have more beauty,⁷

⁴ — *power of fancy,*] *Fancy* is here used for *love*, as before, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. *Johnson*.

⁵ — *Who might be your mother,*] It is common for the poets to express cruelty by saying, of those who commit it, that they were born of rocks, or suckled by tigresses. *Johnson*.

⁶ *That you insult, exult, and all at once,*] If the speaker intended to accuse the person spoken to only for *insulting* and *exulting*; then, instead of—*all at once*, it ought to have been, *both at once*. But, by examining the crime of the person accused, we shall discover that the line is to be read thus:

That you insult, exult, and rail at once.

For these three things Phebe was guilty of. But the Oxford editor improves it, and, for *rail at once*, reads *domineer*. *Warburton*.

I see no need of emendation. The speaker may mean thus: *Who might be your mother, that you insult, exult, and that too all in a breath?* Such is, perhaps, the meaning of *all at once*. *Steevens*.

⁷ — *What though you have more beauty,*] The old copy reads:

— *What though you have no beauty.* *Steevens*.

Though all the printed copies agree in this reading, it is very accurately observed to me, by an ingenious unknown correspondent, who signs himself L. H. (and to whom I can only here make my acknowledgment) that the *negative* ought to be left out. *Theobald*.

That *no* is a misprint, appears clearly from the passage in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, which Shakspeare has here imitated: "Sometimes have I seen high disdain turned to hot desires.—Because thou art beautiful, be not so coy; as there is nothing more faire, so there is nothing more fading."—Mr. Theobald corrected the error, by expunging the word *no*; in which he was copied by the subsequent editors; but omission, (as I have often observed) is, of all the modes of emendation, the most excep-

(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
 Than without candle may go dark to bed)
 Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
 Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
 I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
 Of nature's sale-work:⁸—Od's my little life!
 I think, she means to tangle my eyes too:—
 No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
 'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,
 Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
 That can entame my spirits to your worship.⁹—

tionable. *No* was, I believe, a misprint for *mo*, a word often used by our author and his contemporaries for *more*. So, in a former scene of this play: "I pray you, mar no *mo* of my verses with reading them ill-favour'dly." Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "Sing no more ditties, sing no *mo*." Again, in *The Tempest*: "*Mo* widows of this business making—" Many other instances might be added. The word is found in almost every book of that age. As *no* is here printed instead of *mo*, so in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V, we find in the folio, 1623, *Mo* matter, for *No* matter. This correction being less violent than Mr. Theobald's, I have inserted it in the text. "What though I should allow you had *more* beauty than he, (says Rosalind) *though* by my faith," &c. (for such is the force of *As* in the next line) "must you therefore treat him with disdain?" In *Antony and Cleopatra* we meet with a passage constructed nearly in the same manner:

"——— Say, this becomes him,
 "(*As* his composure must be rare indeed
 "Whom these things *cannot* blemish) yet," &c.

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"But say that he or we, (*as* neither have)
 "Receiv'd that sum," &c.

Again, more appositely, in Camden's *Remaines*, p. 190, edit. 1605: "I force not of such fooleries; but if *I have* any skill in sooth-saying, (*as* in sooth I have *none*) it doth prognosticate that I shall change copie from a duke to a king." *Malone*.

As *mo*, (unless rhyme demands it) is but an indolent abbreviation of *more*, I have adopted Mr. Malone's conjecture, without his manner of spelling the word in question. If *mo* were right, how happens it that *more* should occur twice afterwards in the same speech? *Steevens*.

⁸ *Of nature's sale-work:*] Those works that nature makes up carelessly and without exactness. The allusion is to the practice of mechanicks, whose *work* bespoke is more elaborate than that which is made up for chance-customers, or to sell in quantities to retailers, which is called *sale-work*. *Warburton*.

You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
 Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
 You are a thousand times a properer man,
 Than she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you,
 That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
 'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
 And out of you she sees herself more proper,
 Than any of her lineaments can show her.—
 But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
 And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
 For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—
 Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:
 Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;
 Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.¹
 So, take her to thee, shepherd;—fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;
 I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. He 's fallen in love with her foulness,² and she 'll
 fall in love with my anger: If it be so, as fast as she an-
 swers thee with frowning looks, I 'll sauce her with bit-
 ter words.—Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
 For I am falser than vows made in wine:
 Besides, I like you not: If you will know my house,
 'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by:—
 Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard:—
 Come, sister:—Shepherdess, look on him better,
 And be not proud: though all the world could see,
 None could be so abus'd in sight as he.³
 Come, to our flock. [Exeunt Ros. CEL. and COR.]

¹ *That can entame my spirits to your worship.*] So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

“Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.” *Steevens.*

² *Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.*] The sense is, *The ugly seem most ugly, when, though ugly, they are scoffers.* *Johnson.*

² — *with her foulness,*] So, Sir T. Hanmer; the other edi-
 tions—*your foulness.* *Johnson.*

³ — *though all the world could see,*

None could be so abus'd in sight as he.] Though all mankind
 could look on you, none could be so deceived as to think you bear-
 tiful but he. *Johnson.*

Phe. Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;
*Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?*⁴

Sil. Sweet Phebe, —

Phe. Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be;

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,

By giving love, your sorrow and my grief

Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love; Is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;

And yet it is not, that I bear thee love:

But since that thou canst talk of love so well,

Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,

I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:

But do not look for further recompense,

Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my love,

And I in such a poverty of grace,

That I shall think it a most plenteous crop

To glean the broken ears after the man

That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then

A scatter'd smile,⁵ and that I'll live upon.

⁴ *Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;*

Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?] The second of these lines is from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1637, sign. B b. where it stands thus:

"Where both deliberate, the love is slight:

"Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?"

This line is likewise quoted in *Belvidere, or the Garden of the Muses*, 1610, p. 29, and in *England's Parnassus*, printed in 1600, p. 261. *Steevens*.

This poem of Marlowe's was so popular, (as appears from many of the contemporary writers) that a quotation from it must have been known at once, at least by the more enlightened part of the audience. Our author has again alluded to it in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.—The "dead shepherd," Marlowe, was killed in a brothel, in 1593. Two editions of *Hero and Leander*, I believe, had been published before the year 1600; it being entered in the Stationers' Books, Sept. 28, 1593, and again in 1597.

Malone.

Phc. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me ere while?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old carlot once was master of.⁶

Phc. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy:⁷—yet he talks well;—
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—
But, sure, he 's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:
He 'll make a proper man: The best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not tall; yet for his years he 's tall:⁸
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip;
A little ripier and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.⁹
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause¹ to hate him than to love him:

⁶ To glean the broken ears after the man

That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then

A scatter'd smile,] Perhaps Shakspeare owed this image to the second chapter of the book of *Ruth*: "Let fall some handfuls of purpose for her, and leave them that she may glean them."

Steevens.

⁶ That the old carlot once was master of.] i. e. peasant, from *carl* or *churl*; probably a word of Shakspeare's coinage. *Douce.*

⁷ — a peevish boy:] *Peevish*, in ancient language, signifies weak, silly. So, in *King Richard III.*

"When Richmond was a little peevish boy." *Steevens.*

⁸ He is not tall; yet for his years he 's tall:] The old copy reads: *He is not very tall, &c.*

For the sake of metre, I have omitted the useless adverb—*very.*

Steevens.

⁹ — the constant red, and mingled damask.] "Constant red" is uniform red. "Mingled damask" is the silk of that name, in which, by a various direction of the threads, many lighter shades of the same colour are exhibited. *Steevens.*

For what had he to do to chide at me?
 He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
 And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
 I marvel, why I answer'd not again:
 But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
 I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
 And thou shalt bear it; Wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight;
 The matter's in my head, and in my heart:
 I will be bitter with him, and passing short:
 Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.....SCENE I.

The same.

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JÄQUES.

Jag. I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better¹ acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say, you are a melancholy fellow.

Jag. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those, that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows; and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Jag. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jag. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politick; nor the lady's, which is nice;³ nor the lover's, which is all these:

¹ I have more cause —] *I*, which seems to have been inadvertently omitted in the old copy, was inserted by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

² — let me be better —] *Be*, which is wanting in the old copy, was added by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

³ — which is nice;] i. e. silly, trifling. So, in *King Richard III.*

“But the respects thereof are nice and trivial.”

See a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V, sc. ii. *Steevens.*

but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects: and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me, is a most humorous sadness.⁴

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Enter ORLANDO.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too.

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*

Ros. Farewel, monsieur traveller: Look, you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable⁵ all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.⁶—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been

⁴ — my often rumination wraps me, is a most humorous sadness.] The old copy reads—in a most, &c. *Steevens.*

The old copy has—by often. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. Perhaps we should rather read “and which, by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness.” *Malone.*

As this speech concludes with a sentence at once ungrammatical and obscure, I have changed a single letter in it; and instead of “in a most humorous sadness,” have ventured to read, “is a most humorous sadness.” *Jaques* first informs *Rosalind* what his melancholy was *not*; and naturally concludes by telling her what the quality of it *is*. To obtain a clear meaning, a less degree of violence cannot be employed. *Steevens.*

⁵ — disable —] i. e. undervalue. So afterwards:—“he disabled my judgment.” *Steevens.*

⁶ — swam in a gondola.] That is *been at Venice*, the seat at that time of all licentiousness, where the young English gentlemen wasted their fortunes, debased their morals, and sometimes lost their religion.

The fashion of travelling, which prevailed very much in our author's time, was considered by the wiser men as one of the principal causes of corrupt manners. It was, therefore, gravely censured by *Ascham*, in his *Schoolmaster*, and by *Bishop Hall*,

all this while? You a lover?—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clap'd him o' the shoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman:⁷ Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.⁸

in his *Quo vadis*; and is here, and in other passages, ridiculed by Shakspeare. *Johnson.*

⁷ — *than you can make a woman.*] Old copy—you make a woman. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. *Malone.*

⁸ — *a Rosalind of a better leer than you.*] i. e. of a better feature, complexion, or colour, than you. So, in P. Holland's *Pliny*, B. XXXI, c. ii, p. 403: "In some places there is no other thing bred or growing; but brown and duskish, insomuch as not only the cattel is all of that *lere*, but also the corn on the ground," &c. The word seems to be derived from the Saxon *Hleare*, facies, frons, vultus. So it is used in *Titus Andronicus*, Act IV, sc. ii: "Here's a young lad fram'd of another *leer*." *Tollet.*

In the notes on the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, Vol. IV, p. 320, *lere* is supposed to mean skin. So, in *Isumbras* MSS. *Cott.* Cal. II, fol. 129:

"His lady is white as whales bone,

"Here *lere* bryghte to se upon,

"So fair as blosme on tre." *Steevens.*

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent:—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss, before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss.⁹ Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!¹) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hel-

⁹ — and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss.] Thus also in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 511: "— and when he hath pumped his wittes dry, and can say no more, kissing and colling are never out of season." *Steevens*.

¹ — (God warn us!)] If this exclamation (which occurs again in the quarto copies of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*) is not a corruption of—"God ward us," i. e. *defend* us, it must mean, "summon us to himself." So, in *King Richard III*:

"And sent to warn them to his royal presence." *Steevens*.

lespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the foolish chroniclers of that age² found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin,——*Will you, Orlando, —*

Cel. Go to:——*Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?*

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

² — chroniclers of that age —] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*coroners*, by the advice, as Dr. Warburton hints, of some anonymous critick. *Johnson*.

Mr. Edwards proposes the same emendation, and supports it by a passage in *Hamlet*: "The coroner hath sat on her, and *finds* it—*Christian burial*." I believe, however, the old copy is right; though *found* is undoubtedly used in its forensic sense. *Malone*.

I am surprized that Sir Thomas Hanmer's just and ingenious amendment should not be adopted as soon as suggested. The allusion is evidently to a coroner's inquest, which Rosalind supposes to have sat upon the body of Leander, who was drowned in crossing the Hellespont, and that their verdict was, that Hero of Sestos was the cause of his death. The word *found* is the legal term on such occasions. We say, that a jury *found* it lunacy, or *found* it manslaughter; and the verdict is called the *finding* of the jury. *M. Mason*.

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—*I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.*

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: There a girl goes before the priest;³ and certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain,⁴ and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen,⁵ and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

³ — There a girl goes before the priest;] The old copy reads—“There's a girl,” &c. The emendation in the text was proposed to me long ago by Dr. Farmer. Stevens.

⁴ — I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain,] The allusion is to the cross in Cheapside; the religious images, with which it was ornamented, being defaced, (as we learn from Stowe) in 1596: “There was then set up, a curious wrought tabernacle of gray marble, and in the same an alabaster image of Diana, and water conveyed from the Thames, prilling from her naked breast.” Stowe, in *Cheap Ward*.

Statues, and particularly that of Diana, with water conveyed through them to give them the appearance of weeping figures, were anciently a frequent ornament of fountains. So, in *The City Match*, Act III, sc. iii:

“— Now could I cry

“Like any image in a fountain, which

“Runs lamentations.”

And again, in *Rosamond's Epistle to Henry II*, by Drayton:

“Here in the garden, wrought by curious hands,

“Naked Diana in the fountain stands.” Whalley.

⁵ — I will laugh like a hyen,] The bark of the hyena was anciently supposed to resemble a loud laugh.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: Make the doors⁶ upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—*Wit, whither wilt?*⁷

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer,⁸ unless

So, in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, 1623:

"— Methinks I see her laughing,

"Excellent Hyena!"

Again, in *The Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

"You laugh hyena-like, weep like a crocodile." Steevens.

⁶ — Make the doors —] This is an expression used in several of the midland counties, instead of *bar the doors*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"The doors are made against you." Steevens.

⁷ — *Wit, whither wilt?*] This must be some allusion to a story well known at that time, though now perhaps irretrievable. Johnson.

This was an exclamation much in use, when any one was either talking nonsense, or usurping a greater share in conversation than justly belonged to him. So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602: "My sweet, *Wit whither wilt thou*, my delicate poetical fury," &c.

Again, in Heywood's *Royal King*, 1637:

"Wit:—is the word strange to you? *Wit?*—

"*Whither wilt thou?*"

Again, in the Preface to Greene's *Groatworth of Wit*, 1621:

"*Wit whither wilt thou?* woe is me,

"Thou hast brought me to this miserie."

The same expression occurs more than once in Taylor the water-poet, and seems to have been the title of some ludicrous performance. Steevens.

If I remember right, these are the first words of an old madrigal. Malone.

⁸ You shall never take her without her answer,] See Chaucer's *Marchantes Tale*, ver. 10,138—10,149:

you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion,⁹ let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death.—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise,¹ and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that

“Ye, sire, quod Proserpine, and wol ye so?
 “Now by my modre Ceres soule I swere,
 “That I shall yeve hire suffisant answer,
 “And alle women after for hire sake;
 “That though they ben in any gilt ytake,
 “With face bold they shul hemself excuse,
 “And bere hem down that wolden hem accuse.
 “For lack of answer, non of us shall dien.
 “Al had ye seen a thing with bothe youre eyen,
 “Yet shul we so visage it hardely,
 “And wepe and swere and chiden subtilly,
 “That ye shul ben as lewed as ben gees.” *Tyrwhitt.*

⁹ — *make her fault her husband's occasion,*] That is represent her fault as occasioned by her husband. Sir T. Hanmer reads, *her husband's accusation.* *Johnson.*

¹ — *I will think you the most pathetical break-promise,*] The same epithet occurs again in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and with as little apparent meaning:

“——— most *pathetical* nit.”

Again, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1590: “— having no *pathetical* impression in my head, I had flat fallen into a slumber.”

Steevens
 I believe, by *pathetical* break-promise, Rosalind means a love whose falsehood would most deeply affect his mistress. *Malon*

may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So, adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try:² Adieu! [*Exit ORL.*]

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.³

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as-you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought,⁴ conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.⁵

Cel. And I'll sleep.

[*Exeunt.*]

² — time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try:] So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“And that old common arbitrator, Time,

“Will one day end it.” *Steevens.*

³ — to her own nest.] So, in Lodge's *Rosalynde*: And “I pray you (quoth Aliena) if your own robes were off, what mettall are you made of, that you are so satyricall against women? Is it not a foule bird defiles her owne nest?” *Steevens.*

⁴ — begot of thought,] i. e. of melancholy. So, in *Julius Cæsar*: “— take thought, and die for Cæsar.” *Steevens.*

⁵ — I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come,] So, in *Macbeth*:

“Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there

“Weep our sad bosoms empty.” *Steevens.*

SCENE II.

*Another Part of the Forest.**Enter JAQUES and Lords, in the habit of Foresters.*

Jag. Which is he that killed the deer?

1 Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jag. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory:—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 Lord. Yes, sir,

Jag. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

1. *What shall he have, that kill'd the deer?*2. *His leather skin, and horns to wear.*⁶1. *Then sing him home:**Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn;*⁷*It was a crest ere thou wast born.*1. *Thy father's father wore it;*2. *And thy father bore it:*All. *The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,**Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.*

[Exeunt.]

⁶ *His leather skin, and horns to wear.*] Shakspeare seems to have formed this song on a hint afforded by the novel which furnished him with the plot of his play. "What news, Forrester? Hast thou wounded some deere, and lost him in the fall? Care not, man, for so small a losse; thy fees was but the *skinne*, the shoul-
ders, and the *horns*." Lodge's *Rosalynde, or Euphues's Golden Legacie*, 1592. For this quotation the reader is indebted to Mr. Malone.

So likewise in an ancient MS. entitled *The Boke of Huntyng, that is cleped Mayster of Game*: "And as of fees, it is to wite that what man that *smyte a dere atte his tree with a dethes stroke*, and he be recouered by sonne going doune, he shall haue the *skyn*," &c. Steevens.

⁷ *Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn;*] In *King John* in two parts, 1591, a play which our author had, without doubt, attentively read, we find these lines:

"But let the foolish Frenchman *take no scorn*,

"If Philip front him with an English horn." Malone:

Thus also, in the old comedy of *Grim the Collier of Croydon*, (date unknown,)

SCENE III.⁸*The Forest.**Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock?
and here much Orlando!⁹

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain,
he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to
sleep: Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;—
My gentle Phebe bid me¹ give you this: [*Giving a letter.*

“— Unless your great infernal majesty

“Do solemnly proclaim, no devil shall scorn

“Hereafter still to wear the goodly horn.”

To take scorn is a phrase that occurs again in *King Henry VI*,
P. I, Act IV, sc. iv:

“And take foul scorn, to fawn on him by sending.” *Steevens.*

⁸ The foregoing noisy scene was introduced only to fill up an
interval, which is to represent two hours. This contraction of
the time we might impute to poor Rosalind's impatience, but
that a few minutes after we find Orlando sending his excuse. I
do not see that by any probable division of the Acts this absurdity
can be obviated. *Johnson.*

⁹ — and here much Orlando! Thus the old copy. Some of
the modern editors read, but without the least authority:

I wonder much, Orlando is not here. *Steevens.*

The word *much* should be explained. It is an expression of
latitude, and taken in various senses. Here's *much* Orlando—
i. e. Here is no Orlando, or we may look for him. We have still
this use of it, as when we say, speaking of a person who we sus-
pect will not keep his appointment, “Ay, you will be sure to see
him there *much*!” *Whalley.*

So the vulgar yet say, “I shall get *much* by that no doubt,”
meaning that they shall get nothing. *Malone.*

Here much Orlando! is spoken ironically on Rosalind perceiving
that Orlando had failed in his engagement. *H. White.*

Much, in our author's time, was an expression denoting admi-
ration. So, in *King Henry IV*, P. II, Act II, sc. iv:

“What, with two points on your shoulder? *much*!”

Again, in *The Taming of a Shrew*:

“’Tis *much*!—Servant, leave me and her alone.” *Malone.*

Much! was more frequently used to indicate disdain. See
notes on the first of the two passages quoted by Mr. Malone.

Steevens.

¹ — bid me —] The old copy redundantly reads—*did* bid me.

Steevens.

I know not the contents; but, as I guess,
By the stern brow, and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer;² bear this, bear all:
She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and that she could not love me
Were man as rare as phoenix; Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest: I know not the contents;
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand; she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand;³ I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;
She has a huswife's hand: but that's no matter:
I say, she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian; woman's gentle brain⁴
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,

² *Patience herself would startle at this letter,*

And play the swaggerer;] So, in *Measure for Measure*:

"This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant"

Steevens.

³ *Phebe did write it.*

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool. —

I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,

A freestone-colour'd hand;] As this passage now stands, the metre of the first line is imperfect, and the sense of the whole; for why should Rosalind dwell so much upon Phebe's hands, unless Silviu had said something about them?—I have no doubt but the line originally ran thus:

Phebe did write it with her own fair hand.

And then Rosalind's reply will naturally follow. *M. Mason.*

⁴ — *woman's gentle brain —]* Old copy—*women's.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance:—Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;

Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: Mark how the tyrant writes.

Art thou god to shepherd turn'd, [Reads.

That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?—

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. *Why, thy godhead laid apart,*

Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?—

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,

That could do no vengeance⁵ to me.—

Meaning me a beast.—

If the scorn of your bright eyne

Have power to raise such love in mine,

Alack, in me what strange effect

Would they work in mild aspect?

Whiles you chid me, I did love;

How then might your prayers move?

He, that brings this love to thee,

Little knows this love in me:

And by him seal up thy mind;

Whether that thy youth and kind⁶

Will the faithful offer take

Of me, and all that I can make;⁷

Or else by him my love deny,

And then I'll study how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.—

⁵ — vengeance —] is used for mischief. *Johnson.*

⁶ — youth and kind —] Kind is the old word for nature.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*: "You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his hind." *Steevens.*

⁷ — all that I can make;] i. e. raise as profit from any thing. So, in *Measure for Measure*: "He's in for a commodity of brown paper; of which he made five marks ready money." *Steevens.*

Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her, (for I see, love hath made thee a tame snake⁸) and say this to her; That if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [Exit SIL.]

Enter OLIVER.

Ol. Good-morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know Where, in the purlieu⁹ of this forest stands A sheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom, The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream, Left on your right hand,¹ brings you to the place: But at this hour the house doth keep itself, There's none within.

Ol. If that an eye may profit by a tongue, Then I should know you by description; Such garments, and such years: *The boy is fair, Of female favour, and bestows himself Like a ripe sister:*² but the woman low,³

⁸ — *I see, love hath made thee a tame snake*)] This term was, in our author's time, frequently used to express a poor contemptible fellow. So, in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600: "— and you, poor snakes, come seldom to a booty."

Again, in *Lord Cromwell*, 1602;

"—— the poorest snake,

"That feeds on lemons, pilchards ——." Malone.

⁹ — *purlieu of this forest*,] *Purlieu*, says Manwood's *Treatise on the Forest Laws*, c. xx, "Is a certaine territorie of ground adjoyning unto the forest, meared and bounded with unmoveable marks, meeres, and boundaries: which territories of ground was also forest, and afterwards disaforested againe by the perambulations made for the severing of the new forest from the old."

Reed.
Bullokar, in his *Expositor*, 1616, describes a *purlieu* as "a place neere joining to a forest, where it is lawful for the owner of the ground to hunt, if he can dispend fortie shillings by the yeere, of freeland." Malone.

¹ Left on your right hand,] i. e. passing by the rank of osiers, and leaving them on your right hand, you will reach the place.

Malone.

² —— bestows himself

Like a ripe sister:] Of this quaint phraseology there is an

And browner than her brother. Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin;⁴ Are you he?

Ros. I am: What must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour;⁵ and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,⁶
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself!
Under an oak,⁷ whose boughs were moss'd with age,

example in *King Henry IV*, P. II: "How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours?" *Steevens*.

³ — but *the woman low*,] *But*, which is not in the old copy, was added by the editor of the second folio, to supply the metre. I suspect it is not the word omitted, but have nothing better to propose. *Malone*.

⁴ — *napkin*,] i. e. *handkerchief*. Ray says, that a pocket handkerchief is so called about Sheffield, in Yorkshire. So, in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616: "I can wet one of my new lockram *napkins* with weeping."

Napery, indeed, signifies linen in general. So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635:

"—pr'ythee put me into wholesome *napery*."

Again, in Chapman's *May-Day*, 1611: "Besides your munition of manchet *napery* plates." *Naperia*, Ital. *Steevens*.

⁵ *Within an hour*,] We must read—*within two hours*. *Johnson*. May not *within an hour* signify *within a certain time*? *Tyrwhitt*.

⁶ — of *sweet and bitter fancy*,] i. e. *love*, which is always thus described by our old poets, as composed of contraries. See a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I, sc. ii.

So, in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1590: "I have noted the variable disposition of *fancy*,—a bitter pleasure wrapt in *sweet* prejudice." *Malone*.

⁷ *Under an oak*, &c.] The ancient copy reads—*Under an old oak*; but as this epithet hurts the measure, without improvement of the sense, (for we are told in the same line that its "boughs were moss'd with age," and afterwards, that its top was "bald

And high top bald with dry antiquity,
 A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
 Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
 A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
 Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
 The opening of his mouth; but suddenly
 Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
 And with indented glides did slip away
 Into a bush: under which bush's shade
 A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,⁸
 Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
 When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
 The royal disposition of that beast,
 To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
 This seen, Orlando did approach the man,

with dry antiquity") I have omitted *old*, as an unquestionable interpolation. *Steevens*.

Under an oak, &c.] The passage stands thus in Lodge's novel: "Saladyne, wearie with wandring up and downe, and hungry with long fasting, finding a little cave by the side of a thicket, eating such fruite as the forrest did affoord, and contenting himself with such drinke as nature had provided, and thirst made delicate, after his repast he fell into a dead sleepe. As thus he lay, a hungry lyon came hunting downe the edge of the grove for pray, and espying Saladyne, began to ceaze upon him: but seeing he lay still without any motion, he left to touch him, for that lyons hate to pray on dead carkasses: and yet desirous to have some foode, the lyon lay downe and watcht to see if he would stirre. While thus Saladyne slept secure, fortune that was careful of her champion, began to smile, and brought it so to passe, that Rosader (having stricken a deere that but lightly hurt fled through the thicket) came pacing downe by the grove with a boare-speare in his hande in great haste, he spyed where a man lay asleepe, and a lyon fast by him: amazed at this sight, as he stood gazing, his nose on the sodaine bledde, which made him conjecture it was some friend of his. Whereupon drawing more nigh, he might easily discern his visage, and perceived by his phisnomie that it was his brother Saladyne, which drave Rosader into a deepe passion, as a man perplexed, &c.—But the present time craved no such doubting ambages: for he must either resolve to hazard his life for his reliefe, or else steal away and leave him to the crueltie of the lyon. In which doubt hee thus briefly debated," &c. *Steevens*.

⁸ *A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,*] So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

"——— the starven lioness

"When she is dry-suckt of her eager young." *Steevens*.

And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
—And he did render him⁹ the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando;—Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so:
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling¹
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was 't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?—

Oli. By, and by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As, how I came into that desert place;²—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,

⁹ And he did render him —] i. e. describe him. *Malone.*

So, in *Cymbeline*:

"May drive us to a render where we have liv'd." *Steevens.*

¹ — in which hurtling —] To *hurtle* is to move with impetuosity and tumult. So, in *Julius Caesar*:

"A noise of battle *hurtled* in the air."

Again, in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1591: "—hearing of the gangs of good fellows that *hurtled* and bustled thither," &c.

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. I, c. iv:

"All-hurtlen forth, and she with princely pace," &c.

Again, B. I, c. viii:

"Came *hurtling* in full fierce, and forc'd the knight retire."

Steevens.

² As, how I came into that desert place;] I believe, a line following this has been lost. *Malone.*

As, in this place, signifies—as for instance. So, in *Hamlet*:

"As, stars with trains of fire," &c.

I suspect no omission. *Steevens.*

Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,
 Committing me unto my brother's love;
 Who led me instantly unto his cave,
 There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
 The lioness had torn some flesh away,
 Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
 And cry'd, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
 Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
 And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
 He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
 To tell this story, that you might excuse
 His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
 Dy'd in this blood;³ unto the shepherd youth
 That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Ganymede?

[*Ros. faints.*]

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it:—Cousin—Ganymede!⁴

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would, I were at home.

Cel. We 'll lead you thither:—

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth:—You a man?—You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sir,⁵ a body would think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho!—

Oli. This was not counterfeited; there is too great testi-

³ *Dy'd in this blood;*] Thus the old copy. The editor of the second folio changed *this* blood unnecessarily to—*his* blood. Oliver points to the handkerchief, when he presents it; and Rosalind could not doubt whose blood it was after the account that had been before given. *Malone.*

Perhaps the change of *this* into *his*, is imputable only to the compositor, who casually omitted the *t*. Either reading may serve; and certainly that of the second folio is not the worst, because it prevents the disgusting repetition of the pronoun, *this*, with which the present speech is infested. *Steevens.*

⁴ — *Cousin—Ganymede!*] Celia, in her first fright, forgets Rosalind's character and disguise, and calls out *cousin*, then recollects herself, and says, Ganymede. *Johnson.*

⁵ *Ah, sir,*] The old copy reads—*Ah, sirra, &c.* Corrected by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

mony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but i' faith I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards:—Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him:—Will you go?

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V..... SCENE I.

The same.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: By my troth, we that have good wits, have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age: Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name: Wast born i' the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. *Thank God*;—a good answer: Art rich?

Will. 'Faith, sir, so, so.

Touch. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying; *The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.* The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth;⁶ meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?⁷

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me; To have, is to have: For it is a figure in rhetorick, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other: For all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he; now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman: Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is,—woman, which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown

⁶ *The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, &c.*] This was designed as a sneer on the several trifling and insignificant sayings and actions, recorded of the ancient philosophers, by the writers of their lives, such as Diogenes Laertius, Philostratus, Eunapius, &c. as appears from its being introduced by one of their wise sayings. *Warburton.*

A book called *The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers*, was printed by Caxton in 1477. It was translated out of French into English by Lord Rivers. From this performance, or some republication of it, Shakspeare's knowledge of these philosophical trifles might be derived. *Steevens.*

⁷ — meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid? Part of this dialogue seems to have grown out of the novel on which the play is formed: "Phebe is no lattice for your lips, and her grapes hang so hie, that gaze at them you may, but touch them you cannot." *Malone.*

thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; to wit, I kill thee,⁸ make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [Exit.

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you; come, away, away.

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey; I attend, I attend. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

Orl. Is't possible,⁹ that on so little acquaintance you

⁸ — to wit, I kill thee,] The old copy reads—"or, to wit, I kill thee." I have omitted the impertinent conjunction *or*, by the advice of Dr. Farmer. *Steevens.*

⁹ Is't possible, &c.] Shakspeare, by putting this question into the mouth of Orlando, seems to have been aware of the impropriety which he had been guilty of by deserting his original. In Lodge's novel, the elder brother is instrumental in saving Aliena from a band of ruffians, who "thought to steal her away, and to give her to the king for a present, hoping, because the king was a great leacher, by such a gift to purchase all their pardons." Without the intervention of this circumstance, the passion of Aliena appears to be very hasty indeed.

The author's acquaintance, however, with the manners of heroines in romances, perhaps rendered him occasionally inattentive, as in the present instance, to probability. In *The Sowdon of Babyloyne*, an ancient MS. often quoted by me on other occasions, I find the following very singular confession from the mouth of a Princess:

"Be ye not the duke of Burgoyne sir Gy,

"Neveue unto king Charles so fro?

"Noe, certes lady, it is not I,

"It is yonder knight that ye may see.

"A, him have I loved many a day,

"And yet know I him noight,

"For his love I do all that I maye,

"To chere you with dede and thought." P. 47. *Steevens.*

should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you perséver to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting;¹ but say with me, I love Aliena: say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter ROSALIND.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be tomorrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister.²

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion. †

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he showed me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are!—Nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams,³ and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—I came, saw, and overcame: For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but

¹ — nor her sudden consenting;] Old copy—nor sudden. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

² And you, fair sister.] I know not why Oliver should call Rosalind sister. He takes her yet to be a man. I suppose we should read—And you, and your fair sister. *Johnson.*

Oliver speaks to her in the character she had assumed, of a woman courted by Orlando his brother. *Chamier.*

³ — never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams,] So in Laneham's Account of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenilworth Castle, 1575: "—ootrageous in their racez az rams a their rut." *Steevens.*

they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.⁴

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when

⁴ — clubs cannot part them.] It appears from many of our old dramas, that, in our author's time, it was a common custom, on the breaking out of a fray, to call out "*Clubs—Clubs*," to part the combatants.

So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

"*Clubs, clubs*; these lovers will not keep the peace."

The preceding words—"they are in the very wrath of love," show that our author had this in contemplation. *Malone.*

So, in the First Part of *K. Henry VI*, when the Mayor of London is endeavouring to put a stop to the combat between the partisans of Gloucester and Winchester, he says,

"I'll call for *clubs*, if you will not away."

And, in *Henry VIII*, the Porter says, "I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out *Clubs!* when I might have from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour."

M. Mason.

your brother marries Aliena, you shall marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is,⁵ and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician:⁶ Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends;⁷ For if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness, To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have: it is my study, To seem despiteful and ungentle to you: You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd; Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;— And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;— And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

⁵ — *human as she is,*] That is, not a phantom, but the real Rosalind, without any of the danger generally conceived to attend the rites of incantation. *Johnson.*

⁶ — *which I tender dearly,* though I say I am a magician:] *Though I pretend to be a magician,* and therefore might be supposed able to elude death. *Malone.*

This explanation cannot be right, as no magician was ever supposed to possess the art of *eluding death*. Dr. Warburton properly remarks, that this play "was written in King James's time, when there was a severe inquisition after witches and magicians." It was natural therefore for one who called herself a magician; to allude to the danger, in which her avowal, had it been a serious one, would have involved her. *Steevens.*

⁷ — *bid your friends;*] i. e. *invite* your friends. *Reed.*

So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

"I am not *bid* to wait upon this bride." *Steevens.*

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;⁸—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

[To *Ros.*

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

[To *PHE.*

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you speak to?⁹ *why blame you me to love you?*

Orl. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.¹—I will help you, [to *SIL.*] if I can:—I would love you, [to *PHE.*] if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [to *PHE.*] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will satisfy you, [to *ORL.*] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—I will content you, [to *SIL.*] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you [to *ORL.*] love Rosalind, meet;—as you [to *SIL.*] love

⁸ — *all trial, all observance;*] I suspect our author wrote—*all obedience*. It is highly probable that the compositor caught *observance* from the line above; and very unlikely that the same word should have been set down twice by Shakspeare so close to each other. *Malone*.

Read—*obeisance*. The word *observance* is evidently repeated by an error of the press. *Ritson*.

⁹ Who do you speak to,] Old copy—*Why do you speak too*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Malone*.

¹ — *'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.*] This is borrowed from Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592: "I tell thee, Montanus, in courting Phæbe, thou barkest with the wolves of *—ria, against the moone.*" *Malone*.

Phebe, meet; And as I love no woman, I'll meet.—
So, fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe.

Nor I.

Orl.

Nor I. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world.² Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met: Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

1 Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse; which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 Page. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

SONG.³

I.

It was a lover, and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,

That o'er the green corn-field did pass

In the spring time, the only pretty rank time,⁴

When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;

Sweet lovers love the spring.

² — a woman of the world.] To go to the world, is to be married. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "Thus (says Beatrice) every one goes to the world, but I."

An anonymous writer supposes, that in this phrase there is an allusion to Saint Luke's Gospel, xx. 34: "The children of this world marry, and are given in marriage." *Steevens.*

³ The stanzas of this song are in all the editions evidently transposed: as I have regulated them, that which in the former copies was the second stanza is now the last.

II.

*Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.*

III.

*This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.*

IV.

*And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.*

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.³

The same transposition of these stanzas is made by Dr. Thirlby, in a copy containing some notes on the margin, which I have perused by the favour of Sir Edward Walpole. *Johnson.*

⁴ — *the only pretty rank time,*] Thus the modern editors. The old copy reads:

In the spring time, the onely pretty rang time.

I think we should read:

In the spring time, the only pretty ring time.

i. e. the aptest season for marriage; or, the word *only*, for the sake of equality of metre, may be omitted. *Steevens.*

The old copy reads—*rang time*. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnson. Mr. Pope and the three subsequent editors read—the pretty *spring time*. Mr. Steevens proposes—“*ring time*, i. e. the aptest season for marriage.” The passage does not deserve much consideration.⁶ *Malone.*

In confirmation of Mr. Steevens's reading, it appears from the old calendars that the spring was the season of marriage. *Douce.*

⁵ *Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.*] Though it is thus in all the printed copies, it is evident, from the sequel of the dialogue, that the poet wrote as I have reformed in my text, *untimeable*.—*Time and tune*, are frequently misprinted for one another in the old editions of Shakspeare. *Theobald.*

This emendation is received, I think, very undeservedly, by Dr. Warburton. *Johnson.*

The reply of the Page proves to me, beyond any possibility of doubt, that we ought to read *untimeable*, instead of *untuneable*,

1 *Page*. You are deceived, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be with you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt*.]

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, JAKES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not; As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.⁶

notwithstanding Johnson rejects the amendment as unnecessary. A mistake of a similar nature occurs in *Twelfth Night*.

M. Mason.

The sense of the old reading seems to be — *Though the words of the song were trifling, the musick was not (as might have been expected) good enough to compensate their defect.* Steevens.

⁶ *As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.*] This strange nonsense should be read thus:

As those that fear their hap, and know their fear.

i. e. As those that fear the issue of a thing when they know their fear to be well grounded. *Warburton.*

The deprivation of this line is evident, but I do not think the learned commentator's emendation very happy. I read thus:

As those that fear with hope, and hope with fear.

Or thus, with less alteration:

As those that fear, they hope, and now they fear. *Johnson.*

The author of *The Revisal* would read:

As those that fear their hope, and know their fear. *Steevens.*

Perhaps we might read:

As those that feign they hope, and know they fear. *Blackstone.*

I would read:

As those that fear, then hope: and know, then fear.

Musgrave.

I have little doubt but it should run thus:

As those who fearing hope, and hoping fear.

This strongly expresses the state of mind which Orlando was in at that time; and if the words *fearing* and *hoping* were contracted in the original copy, and written thus:—*fear^r—hop^s*) a practice not unusual at this day) the *g* might easily have been mistaken for *y*, a common abbreviation of *they*. *M. Mason.*

I believe this line requires no other alteration than the addition of a semi-colon:

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:—

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [To the Duke.
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her? [To ORL.

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say, you 'll marry me, if I be willing? [To PHE.

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But, if you do refuse to marry me,
You 'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that, you 'll have Phebe, if she will? [To SIL.

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—
Keep your word, Phebe,⁷ that you 'll marry me;
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you 'll marry her,
If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.⁸

[*Exeunt Ros. and CEL.*

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:

As those that fear; they hope, and know they fear. Henley.

The meaning, I think, is, *As those who fear,—they, even those very persons, entertain hopes, that their fears will not be realized; and yet at the same time they well know that there is reason for their fears. Malone.*

⁷ *Keep your word, Phebe,*] The old copy reads—Keep you your word; the compositor's eye having probably glanced on the line next but one above. Corrected by Mr. Pope. *Malone.*

⁸ *To make these doubts all even.*] Thus, in *Measure for Measure*:

“—yet death we fear,

“That makes these odds all even.” *Steevens.*

But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born;
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.⁹

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome; This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure;¹ I have flattered a lady; I have been politick with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.²

⁹ *Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, &c.]* What *strange beasts*? and yet such as have a name in all languages? Noah's ark is here alluded to; into which the *clean* beasts entered by *sevens*, and the unclean by *two*, male and female. It is plain then that Shakspeare wrote, *here come a pair of unclean beasts*, which is highly humorous. *Warburton.*

Strange beasts are only what we call *odd* animals. There is no need of any alteration. *Johnson.*

A passage, somewhat similar, occurs in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*: "Here come two noble *beasts* in, a moon and a lion."

Steevens.

¹ — *trod a measure*;] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V, sc. ii:

"To tread a measure with you on this grass."

See note on this passage. *Reed.*

Touchstone, to prove that he has been a courtier, particularly mentions a *measure*, because it was a very stately solemn dance. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "— the wedding mannerly modest, as a *measure* full of state and ancients." *Malone.*

² — *and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.*] So all the copies; but it is apparent, from the sequel, that we must read—the quarrel was not upon the seventh cause. *Johnson.*

By the *seventh cause*, Touchstone, I apprehend, means the lie *seven times removed*; i. e. the *retort courteous*, which is *removed*

Jaq. How seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you, sir;³ I desire you of the like.⁴ I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:⁵—A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor-house; as your pearl, in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.⁶

seven times (counting backwards) from the *lie direct*, the last and most aggravated species of lie. See the subsequent note on the words "— a lie seven times removed." *Malone*.

³ *God 'ild you, sir;*] i. e. *God yield you, reward you.* So, in the *Collection of Chester Mysteries*, Mercer's play, p. 74, b. MS. Harl. Brit. Mus. 2013.

"The high father of heaven, I pray,

"To yelde you your good deed to day." *Steevens*.

⁴ — *I desire you of the like.*] We should read—*I desire of you the like.* On the Duke's saying, *I like him very well*, he replies, I desire you will give me cause, that I may like you too.

Warburton.

I have not admitted the alteration, because there are other examples of this mode of expression. *Johnson*.

See a note on the first scene of the third Act of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, where many examples of this phraseology are given.

So also, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. II, c. ix:

"If it be I of pardon I you pray."

Again, B. IV, c. xlii:

"She dear besought the prince of remedy."

Again, in Heywood's *Play of the Wether*:

"Besechynge your grace of wynde continual." *Steevens*.

⁵ — *according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:*] *To swear according as marriage binds*, is to take the oath enjoined in the ceremonial of marriage. *Johnson*.

— *to swear, and to forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks:*] A man by the marriage ceremony, SWEARS that he will keep only to his wife; when therefore, to gratify his lust, he leaves her for another, BLOOD BREAKS his matrimonial obligation, and he is FORSWORN. *Henley*.

⁶ — *dulcet diseases.*] This I do not understand. For diseases

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed;⁷—Bear your

it is easy to read *discourses*: but, perhaps, the fault may lie deeper. *Johnson.*

Perhaps he calls a proverb a *disease*. Proverbial sayings may appear to him as the *surfeiting diseases* of conversation. They are often the plague of commentators.

Dr. Farmer would read—in such dulcet diseases; i. e. in the sweet uneasinesses of love, a time when people usually talk nonsense. *Steevens.*

Without staying to examine how far the position last advanced is founded in truth, I shall only add, that I believe the text is right, and that this word is *capriciously* used for *sayings*, though neither in its primary or figurative sense it has any relation to that word. In *The Merchant of Venice* the Clown talks in the same style, but more intelligibly:—"the young gentleman (according to the fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning) is indeed deceased."

Malone.

⁷ Upon a lie seven times removed;] Touchstone here enumerates seven kinds of lies, from the *Retort courteous* to the *seventh* and most aggravated species of lie, which he calls the *lie direct*. The courtier's answer to his intended affront, he expressly tells us, was the *Retort courteous*, the *first* species of lie. When therefore, he says, that they found the quarrel was on the *lie seven times removed*, we must understand by the latter word, the lie removed seven times, counting backwards, (as the word *removed* seems to intimate) from the last and most aggravated species of lie, namely, the *lie direct*. So, in *All's well that ends well*:

"Who hath some four or five *removes* come short

"To tender it herself."

Again, in the play before us: "Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so *removed* a dwelling," i. e. so *distant* from the haunts of men.

When Touchstone and the courtier met, they found their quarrel *originated* on the *seventh cause*, i. e. on the *Retort courteous*, or the *lie seven times removed*. In the course of their altercation, after their meeting, Touchstone did not dare to go farther than the sixth species, (counting in regular progression from the first to the last) the *lie circumstantial*; and the courtier was afraid to give him the *lie direct*; so they parted. In a subsequent enumeration of the degrees of a lie, Touchstone expressly names the *Retort courteous*, as the *first*; calling it therefore here "the *seventh cause*," and "the *lie seven times removed*," he must mean, *distant* seven times from the most offensive lie, the *lie direct*. There is certainly, therefore, no need of reading with Dr. Johnson in a former passage—"We found the quarrel was *not* on the seventh cause."

body more seeming,⁸ Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard;⁹ he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is called the *Retort courteous*. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself: This is called the *Quip modest*. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: This is call'd the *Reply churlish*. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: This is call'd the *Reproof valiant*. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: This is called the *Countercheck quarrelsome*: and so to the *Lie circumstantial*, and the *Lie direct*.

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the *Lie circumstantial*, nor he durst not give me the *Lie direct*; and so we measured swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book;¹ as

The misapprehension of that most judicious critick relative to these passages must apologize for my having employed so many words in explaining them. *Malone.*

⁸ — *seeming*,] i. e. seemly. *Seeming* is often used by Shakespeare for becoming, or fairness of appearance. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ ——— these keep

“ *Seeming* and savour all the winter long.” *Steevens.*

⁹ — *as thus, sir, I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard*,] This folly is touched upon, with high humour, by Fletcher, in his *Queen of Corinth*:

“ ——— Has he familiarly

“ Dislik'd your yellow starch, or said your doublet

“ Was not exactly frenchified? —

“ ——— or drawn your sword,

“ Cry'd, 'twas ill mounted? Has he given the *lie*

“ In circle, or oblique, or semicircle,

“ Or direct parallel? you must challenge him.” *Warburton.*

¹ *O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book*,] The poet has, in this scene, rallied the mode of formal duelling, then so prevalent, with the highest humour and address: nor could he have treated it with a happier contempt, than by making his Clown so knowing in the forms and preliminaries of it. The particular book

you have books for good manners:² I will name you the

here alluded to is a very ridiculous treatise of one Vincentio Saviolo, intituled, *Of Honour and honourable Quarrels*, in quarto, printed by Wolf, 1594. The first part of this tract he entitles, *A Discourse most necessary for all Gentlemen that have in regard their Honours, touching the giving and receiving the Lie, whereupon the Duello and the Combat in divers Forms doth ensue; and many other Inconveniencies, for lack only of true Knowledge of Honour, and the right Understanding of Words, which here is set down.* The contents of the several chapters are as follow:—I, *What the Reason is that the Party unto whom the Lie is given ought to become Challenger, and of the Nature of Lies.* II, *Of the Manner and Diversity of Lies.* III, *Of Lies certain, [or direct.]* IV, *Of conditional Lies, [or the lie circumstantial.]* V, *Of the Lie in general.* VI, *Of the Lie in particular.* VII, *Of foolish Lies.* VIII, *A conclusion touching the wresting or returning back of the Lie, [or the countercheck quarrelsome.]* In the chapter of *conditional Lies*, speaking of the particle *if*, he says, “—Conditional lies be such as are given conditionally, as if a man should say or write these words:—*if* thou hast said that I have offered my lord abuse, thou liest; or *if* thou sayest so hereafter, thou shalt lie. Of these kind of lies, given in this manner, often arise much contention in words,—whereof no sure conclusion can arise.” By which he means, they cannot proceed to cut one another’s throat, while there is an *if* between. Which is the reason of Shakspeare making the Clown say, “I knew when seven justices could not make up a quarrel: but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *if*; as, *if* you said so, then I said so, and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *if* is the only peace-maker: much virtue in *if*.” Caranza was another of these authentic authors upon the Duello. Fletcher, in his last Act of *Love’s Pilgrimage*, ridicules him with much humour. Warburton.

The words which I have included within crotchets are Dr. Warburton’s. They have been hitherto printed in such a manner as might lead the reader to suppose that they made a part of Saviolo’s work. The passage was very inaccurately printed by Dr. Warburton in other respects, but has here been corrected by the original. Malone.

² — books for good manners:.] One of these books I have. It is intituled, *The Boke of Nurture, or Schole of good Manners, for Men, Servants, and Children, with stans puer ad mensam*; 12mo. black letter, without date. It was written by Hugh Rhodes, a gentleman, or musician, of the Chapel Royal; and was first published in 4to. in the reign of King Edward VI. Steevens.

Another is, *Galateo of Maister John Casa, Archbishop of Benevento; or rather, a Treatise of the Manners and Behaviours it becometh a Man to use and eschewe in his familiar Conversation. A Work very necessary and profitable for all Gentlemen or other*; translated from the Italian, by Robert Peterfon of Lincoln’s Inn, 4to. 1576. Reed.

degrees. The first, the Retort courteous; the second, the Quip modest; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with circumstance; the seventh, the Lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, *If you said so, then I said so*; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse,³ and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN,⁴ leading ROSALIND in woman's clothes; and CELIA.

Still Musick.

Hym. *Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.*

*Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither;
That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.⁵*

³ — like a stalking-horse,] See my note on *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act II, sc. iii. *Steevens*.

⁴ *Enter Hymen,*] Rosalind is imagined by the rest of the company to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a supposed aerial being in the character of Hymen. *Johnson*.

In all the allegorical shows exhibited at ancient weddings, *Hymen* was a constant personage. Ben Jonson, in his *Hymenæi*, or the Solemnities of Masque and Barriers, at a Marriage, has left us instructions how to dress this favourite character. "On the other hand entered *Hymen*, the god of marriage, in a saffron-coloured robe, his under vestures white, his socks yellow, a yellow veile of silke on his left arme, his head crowned with roses and marjoram, in his right hand a torch." *Steevens*.

⁵ *That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.*] The old copy, instead of *her*, reads *his* in both lines. Mr. Rowe corrected the first, and I once

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To Duke S.]

To you I give myself, for I am yours. [To ORL.]

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight,⁶ you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,

Why then,—my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:—

[To Duke S.]

I'll have no husband, if you be not he:— [To ORL.]

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. [To PHE.]

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:

Here 's eight that must take hands,

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.⁷

thought that emendation sufficient, and that *whose* might have referred not to the last antecedent *his*, but to *her*, i. e. Rosalind. Our author frequently takes such licenses. But on further consideration it appears to me probable, that the same abbreviation was used in both lines, and that as *his* was *certainly* a misprint in the first line for *her*, so it also was in the second, the construction being so much more easy in that way than the other. "That thou might'st join her hand with the hand of him whose heart is lodged in her bosom," i. e. whose affection she already possesses. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, the King says to the Princess:

"Hence ever then *my heart is in thy breast.*"

Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Bids him farewell, and look well to her *heart*,

"The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,

"He carried thence *incaged in his breast.*"

Again, in *King Richard III*:

"Even so thy breast incloseth my poor heart."

Again, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"Thy heart thou leav'st with her, when thou dost hence depart,

"And in thy breast inclosed bear'st her tender friendly heart."

In the same play we meet with the error that has happened here. The Princess addressing the *ladies* who attend her, says:

"But while 'tis spoke, each turn away *his face.*"

Again, in a former scene of the play before us:

"Helen's cheek, but not *his heart.*" *Malone.*

AS YOU LIKE IT.

You and you no cross shall part:

[To ORL. and ROS.]

You and you are heart in heart:

[To OLI. and CEL.]

You [to PHE.] to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord:—

You and you are sure together,

[To TOUCH. and AUD.]

As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning;⁶

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;⁹

O blessed bond of board and bed!

'Tis Hymen peoples every town;

High wedlock then be honoured:

Honour, high honour and renown,

To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.¹ [To SIL.]

⁶ *If there be truth in sight.*] The answer of Phebe makes it probable that Orlando says:

If there be truth in shape:—

that is, *if a form may be trusted*; if one cannot usurp the form of another. Johnson.

⁷ *If truth holds true contents.*] That is, if there be *truth in truth*, unless truth fails of veracity. Johnson.

⁸ — *with questioning*;) Though Shakspeare frequently uses *question* for *conversation*, in the present instance *questioning* may have its common and obvious signification. Steevens.

⁹ *Wedding is &c.*] Catullus, addressing himself to Hymen, has this stanza:

*Quæ tuis careat sacris,
Non queat dare præides
Terra finibus: at queat
Te volente. Quis huic deo
Compararier ausit?* Johnson.

— *combine.*] Shakspeare is licentious in his use of this

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word, or two;
I am the second son of old sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly:—
Duke Frederick,² hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd: This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one, his lands with-held; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustick revelry:—
Play, musick;—and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience; If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,

verb, which here, as in *Measure for Measure*, only signifies to bind:

“I am combined by a sacred vow,
“And shall be absent.” *Steevens.*

² *Duke Frederick, &c.*] In Lodge's novel the usurping Duke is not diverted from his purpose by the pious counsels of a hermit, but is subdued and killed by the twelve peers of France, who were brought by the third brother of *Rosader* (the *Orlando* of this play) to assist him in the recovery of his right. *Steevens.*

And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You to your former honour I bequeath; [*To Duke S.*
Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves it:—
You [*to ORL.*] to a love, that your true faith doth merit:—
You [*to OLI.*] to your land, and love, and great allies:—
You [*to SIL.*] to a long and well deserved bed;—
And you [*to TOUCH.*] to wrangling; for thy loving voy-
age

Is but for two months victual'd:—So to your pleasures;
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I:—what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.³ [*Exit.*

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. [*A dance.*

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue:
but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the
prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no bush*,⁴

³ *To see no pastime, I:—what you would have*

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.] Amidst this general
festivity, the reader may be sorry to take his leave of Jaques,
who appears to have no share in it, and remains behind unrecon-
ciled to society. He has, however, filled with a gloomy sensi-
bility the space allotted to him in the play, and to the last pre-
serves that respect which is due to him as a consistent character,
and an amiable, though solitary moralist.

It may be observed, with scarce less concern, that Shakspeare
has, on this occasion, forgot old Adam, the servant of Orlando,
whose fidelity should have entitled him to notice at the end of
the piece, as well as to that happiness which he would naturally
have found, in the return of fortune to his master. *Steevens.*

It is the more remarkable, that old Adam is forgotten; since,
at the end of the novel, Lodge makes him *captaine of the king's*
guard. *Farmer.*

'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then,⁵ that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am not furnished like a beggar,⁶ therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please them: and so I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hate them) that between you and the women, the play may please.⁷ If I were a woman,⁸

⁴ — *no bush,*] It appears formerly to have been the custom to hang a *tuft of ivy* at the door of a vintner. I suppose *ivy* was rather chosen than any other plant, as it has relation to Bacchus. Sp. in Gascoigne's *Glass of Government*, 1575:

"Now a days the good wyne needeth none *ivye garland*." Again, in *The Rival Friends*, 1632:

"'Tis like the *ivy-bush* unto a tavern."

Again, in *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600:

"Green *ivy-bushes* at the vintners' doors." Stevens.

The practice is still observed in Warwickshire and the adjoining counties, at statute-hirings, wakes, &c. by people who sell ale at no other time. And hence, I suppose, the *Bush* tavern at Bristol, and other places. Ritson.

⁵ *What a case am I in then, &c.*] Here seems to be a chasm, or some other depravation, which destroys the sentiment here intended. The reasoning probably stood thus: *Good wine needs no bush, good plays need no epilogue*; but bad wine requires a good bush, and a bad play a good epilogue. *What case am I in then?* To restore the words is impossible; all that can be done, without copies, is to note the fault. Johnson.

Johnson mistakes the meaning of this passage. Rosalind says, that good plays need no epilogue; yet even good plays do prove the better for a good one. What a case then was she in, who had neither presented them with a good play, nor had a good epilogue to prejudice them in favour of a bad one? M. Mason.

⁶ — *furnished like a beggar,*] That is, *dressed*: so before, he was *furnished* like a huntsman. Johnson.

⁷ — *I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please them: and so I charge you, &c.*] The old copy reads—*I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,—that between you and the women, &c.* Stevens.

I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased

This passage should be read thus: *I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases them: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,—to like as much as pleases them, that between you and the women, &c.* Without the alteration of *you* into *them*, the invocation is nonsense; and without the addition of the words, *to like as much as pleases them*, the inference of, *that between you and the women the play may pass*, would be unsupported by any precedent premises. The words seem to have been struck out by some senseless player, as a vicious redundancy. *Warburton.*

The words *you* and *ym*, written as was the custom in that time, were in manuscript scarcely distinguishable. The emendation is very judicious and probable. *Johnson.*

Mr. Heath observes, that if Dr. Warburton's interpolation be admitted, ["to like as much, &c."] "the men are to like only just as much as pleased the women, and the women only just as much as pleased the men; neither are to like any thing from their own taste: and if both of them disliked the whole, they would each of them equally fulfil what the poet desires of them. But Shakspeare did not write so nonsensically; he desires the women to like as much as pleased the men, and the men to *set the ladies a good example*; which exhortation to the men is evidently implied in these words, "that between you and the women the play may please."

Mr. Heath, though he objects (I think very properly) to the interpolated sentence, admits by his interpretation the change of "—pleases *you*" to "—pleases *them*;" which has been adopted by the late editors. I by no means think it necessary; nor is Mr. Heath's exposition, in my opinion, correct. The text is sufficiently clear, without any alteration. Rosalind's address appears to me simply this: "I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to approve of as much of this play as affords you entertainment; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, [not to *set an example to*, but] to *follow or agree in opinion* with the ladies; that between you both the play may be successful." The words "to follow, or agree in opinion with the ladies" are not, indeed, expressed, but plainly implied in those subsequent; "that between you and the women, the play may please." In the epilogue to *King Henry IV*, P. II, the address to the audience proceeds in the same order: "All the gentlewomen here have forgiven [i. e. are favourable to] me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not *agree with* the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly."

The old copy reads—as *please* you. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe.

Like all my predecessors, I had here adopted an alteration made by Mr. Rowe, of which the reader was apprized in the

me, complexions that liked me,⁹ and breaths that I defied not:¹ and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make court'sy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt.*²

note; but the old copy is certainly right, and such was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. So, in *K. Richard III.*:

"Where every horse bears his commanding rein,

"And may direct his course, as *please* himself."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"— a pipe for fortune's finger,

"To sound what stop she *please*."

Again, in *K. Henry VIII.*:

"All men's honours

"Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd

"Into what pitch he *please*." *Malone.*

I read—"and so I charge you, O men," &c. This trivial addition (as Dr. Farmer joins with me in thinking) clears the whole passage. *Steevens.*

⁸ *If I were a woman,*] Note, that in this author's time, the parts of women were always performed by men or boys.

Hammer.

⁹ — *complexions that liked me,*] i. e. that I liked. So again, in *Hamlet*: "This *likes* me well." *Steevens.*

¹ — *breaths that I defied not:*] This passage serves to manifest the indelicacy of the time in which the plays of Shakspeare were written. Such an idea, started by a modern dramatist, and put into the mouth of a female character, would be hooted with indignation from the stage. *Steevens.*

² Of this play the fable is wild and pleasing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both Rosalind and Celia give away their hearts. To Celia much may be forgiven for the heroism of her friendship. The character of Jaques is natural and well preserved. The comic dialogue is very sprightly, with less mixture of low buffoonery than in some other plays; and the graver part is elegant and harmonious. By hastening to the end of this work, Shakspeare suppressed the dialogue between the usurper and the hermit, and lost an opportunity of exhibiting a moral lesson in which he might have found matter worthy of his highest powers. *Johnson.*

See p. 25. *Is but a quintain, &c.*] Dr. Warburton's explanation would, I think, have been less exceptionable, had it been more simple: yet he is here charged with a fault of which he is seldom guilty—want of refinement. “This (says Mr. Guthrie) is but an imperfect (to call it no worse) explanation of a beautiful passage. The *quintain* was not the object of the darts and arms; it was a stake, driven into a field, upon which were hung a shield and trophies of war, at which they shot, darted, or rode with a lance. When the shield and trophies were all thrown down, the *quintain* remained. Without this information, how could the reader understand the allusion of—

———— my better parts
Are all thrown down. ———”

In the present edition I have avoided, as much as possible, all kind of controversy; but in those cases where errors, by having been long adopted, are become inveterate, it becomes in some measure necessary to the enforcement of truth.

It is a common, but a very dangerous mistake, to suppose that the interpretation which gives most spirit to a passage is the true one. In consequence of this notion, two passages of our author, one in *Macbeth*, and another in *Othello*, have been refined, as I conceive, into a meaning that I believe was not in his thoughts. If the most spirited interpretation that can be imagined happens to be inconsistent with his general manner, and the phraseology both of him and his contemporaries, or to be founded on a custom which did not exist in his age, most assuredly it is a false interpretation. Of the latter kind is Mr. Guthrie's explanation of the passage before us.

The military exercise of the *quintain* is as ancient as the time of the Romans; and we find from Matthew Paris, that it subsisted in England in the thirteenth century. *Tentoria variis ornamentorum generibus venustantur; terræ infixis, sudibus scuta apponuntur, quibus in crastinum quintanæ ludus, scilicet equestris, exerceretur.* M. Paris, *ad ann.* 1253. These probably were the very words that Mr. Guthrie had in contemplation. But Matthew Paris made no part of Shakspeare's library; nor is it at all material to our present point what were the customs of any century preceding that in which he lived. In his time, without any doubt, the *quintain* was not a military exercise of tilting, but a mere rustic sport. So Minshieu, in his *Dict.* 1617: “A *quintain* or *quintelle*, a game in request at marriages, when Jack and Tom, Dic, Hob and Will, strive for the gay garland.” So also, Randolph at somewhat a later period [*Poems*, 1642:]

“Foot-ball with us may be with them [the Spaniards]
balloone;

“As they at *tilts*, so we at *quintaine* runne;

“And those old pastimes relish best with me,

“That have least art, and most simplicities.”

But old Stowe, in his *Survey of London*, printed only two years before this play appeared, says:—“I have seen a *quinten* set up on Cornhill, by the Leaden Hall, where the attendants on the lords of merry disports have runne, and made greates pastime;

for hee that hit not the broad end of the quinten was of all men laught to scorne; and hee that hit it full, if he rid not the faster, had a sound blow in his necke with a bagge full of sand hanged on the other end." Here we see were no shields hung, no trophies of war to be thrown down. "The great design of the sport, (says Dr. Plott, in his *History of Oxfordshire*) is to try both man and horse, and to break the board; which whoever does, is for the time *Princeps juventutis*." Shakspeare's similes seldom correspond on both sides. "My better parts being all thrown down, *my youthful spirit being subdued by the power of beauty*, I am now (says Orlando) as inanimate as a wooden quintain is, not when its better parts are thrown down, but as that lifeless block is at all times." Such, perhaps, is the meaning. If, however, the words "better parts," are to be applied to the quintain, as well as to the speaker, the board above-mentioned, and not any shield or trophy, must have been alluded to.

Our author has, in *Macbeth*, used "my better part of man" for *manly spirit*.

"Accursed be the tongue that tells me so,

"For it has cow'd *my better part of man*." *Malone*.

The explanations of this passage, as well as the accounts of the quintain, are by no means satisfactory; nor have the labours of the critick or the antiquary been exhausted. The whole of Orlando's speech should seem to refer to the quintain, but not to such a one as has been described in any of the preceding notes. Mr. Guthrie is accused of having borrowed *his* account from Matthew Paris, an author with whom, as it has been already observed, Shakspeare was undoubtedly not acquainted; but this charge is erroneous, for no such passage as that above cited is to be found in M. Paris. This writer does indeed speak of the quintain under the year 1253, but in very different words. *Eodem tempore juvenes Londinenses statuto pavone pro bravio ad stadium quod quintena vulgariter dicitur, vires proprias et equorum cursus sunt experti*. He then proceeds to state that some of the King's pages, and others belonging to the household, being offended at these sports, abused the Londoners with foul language, calling them scurvy clowns and greasy rascals, and ventured to dispute the prize with them; the consequence of which was, that the Londoners received them very briskly, and so belaboured their backs with the broken lances, that they were either put to flight, or tumbled from their horses and most terribly bruised. They afterwards went before the King, the tears still trickling from their eyes, and complained of their treatment, beseeching that he would not suffer so great an offence to remain unpunished; and the King, with his usual spirit of revenge, extorted from the citizens a very large fine. So far M. Paris; but Mr. Malone has through some mistake cited Robertus Monachus, who wrote before M. Paris, and has left an extremely curious account of the Crusades. He is describing the arrival of some messenger from Babylon, who, upon entering the Christian camp, find their great astonishment (for they had heard that the Christi-

were perishing with fear and hunger) the tents curiously ornamented, and the young men practising themselves and their horses in tilting against shields hung upon poles. In the oldest edition of this writer, instead of "*quintana ludus*," it is "*ludus equestris*." However, this is certainly not the quintain that is here wanted, and therefore Mr. Malone has substituted another, copied indeed from a contemporary writer, but still not illustrative of the passage in question. I shall beg leave then to present the reader with some others, from which it will appear, that the quintain *was* a military exercise in Shakspeare's time, and not a mere rustic sport, as Mr. Malone imagines.

One kind of *quintain* is the figure of a man placed upon the trunk of a tree, holding in one hand a shield, in the other a bag of sand. Another figure is that of a Saracen, armed with a broken sword, raised in defence, with a shield and a quiver of arrows at his back, this was called the *Saracen quintain*, described by *Pluvinet, instruction du Roi Louis XIII, dans l'exercice de monter à cheval*. This sort of quintain, according to Menestrier, was invented by the Germans, who, from their frequent wars with the Turks, accustomed their soldiers to point their lances against the figure of their enemy. The skill consisted in shivering the lance to pieces, by striking it against the head of the man, for if it touched the shield, the figure turned round and generally struck the horseman a violent blow with his sword. The Flemish quintain is differently formed, and is called *La bague Flamande*, from the ring which the figure holds in his left hand; and here the object was to take away the ring with the point of the lance, for if it struck any other part, the man turned round and hit the rider with a sand-bag, which he held in his right hand. This is a mixture of the quintain and running at the ring, which two sports have been some how or other in like manner confounded by the Italians, who sometimes express the running at the ring by *correre alla quintana*. The principle of all these was the same, viz. to avoid the blow of the sword or sand-bag, by striking the quintain in a particular place.

It might have been expected that some instance had been given of the use of these quintains in England; and for want of it an objection may be taken to this method of illustrating the present subject: but let it be remembered, that Shakspeare has indiscriminately blended the usages of all nations; that he has oftentimes availed himself of hearsay evidence; and again, that as our manners and customs have at all times been borrowed from the French and other nations, there is every reason to infer that this species of the quintain had found its way into England. It is hardly needful to add, that a knowledge of very many of our ancient sports and domestic employments is not now to be attained. Historians have contented themselves to record the vices of kings and princes, and the minutiae of battles and sieges; and, with very few exceptions, they have considered the discussion of private manners (a theme perhaps equally interesting to posterity as beneath their notice, and of little or no importance.

As a military sport or exercise, the use of the quintain is very ancient, and may be traced even among the Romans. It is mentioned in Justinian's *Code*, Lib. III, tit. 43; and its most probable etymology is from "*Quintus*," the name of its inventor. In the days of chivalry it was the substitute or rehearsal of tilts and tournaments, and was at length adopted, though in a ruder way, by the common people, becoming amongst them a very favourite amusement. Many instances occur of its use in several parts of France, particularly as a seignorial right exacted from millers, watermen, new-married men, and others; when the party was obliged, under some penalty, to run at the quintain upon Whitsunday and other particular times, at the lord's castle, for his diversion. Sometimes it was practised upon the water, and then the quintain was either placed in a boat, or erected in the middle of the river. Something of this kind is described from Fitzstephen by Stowe in his *Survey*, p. 143, edit. 1618, 4to. and still continues to be practised upon the Seine at Paris. Froissart mentions, that the shield quintain was used in Ireland in the reign of Richard II. In Wales it is still practised at weddings, and at the village of Offham, near Town Malling in Kent, there is now standing a quintain, resembling that described by Stowe, opposite the dwelling-house of a family that is obliged under some tenure to support it; but I do not find that any use has been ever made of it within the recollection of the inhabitants.

Shakspeare then has most probably alluded to that sort of quintain which resembled the human figure; and if this be the case, the speech of Orlando may be thus explained: "I am unable to thank you; for, surprized and subdued by love, my intellectual powers, which are my better parts, fail me; and I resemble the quintain, whose human or active part being thrown down, there remains nothing but the lifeless trunk or block which once upheld it."

Or, if *better parts* do not refer to the quintain, "that which here stands up" means the *human part* of the quintain, which may be also not unaptly called a lifeless block. *Douce.*

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.¹

King of France.

Duke of Florence.

Bertram, count of Rousillon.

Lafeu,² an old lord.

Parolles,³ a follower of Bertram.

Several young French lords, that serve with Bertram in the Florentine war.

Steward, } servants to the countess of Rousillon.
Clown, }

A page.

Countess of Rousillon mother to Bertram.

Helena, a gentlewoman protected by the countess.

An old widow of Florence.

Diana, daughter to the widow.

Violenta,⁴ } neighbours and friends to the widow.
Mariana, }

Lords, attending on the king; officers, soldiers, &c. French and Florentine.

SCENE,

Partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.

¹ The persons were first enumerated by Mr. Rowe.

² *Lafeu,*] We should read—*Lefeu*. *Steevens*.

³ *Parolles,*] I suppose we should write this name—*Paroles*, i. e. a creature made up of empty words. *Steevens*.

⁴ *Violenta* only enters once, and then she neither speaks, nor is spoken to. This name appears to be borrowed from an old metrical history, entitled *Didaco and Violenta*, 1576. *Steevens*.

ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.*

ACT I.....SCENE I.

Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, *the Countess of Rousillon*, HELENA,
and LAFEU, *in mourning.*

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward,¹ evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam;—you, sir, a father: He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose

* The story of *All's well that ends well*, or, 'as I suppose it to have been sometimes called, *Love's Labour Wonne*, is originally indeed the property of Boccace, but it came immediately to Shakspeare from Painter's *Giletta of Narbon*, in the First Vol. of *The Palace of Pleasure*, 4to. 1566, p. 88. *Farmer.*

Shakspeare is indebted to the novel only for a few leading circumstances in the graver parts of the piece. The comic business appears to be entirely of his own formation. *Steevens.*

¹ — in ward,] Under his particular care, as my guardian, till I come to age. It is now almost forgotten in England, that the heirs of great fortunes were the King's *wards*. Whether the same practice prevailed in France, it is of no great use to inquire, for Shakspeare gives to all nations the manners of England.

Johnson.

Howell's fifteenth letter acquaints us that the province of Normandy was subject to wardships, and no other part of France besides; but the supposition of the contrary furnished Shakspeare with a reason why the King compelled Rousillon to marry Helen.

Tollet.

The prerogative of a *wardship* is a branch of the feudal law, and may as well be supposed to be incorporated with the constitution of France, as it was with that of England, till the reign of Charles II. *Sir J. Hawkins.*

worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *had!* how sad a passage 'tis!²) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty: had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's

² — *O, that had! how sad a passage 'tis!]* Imitated from the *Heautontimorumenos* of Terence, (then translated) where Menedemus says:

" — *Filium unicum adolescentulum*

" *Habio.* Ah, quid dixi? *habere* me? imo

" — *habui*, Chreme,

" *Nunc habeam* necne incertum est." *Blackstone.*

So, in Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*:

"Shee, while she was, (that *was* a woeful word to saine)

"For beauties praise and pleasaunce had no peere."

Again, in *Wily Beguill'd*, 1606:

"She is not mine, I have no daughter now;

"That I should say *I had*, thence comes my grief."

Malone.

Passage is any thing that *passes*. So we now say, a *passage* of an author, and we said about a century ago, the *passages* of a reign. When the *Countess* mentions Helena's loss of a father, she recollects her own loss of a husband, and stops to observe how heavily the word *had* passes through her mind. *Johnson.*

Thus Shakspeare himself. See *The Comedy of Errors*, Act III, sc. i:

"Now in the stirring *passage* of the day."

So, in *The Gamester*, by Shirley, 1637: "I'll not be witness of your *passages* myself:" i. e. of what passes between you.

Again, in *A Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

" — never lov'd these prying listening men

"That ask of others' states and *passages*."

Again:

"I knew the *passages* 'twixt her and Scudamore."

Again, in *The Dumb Knight*, 1633:

" — have beheld

"Your vile and most lascivious *passages*."

Again, in *The English Intelligencer*, a tragi-comedy, 1641: " — two philosophers that jeer and weep at the *passages* of the world."

Stevens.

sake, he were living! I think, it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.³

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would, it were not notorious. — Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities,⁴ there commendations go with

³ *A fistula, my lord.*] The King of France's disorder is specified as follows in Painter's translation from Boccaccio's *Novel*, on which this play was founded: "She heard by report that the French king had a swelling upon his breast, which by reason of ill cure, was grown into a *fistula*," &c. In Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, p. 251, we have also mention of this inellegant disorder. Speaking of the necessity which princes occasionally find to counterfeit maladies, our author has the following remark: "And in dissembling of diseases, which I pray you? for I have observed it in the *Court of Fraunce*, not a burning feuer, or a plurisie, or a palsie, or the hydropick and swelling gowte, &c. But it must be either a dry dropsie, or a megrim or letarge, or a *fistule in ano*, or some such other secret disease as the common conversant can hardly discover, and the physitian either *not speedily heale*, or not honestly bewray." Steevens.

⁴ — *virtuous qualities.*] By *virtuous qualities* are meant qualities of good breeding and erudition; in the same sense that the Italians say *qualità virtuosa*; and not *moral* ones. On this account it is, she says, that, in an ill mind, these *virtuous qualities are virtues and traitors too*: i. e. the advantages of education enable an ill mind to go further in wickedness than it could have done without them. Warburton.

Virtue and virtuous, as I am told, still keep this signification in the north, and mean *ingenuity* and *ingenious*. Of this sense, perhaps, an instance occurs in the Eighth Book of Chapman's *Version of the Iliad*:

pity, they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their simpleness;⁵ she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in.⁶ The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood⁷ from her cheek. No more of this, Hele-

"Then will I to Olympus' top our virtuous engine bind,

"And by it every thing shall hang," &c.

Again, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, p. I, 1590:

"If these had made one poem's period,

"And all combin'd in beauties worthynesse,

"Yet should there hover in their restlesse heads

"One thought, one grace, one wonder at the least,

"Which into words no vertue can digest." *Steevens.*

⁵ — they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their simpleness;] Her virtues are the better for their simpleness, that is, her excellencies are the better because they are artless and open, without fraud, without design. The learned commentator has well explained virtues, but has not, I think, reached the force of the word traitors, and therefore has not shown the full extent of Shakspeare's masterly observation. Virtues in an unclean mind are virtues and traitors too. Estimable and useful qualities, joined with an evil disposition, give that evil disposition power over others, who, by admiring the virtue, are betrayed to the malevolence. *The Tatler*, mentioning the sharpers of his time observes, that some of them are men of such elegance and knowledge, that a young man who falls into their way, is betrayed as much by his judgment as his passions. *Johnson.*

In *As you Like it*, virtues are called traitors, on a very different ground:

"——— to some kind of men

"Their graces serve them but as enemies;

"No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,

"Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.

"O what a world is this, when what is comely

"Envenoms him that bears it!" *Malone.*

⁶ — can season her praise in.] To season has here a culinary sense; to preserve by salting. A passage in *Twelfth Night* will best explain its meaning:

"—— all this to season

"A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,

"And lasting in her remembrance." *Malone.*

So, in Chapman's version of the third *Iliad*:

"Season'd with tears her joys, to see," &c. *Steevens.*

⁷ — all livelihood —] i. e. all appearance of life. *Steevens.*

na, go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.⁸

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.⁹

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.¹

⁸ — *lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.*] Our author is sometimes guilty of such slight inaccuracies; and concludes a sentence as if the former part of it had been constructed differently. Thus, in the present instance, he seems to have meant—*lest you be rather thought to affect a sorrow, than to have.* *Malone.*

⁹ *I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.*] Helena has, I believe, a meaning here, that she does not wish should be understood by the countess. Her *affected* sorrow was for the death of her father; her *real* grief for the lowness of her situation, which she feared would for ever be a bar to her union with her beloved Bertram. Her own words afterwards fully support this interpretation:

“———— I think not on my father;—

“———— What was he like?

“I have forgot him; my imagination

“Carries no favour in it but Bertram’s:

“I am undone.” *Malone.*

The sorrow that Helen affected, was for her father; that which she really felt, was for Bertram’s departure. This line should be particularly attended to, as it tends to explain some subsequent passages which have hitherto been misunderstood. *M. Mason.*

¹ *If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.*] *Lafew* says, *excessive grief is the enemy of the living*: the Countess replies, *If the living be an enemy to grief, the excess soon makes it mortal*: that is, *If the living do not indulge grief, grief destroys itself by its own excess.* By the word *mortal* I understand *that which dies*; and Dr. Warburton [who reads—*be not enemy—*] *that which destroys.* I think that my interpretation gives a sentence more acute and more refined. Let the reader judge.

Johnson.
A passage in *The Winter’s Tale*, in which our author again speaks of grief destroying itself by its own excess, adds support to Dr. Johnson’s interpretation:

“———— scarce any joy

“Did ever live so long: *no sorrow*

“*But kill’d itself much sooner.*”

In *Romeo and Juliet* we meet with a kindred thought:

“These violent delights have violent ends,

“And in their triumph die.” *Malone.*

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father.
In manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furnish,² and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewel.—My lord,
'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him!—Farewel, Bertram.

[*Exit Count.*]

Ber. The best wishes, that can be forged in your
thoughts, [*to HEL.*] be servants to you!³ Be comfort-
able to my mother, your mistress, and make much of
her.

Laf. Farewel, pretty lady: You must hold the credit
of your father.

[*Exeunt BER. and LAF.*]

Hel. O, were that all—I think not on my father;⁴

² *That thee may furnish,*] That may help thee with more and better qualifications. *Johnson.*

³ *The best wishes, &c.]* That is, may you be mistress of your wishes, and have power to bring them to effect. *Johnson.*

⁴ *Laf. Farewel, pretty lady: You must hold the credit of your father.*

Hel. O, were that all!—I think not on my father,] This passage has been passed over in silence by all the commentators, yet it is evidently defective. The only meaning that the speech of Lafau will bear, as it now stands, is this: "That Helena, who was a young girl, ought to keep up the credit which her father had established, who was the best physician of the age; and she, by her answer, *O, were that all!* seems to admit that it would be no difficult matter for her to do so." The absurdity of this is evident; and the words will admit of no other interpretation. Some alteration therefore is necessary; and that which I propose is, to read *uphold*, instead of *must hold*, and then the meaning will be this: "Lafau, observing that Helena had shed a torrent of tears, which he and the Countess both ascribe to her grief for her fa-

And these great tears⁵ grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in it, but Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none, .
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.⁶

ther, says, that she *upholds* the credit of her father, on this principle, that the surest proof that can be given of the merit of a person deceased, are the lamentations of those who survive him. But Helena, who knows her own heart, wishes that she had no other cause of grief, except the loss of her father, whom she thinks no more of." *M. Mason.*

O, were that all! &c.] Would that the attention to maintain the credit of my father, (or, not to act unbecoming the daughter of such a father,—for such perhaps is the meaning) were my only solicitude! I think not of him. My cares are all for Bertram. *Malone.*

⁵ — these great tears —] The tears which the King and Countess shed for him. *Johnson.*

And these great tears grace his remembrance more

Than those I shed for him.] Johnson supposes that, by *these great tears*, Helena means the tears which the King and the Countess shed for her father; but it does not appear that either of those great persons had shed tears for him, though they spoke of him with regret. By *these great tears*, Helena does not mean the tears of great people, but the big and copious tears she then shed herself, which were caused in reality by Bertram's departure, though attributed by Lafew and the Countess, to the loss of her father; and from this misapprehension of theirs, graced his remembrance more than those she actually shed for him. What she calls *gracing his remembrance*, is what Lafew had styled before, *upholding his credit*, the two passages tending to explain each other.—It is scarcely necessary to make this grammatical observation—That if Helena had alluded to any tears supposed to have been shed by the King, she would have said *those* tears, not *these*, as the latter pronoun must necessarily refer to something present at the time. *M. Mason.*

⁶ *In his bright radiance and collateral light &c.]* I cannot be united with him and move in the same sphere, but *must be comforted* at a distance by the radiance that shoots on all sides from him. *Johnson.*

So, in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, B. X:

"— from his radiant seat he rose

"Of high collateral glory." *Steevens.*

The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
 The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
 Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
 To see him every hour; to sit and draw
 His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
 In our heart's table;⁷ heart, too capable
 Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:⁸
 But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
 Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
 And yet I know him a notorious liar,
 Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
 Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,

⁷ 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
 To see him every hour; to sit and draw
 His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
 In our heart's table;] So, in our author's 24th Sonnet:
 "Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath steel'd
 "Thy beauty's form in table of my heart."

A *table* was in our author's time a term for a *picture*, in which sense it is used here. *Tableau*, French. So, on a picture painted in the time of Queen Elizabeth, in the possession of the Hon. Horace Walpole:

"The queen to Walsingham this *table* sent,

"Mark of her people's and her own content." *Malone*.

Table here only signifies the *board* on which any picture was painted. So, in Mr. Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting in England*, Vol. I, p. 58: "Item, one *table* with the *picture* of the Duchess of Milan." "Item, one *table* with the *pictures* of the King's Majesty and Queen Jane:" &c. Helena would not have talked of drawing Bertram's *picture* in her *heart's picture*; but considers her heart as the *tablet* or surface on which his resemblance was to be portrayed. *Steevens*.

⁸ — trick of his sweet favour:] So, in *King John*: "he hath a *trick* of Cœur de Lion's face." *Trick* seems to be some peculiarity or feature. *Johnson*.

Trick is an expression taken from *drawing*, and is so explained in *King John*, Act I, sc. i. The present instance explains itself:

— to sit and draw

His arched brows, &c.

— and trick of his sweet favour.

Trick, however, on the present occasion, may mean neither *tracing* nor *outline*, but *peculiarity*. *Steevens*.

Tricking is used by heralds for the delineation and colouring of arms, &c. *Malone*.

That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.⁹

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch.¹

Par. No.

Hel. And no.²

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier³ in you;

⁹ Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.] Cold for naked; as superfluous for over-clothed. This makes the propriety of the antithesis. Warburton.

¹ And you, monarch.] Perhaps here is some allusion designed to *Monarcho*, a ridiculous fantastical character of the age of Shakspeare. Concerning this person, see the notes on *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV, sc. i. Steevens.

² And no.] I am no more a queen than you are a monarch, or *Monarcho*. Malone.

³ — stain of soldier—] Stain for colour. *Parolles* was in red, as appears from his being afterwards called *red-tail'd humble-bee*. Warburton.

It does not appear from either of these expressions, that *Parolles* was entirely drest in red. Shakspeare writes only *some stain of soldier*, meaning in one sense that he had *red breeches on*, (which is sufficiently evident from calling him afterwards *red-tail'd humble-bee*) and in another, that he was *a disgrace to soldiery*. Stain is used in an adverse sense by Shakspeare, in *Troilus and Cressida*: "— nor any man an attaint, but he carries *some stain of it*."

Mr. M. Mason observes on this occasion that "though a *red coat* is now the mark of a soldier in the British service, it was not so in the days of Shakspeare, when we had no standing army, and the use of armour still prevailed." To this I reply, that the colour *red* has always been annexed to soldiery. Chaucer, in his *Knight's Tale*, v. 1749, has "*Mars the rede*," and Boccace has given *Mars* the same epithet in the opening of his *Theseida*: "*O rubicondo Marte*." Steevens.

I take the liberty of making one observation respecting Steevens's note on this passage, which is, that when Chaucer talks of *Mars the red*, and Boccace of the *rubicondo Marte*, they both allude to the countenance and complexion of the god, not to his clothes; but as Lafeu, in Act IV, sc. v, calls *Parolles* the *red-tailed humble-bee*, it is probable that the colour of his dress was in Helena's contemplation. M. Mason.

Stain rather for what we now say *tincture*, some quality least superficial, of a soldier. Johnson.

let me ask you a question: Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none; man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers, and blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity, being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city.⁴ It is not politick in the commonwealth of nature, to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase;⁵ and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with it.

Hel. I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There 's little can be said in 't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He, that hangs himself, is a virgin: virginity murders itself;⁶ and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against

⁴ — with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city.] So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

“And long upon these terms I held my city,

“Till thus he 'gan besiege me.”

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“This makes in him more rage, and lesser pity,

“To make the breach, and enter this sweet city. *Malone.*

⁵ *Loss of virginity is rational increase;*] I believe we should read, *rational*. *Tyrwhitt.*

Rational increase may mean the regular increase by which rational beings are propagated. *Steevens.*

⁶ *He, that hangs himself, is a virgin: virginity murders itself;*] e. he that hangs himself, and a virgin, are in this circumstance; they are both *self-destroyers*. *Malone.*

nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin⁷ in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but loose by 't: Out with 't: within ten years it will make itself ten,⁸ which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse: Away with 't.

⁷ — inhibited *sin* —] i. e. forbidden. So, in *Othello*:

“ ——— a practiser

“ Of arts *inhibited* and out of warrant.” *Steevens*.

⁸ — *within ten years it will make itself ten*,] The old copy reads—“ within ten years it will make itself *two*.” The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer. It was also suggested by Mr. Steevens, who likewise proposed to read—“ within *two* years it will make itself *two*.” Mr. Tollet would read—“ within ten years it will make itself *twelve*.”

I formerly proposed to read—“ Out with it: within ten months it will make itself *two*.” Part with it, and within ten months' time it will double itself; i. e. it will produce a child.

I now mention this conjecture, (in which I once had some confidence) only for the purpose of acknowledging my error. I had not sufficiently attended to a former passage in this scene,—“ Virginity, by being once lost, may be *ten* times found,” i. e. may produce *ten* virgins. Those words likewise are spoken by Parolles, and add such decisive support to Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation, that I have not hesitated to adopt it. The text, as exhibited in the old copy, is undoubtedly corrupt. It has already been observed, that many passages in these plays, in which numbers are introduced, are printed incorrectly. Our author's sixth Sonnet fully supports the emendation here made:

“ That *use* is not forbidden usury,

“ Which happies those that pay the willing loan;

“ That 's for thyself, to breed another thee,

“ Or *ten times* happier, be it *ten* for one.

“ Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,

“ If *ten of thine ten times* refigur'd thee.”

“ Out with it,” is used equivocally.—Applied to virginity, it means, give it away; part with it: considered in another light, it signifies, put it out to interest. In *The Tempest* we have—“ Each putter out on five for one,” &c. *Malone*.

There is no reason for altering the text. A well-known observation of the noble earl, to whom the horses of the present generation owe the length of their tails, contains the true explanation of this passage. *Henley*.

I cannot help repeating, on this occasion, Justice Shallow's remark: “ Give me pardon, sir:—If you come with news, I take it there is but two ways; either to utter them, or to conceal them.”

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes.⁹ 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with 't, while 'tis vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and toothpick, which wear not now:¹ Your date is better² in your pie and your porridge, than in your cheek: And your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears; it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a withered pear: Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.³

With this noble earl's notorious remark, I am quite unacquainted. But perhaps the critick (with a flippancy in which he has sometimes indulged himself at my expense) will reply, like Pistol, "Why then lament therefore;" or observe, like Hamlet, that "a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear." *Steevens.*

⁹ — *Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes.*] Parolles, in answer to the question, "How one shall lose virginity to her own liking?" plays upon the word *liking*, and says, *she must do ill, for virginity, to be so lost, must like him that likes not virginity.*

Johnson.

¹ — *which wear not now;*] Thus the old copy, and rightly. Shakspeare often uses the active for the passive. The modern editors read, "which we wear not now." *Tyrwhitt.*

The old copy has *were*. Mr. Rowe corrected it. *Malone.*

² *Your date is better* —] Here is a quibble on the word *date*, which means both age, and a candied fruit much used in our author's time. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"They call for *dates* and quinces in the pastry."

The same quibble occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*: "— and then to be bak'd with no *date* in the pie, for then the man's *date* is out."

Steevens.

³ *Not my virginity yet.*] The whole speech is abrupt, unconnected, and obscure. Dr. Warburton thinks much of it superfluous. I would be glad to think so of the whole, for a commentator naturally wishes to reject what he cannot understand. Something, which should connect Helena's words with those of Parolles, seems to be wanting. Hammer has made a fair attempt, by reading:

Not my virginity yet.—You 're for the court,

There shall your master, &c.

Some such clause has, I think, dropped out, but still the first

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phoenix,⁴ captain,⁵ and an enemy,

words want connection. Perhaps Parolles, going away from his harangue, said, *will you any thing with me?* to which Helen may reply.—I know not what to do with the passage. *Johnson.*

I do not perceive so great a want of connection as my predecessors have apprehended; nor is that connection always to be sought for, in so careless a writer as ours, from the thought immediately preceding the reply of the speaker. Parolles has been laughing at the unprofitableness of virginity, especially when it grows ancient, and compares it to withered fruit. Helena, properly enough, replies, that hers is not yet in that state; but that in the enjoyment of her, his master should find the gratification of all his most romantic wishes. What Dr. Warburton says afterwards is said at random, as all positive declarations of the same kind must of necessity be. Were I to propose any change, I would read *should* instead of *shall*. It does not, however, appear that this rapturous effusion of Helena was designed to be intelligible to Parolles. Its obscurity, therefore, may be its merit. It sufficiently explains what is passing in the mind of the speaker, to every one but him to whom she does not mean to explain it. *Steevens.*

Perhaps we should read: "Will you any thing with us?" i. e. will you send any thing with us to court? to which Helena's answer would be proper enough—

"Not my virginity yet."

A similar phrase occurs in *Twelfth Night*, Act III, sc. i:

"You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?" *Tyrwhitt.*

Perhaps something has been omitted in Parolles's speech. "*I am now bound for the court; will you any thing with it i. e. with the court?*" So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"Tell me what you have to the king."

I do not agree with Mr. Steevens in the latter part of his note; "—that in the enjoyment of her," &c. *Malone.*

I am satisfied the passage is as Shakspeare left it. Parolles, after having cried down, with all his eloquence, *old virginity* in reference to what he had before said, "That *virginity* is a commodity the longer kept, the less worth: off with 't, while 'tis vendible. ANSWER THE TIME of request." asks Helena,—"Will you any thing with IT?"—to which she replies—"NOT MY virginity YET." *Henley.*

⁴ *A phoenix, &c.*] The eight lines following *friend*, I am persuaded, is the nonsense of some foolish conceited player. What put it into his head was Helen's saying, as it should be read for the future:

*There shall your master have a thousand loves;
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
I know not what he shall—God send him well.*

A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress,⁶ and a dear;

Where the fellow, finding a *thousand* loves spoken of, and only *three* reckoned up, namely, a *mother's* a *mistress's*, and a *friend's*, (which, by the way, were all a judicious writer could mention; for there are but these three species of love in nature) he would help out the number, by the intermediate nonsense: and, because they were yet too few, he pieces out his *loves* with *enmities*, and makes of the whole such finished nonsense, as is never heard out of Bedlam. Warburton.

⁵ — captain.] Our author often uses this word for a head or chief. So, in one of his Sonnets:

"Or captain jewels in the carkanet."

Again, in *Timon of Athens*: "— the ass more captain than the lion."

Again, more appositely, in *Othello*, where it is applied to Desdemona:

"— our great captain's captain."

We find some of these terms of endearment again used in *The Winter's Tale*. Leontes says to the young Mamillius,

"Come, captain, we must be neat," &c.

Again, in the same scene, Polixenes, speaking of his son says:

"He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter;

"Now my sworn friend and then mine enemy;

"My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all." Malone.

⁶ — a traitress.] It seems that *traitress* was in that age a term of endearment, for when Lafeu introduces Helena to the king, he says, "You are like a *traytor*, but such *traytors* his majesty does not much fear." Johnson.

I cannot conceive that *traitress* (spoken seriously) was in any age a term of endearment. From the present passage, we might as well suppose *enemy* (in the last line but one) to be a term of endearment. In the other passage quoted, Lafeu is plainly speaking ironically. Tyrwhitt.

Traditora, a *traitress*, in the Italian language, is generally used as a term of endearment. The meaning of Helena is, that she shall prove every thing to Bertram. Our ancient writers delighted in catalogues, and always characterize love by contraries.

Steevens.

Falstaff, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, says to Mrs. Ford: "Thou art a *traitor* to say so." In his interview with her, he certainly meant to use the language of love.

Helena, however, I think, does not mean to say that she shall prove every thing to Bertram, but to express her apprehension that he will find at the court some lady or ladies who shall prove every thing to him; ("a phoenix, captain, counsellor, traitress;" &c.) to whom he will give all the fond names that "blinking Cudgossips." Malone.

His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,⁷
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he——
I know not what he shall:—God send him well!—
The court's a learning-place;—and he is one ——

Par. What one, i' faith?

Hel. That I wish well.—'Tis pity ——

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in 't,
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think;⁸ which never
Returns us thanks.

I believe it would not be difficult to find in the love poetry of those times an authority for most, if not for every one, of these whimsical titles. At least I can affirm it from knowledge, that far the greater part of them are to be found in the Italian lyric poetry, which was the model from which our poets chiefly copied.

Heath.

⁷ —— *christendoms,*] This word, which signifies the collective body of christianity, every place where the christian religion is embraced, is surely used with much license on the present occasion. It is also employed with a similar sense in an Epitaph "on an only Child," which the reader will find at the end of *Wit's Recreations*, 1640:

"As here a name and *christendome* to obtain,

"And to his Maker then return again." *Steevens.*

It is used by another ancient writer in the same sense; so that the word probably bore, in our author's time, the signification which he has affixed to it. So, in *A Royal Arbor of Loyal Poesie*, by Thomas Jordan, no date, but printed about 1661:

"She is baptiz'd in *Christendom*,

[i. e. by a christian name]

"The Jew cries out he's undone ——."

These lines are found in a ballad formed on part of the story of *The Merchant of Venice*, in which it is remarkable that it is the Jew's daughter, and not Portia, that saves the merchant's life by pleading his cause. There should seem therefore to have been some novel on this subject that has hitherto escaped the researches of the commentators. In the same book are ballads founded on the fables of *Much Ado about Nothing*, and *The Winter's Tale*. *Malone.*

⁸ *And show what we alone must think;*] *And show by reality what we now must only think.* *Johnson.*

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

[*Exit Page.*

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward, when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: But the composition, that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing,⁹ and I like the wear well.

⁹ — is a virtue of a good wing,] Mr. Edwards is of opinion, that a *virtue of a good wing* refers to his nimbleness or fleetness in running away. The phrase, however, is taken from falconry, as may appear from the following passage in Marston's *Fawne*, 1606: "I love my horse after a journeying easiness, as he is easy in journeying; my hawk, for the *goodness of his wing*," &c. Or it may be taken from dress. So, in *Every Man out of his Humour*: "I would have mine such a suit without a difference; such stuff, such a *wing*, such a sleeve," &c. Mr. Tollet observes, that a *good wing* signifies a *strong wing* in Lord Bacon's *Natural History*, experiment 866:—"Certainly many birds of a *good wing* (as kites and the like) would bear up a good weight as they fly." The same phrase, however, anciently belonged to archery. So Ascham, in his *Toxophilus*, edit. 1589, p. 57: "— another shaft— because it is lower feathered, or else because it is of a *better wing*," &c. *Stevens*.

The reading of the old copy (which Dr. Warburton changed to *ming*) is supported by a passage in *King Henry V*, in which we meet with a similar expression: "Though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they stoop, they stoop with the *like wing*."

Again, in *King Henry IV*, P. I:

"Yet let me wonder Harry,

"At thy affections, which do hold a *wing*,

"Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors." *Malone*.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel,¹ and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell. [Exit.

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love so high;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?²
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.³
Impossible be strange attempts, to those
That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose,

The meaning of this passage appears to be this: "If your valour will suffer you to go backward for advantage, and your fear for the same reason will make you run away, the composition that your valour and fear make in you, must be a virtue that will fly far and swiftly."—A bird of a good wing, is a bird of swift and strong flight.

Though the latter part of this sentence is sense as it stands, I cannot help thinking that there is an error in it, and that we ought to read—"And *is* like to wear well," instead of "*I* like the wear well." *M. Mason.*

¹ — so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel,] i. e. thou wilt comprehend it. See a note in *Hamlet* on the words—

"Whose form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
"Would make them capable." *Malone.*

² What power is it, which mounts my love so high;

That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?] She means, by what influence is my love directed to a person so much above me? why am I made to discern excellence, and left too long after it, without the food of hope? *Johnson.*

³ — kiss like native things.] Things formed by nature for each other. *M. Mason.*

So, in Chapman's metrical "Address to the Reader," prefixed to his translation of Homer's *Iliad*, 1611:

"Our monosyllables so kindly fall

"And meete, opposde in rime, as they did *kisse*." *Stevens.*

What hath been⁴ cannot be: Who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [*Exit.*]

⁴ *The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts, to those*

*That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose,
What hath been —*] All these four lines are obscure, and I believe, corrupt; I shall propose an emendation, which those who can explain the present reading, are at liberty to reject:

*Through mightiest space in fortune nature brings
Likes to join likes, and kiss like native things.*

That is, *nature brings like qualities and dispositions to meet through any distance that fortune may set between them; she joins them and makes them kiss like things born together.*

The next lines I read with Sir T. Hanmer:

*Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose
What ha' n't been, cannot be.*

New attempts seem impossible to those who estimate their labour or enterprises by sense, and believe that nothing can be but what they see before them. *Johnson.*

I understand the meaning to be this—*The affections given us by nature often unite persons between whom fortune or accident has placed the greatest distance or disparity; and cause them to join, like likes (instar parium) like persons in the same situation or rank of life.* Thus (as Mr. Steevens has observed) in *Timon of Athens*:

*"Thou soldierest close impossibilities,
"And mak'st them kiss."*

This interpretation is strongly confirmed by a subsequent speech of the countesses steward, who is supposed to have overheard this soliloquy of Helena: "*Fortune*, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates."

The mightiest space in fortune, for persons the most widely separated by fortune, is certainly a licentious expression; but it is such a license as Shakspeare often takes. Thus, in *Cymbeline*, the diminution of space is used for the diminution, of which space or distance, is the cause.

If he had written *spaces*, (as in *Troilus and Cressida*,
"— her whom we know well

"The world's large spaces cannot parallel,") the passage would have been more clear; but he was confined by the metre. We might, however, read—

*The mightiest space in nature fortune brings
To join, &c.*

i. e. accident sometimes unites those whom inequality of rank has separated. But I believe the text is right. *Malone.*

SCENE II.

Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter the King of France, with letters; Lords and others attending.

King. The Florentines and Senoys⁵ are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

1 Lord. His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2 Lord. It may well serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What 's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

1 Lord. It is the count Rousillon,⁶ my good lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

⁵ — *Senoys* —] The *Sanesi*, as they are termed by Boccace. Painter, who translates him, calls them *Senois*. They were the people of a small republick, of which the capital was *Sienna*. The Florentines were at perpetual variance with them. *Siccoens*.

⁶ — *Rousillon*,] The old copy reads *Rosignoll*. *Steevens*.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
 As when thy father, and myself, in friendship
 First try'd our soldiership! He did look far
 Into the service of the time, and was
 Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;
 But on us both did haggish age steal on,
 And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
 To talk of your good father:⁷ In his youth
 He had the wit, which I can well observe
 To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,
 Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
 Ere they can hide their levity in honour.⁸
 So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
 Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
 His equal had awak'd them;⁹ and his honour,

⁷ — *It much repairs me*

To talk of your good father:] To repair, in these plays, generally signifies to renovate. So, in *Cymbeline*:

" — O disloyal thing,

"That should'st repair my youth!" *Malone.*

⁸ *He had the wit, which I can well observe*

To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,

Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,

Ere they can hide their levity in honour.] I believe honour is not dignity of birth or rank, but acquired reputation:—Your father, says the king, had the same airy flights of satirical wit with the young lords of the present time, but they do not what he did, hide their unnoted levity, in honour, cover petty faults with great merit.

This is an excellent observation. Jocose follies, and slight offences, are only allowed by mankind in him that over-powers them by great qualities. *Johnson.*

Point thus:

He had the wit, which I can well observe

To-day in our young lords: but they may jest,

Till their own scorn returns to them, un-noted,

Ere they can hide their levity in honour,

So like a courtier. Contempt, &c. Blackstone.

The punctuation recommended by Sir William Blackstone is, I believe, the true one, at least it is such as deserves the reader's consideration. *Steevens.*

⁹ *So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness*

Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,

His equal had awak'd them:] Nor was used without reduplication. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

"More nor less to others paying,

"Than by self-offences weighing."

Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and, at this time,
His tongue obey'd his hand:¹ who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place;²
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled:³ Such a man

The old text needs to be explained. He was so like a courtier, that there was in *his dignity of manner nothing contemptuous*, and in *his keenness of wit nothing bitter*. If *bitterness or contemptuousness* ever appeared, they had been awakened by some injury, not of a man below him, but of his *equal*. This is the complete image of a well-bred man, and somewhat like this Voltaire has exhibited his hero, Lewis XIV. *Johnson*.

¹ *His tongue obey'd his hand:*] We should read—*His tongue obey'd the hand*. That is, *the hand of his honour's clock*, showing the true minute when exceptions bid him speak. *Johnson*.

His is put for its. So, in *Othello*:

“—— her motion

“Blush'd at herself,”—instead of *itself*. *Steevens*.

² *He us'd as creatures of another place;*] i. e. he made allowances for their conduct, and bore from them what he would not from one of his own rank. The Oxford editor, not understanding the sense, has altered *another place* to a *brother-race*.

Warburton.

I doubt whether this was our author's meaning. I rather incline to think that he meant only, that the father of Bertram treated those below him with becoming condescension, as creatures not indeed in so *high* a place as himself, but yet holding a certain place; as *one* of the links, though not the largest, of the great chain of society.

In *The Winter's Tale*, *place* is again used for *rank* or situation in life:

“—— O thou thing,

“Which I 'll not call a *creature of thy place*.” *Malone*.

³ *Making them proud of his humility,*
In their poor praise he humbled:] But why were they proud of his humility? It should be read and pointed thus:

Making them proud; and his humility,

In their poor praise, he humbled —

i. e. by condescending to stoop to his inferiors, he exalted them and made them *proud*; and in the gracious receiving their *poor praise*, he *humbled* even his *humility*. The sentiment is fine.

Warburton.

Every man has seen the *mean* too often *proud* of the *humility* of the great, and perhaps the great may sometimes be *humbled* in the *praises* of the mean, of those who commend them with

Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.⁴

conviction or discernment: this, however, is not so common; the *mean* are found more frequently than the *great*. *Johnson*.

I think the meaning is—Making them proud of receiving such marks of condescension and affability from a person in so elevated a situation, and at the same time lowering or humbling himself, by stooping to accept of the encomiums of mean persons for that humility. The construction seems to be, “he *being* humbled in their poor praise.” *Malone*.

Giving them a better opinion of their own importance, by his condescending manner of behaving to them. *M. Mason*.

⁴ *So in approof lives not his epitaph,*

As in your royal speech.] Epitaph for character. Warburton.

I should wish to read—

Approof so lives not in his epitaph,

As in your royal speech.

Approof is *approbation*. If I should allow Dr. Warburton's interpretation of *epitaph*, which is more than can be reasonably expected, I can yet find no sense in the present reading. *Johnson*.

We might, by a slight transposition, read—

So his approof lives not in epitaph.

Approof certainly means *approbation*. So, in *Cynthia's Revenge*:

“A man so absolute in my *approof*,

“That nature hath reserv'd small dignity

“That he enjoys not.”

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

“Either of condemnation or *approof*.” *Steevens*.

Perhaps the meaning is this:—*His epitaph or inscription on his tomb is not so much in approbation or commendation of him, as is your royal speech.* *Tollet*.

There can be no doubt but the word *approof* is frequently used in the sense of *approbation*, but this is not always the case; and in this place it signifies *proof* or *confirmation*. The meaning of the passage appears to be this: “The truth of his epitaph is in no way so fully *proved*, as by your royal speech.” It is needless to remark, that epitaphs generally contain the character and praises of the deceased. *Approof* is used in the same sense by Bertram, in the second Act:

“*Laf*. But I hope your lordship thinks him not a soldier.

“*Ber*. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant *approof*.” *M. Mason*.

Mr. Heath supposes the meaning to be this: “His epitaph or the character he left behind him, is not so well established by

King. 'Would, I were with him! He would always say,
(Methinks, I hear him now; his plausible words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear)—*Let me not live,*—
Thus⁵ his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,—*let me not live* quoth he,
After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
*Mere fathers of their garments;*⁶ *whose constancies*
Expire before their fashions:—This he wish'd:
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

the specimens he exhibited of his worth, as by your royal report in his favour." The passage above quoted from Act II, supports this interpretation. *Malone.*

⁵ Thus —] Old copy—*This.* Corrected by Mr. Pope.

Malone.

⁶ — whose judgments are

Mere fathers of their garments;] Who have no other use of their faculties, than to invent new modes of dress. *Johnson.*

I have a suspicion that Shakspeare wrote—*mere feathers of their garments;* i. e. whose judgments are merely parts (and insignificant parts) of their dress, worn and laid aside, as feathers are, from the mere love of novelty and change. He goes on to say, that they are even less constant in their judgments than in their dress:

———— *their constancies*

Expire before their fashions. *Tyrwhitt.*

The reading of the old copy—*fathers,* is supported by a similar passage in *Cymbeline*:

"———— some jay of Italy

"Whose mother was her painting —."

Again, by another in the same play:

"———— No, nor thy tailor, rascal,

"Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,

"Which, as it seems, make thee."

There the garment is said to be the father of the man:—in the text, the judgment, being employed solely in forming or giving birth to new dresses, is called *the father of the garment.* So, in *King Henry IV, P. II:*

"———— every minute now

"Should be the *father* of some stratagem." *Malone.*

2 *Lord.* You are lov'd, sir;
They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know 't.—How long is 't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out
With several applications:—nature and sickness
Debate it⁷ at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty.

[*Exeunt. Flourish.*]

SCENE III.

Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.⁸

Count. I will now hear: what say you of this gentle-
woman?

⁷ — *nature and sickness*

Debate it —] So, in *Macbeth*:

“Death and nature do contend about them.” *Steevens.*

⁸ — *Steward, and Clown.*] A *Clown* in Shakspeare is commonly taken for a *licensed jester*, or domestick fool. We are not to wonder that we find this character often in his plays, since fools were at that time maintained in all great families, to keep up merriment in the house. In the picture of Sir Thomas More's family, by Hans Holbein, the only servant represented is Patisson the *fool*. This is a proof of the familiarity to which they were admitted, not by the great only, but the wise.

In some plays, a servant, or a rustic, of a remarkable petulance and freedom of speech, is likewise called a *clown*.

Johnson.

Cardinal Wolsey, after his disgrace, wishing to show King Henry VIII a mark of his respect, sent him his fool *Patch*, as a present; whom, says Stowe, “the King received very gladly.”

Malone.

This dialogue, or that in *Twelfth Night*, between Olivia and the *Clown*, seems to have been particularly censured by Cartwright, in one of the copies of verses prefixed to the works of Beaumont and Fletcher:

“*Shakspeare* to thee was dull, whose best jest lies

“I th' *lady's* questions, and the *fool's* replies:

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content,⁹ I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.¹

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: The complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness, that I do not; for, I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.²

"Old fashion'd wit, which walk'd from town to town
"In trunk-hose, which our fathers call'd the *Clown*."

In the MS. Register of Lord Stanhope of Harrington, treasurer of the chamber to King James I, from 1613 to 1616, are the following entries: "Tom Derry, his majesty's *fool*, at 2s. per diem,—1615: Paid John Mawe for the diet and lodging of Thomas Derrie, her majesty's *jester*, for 13 weeks, 10*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*—1616." *Steevens*.

The following lines in *The Careless Shepherdess*, a comedy, 1656, exhibit probably a faithful portrait of this once admired character:

"Why, I would have the *fool* in every act,
"Be it comedy or tragedy. I have laugh'd
"Untill I cry'd again, to see what faces
"The rogue will make.—O, it does me good
"To see him hold out his chin, hang down his hands,
"And swirl his bable. There is ne'er a part
"About him but breaks jests.—
"I'd rather hear him leap, or laugh, or cry,
"Than hear the gravest speech in all the play.
"I never saw READE peeping through the curtain,
"But ravishing joy enter'd into my heart." *Malone*.

9 — to even your content,] To act up to your desires. *Johnson*.

1 — when of ourselves we publish them.] So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
"If he that's prais'd, himself brings the praise forth."

Malone.

2 — you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.] After premising that the accusative, *them* refers to the precedent word, *complaints*, and that *this*, by a metonymy of the effect for the cause, stands for the *freaks* which occasioned those complaints, the sense will be extremely clear: "You are fool enough to commit those irregularities you are charged with, and yet not so much fool neither, as to discredit the accusation by any defect in your ability."

Heath.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well, that I am poor; though many of the rich are damned:³ But, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world,⁴ Isbel the woman and I⁵ will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good-will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case, and mine own. Service is no heritage:⁶ and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue of my body; for, they say, bearns are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith madam, I have other holy reasons such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

It appears to me that the accusative *them* refers to *knaveries*, and the natural sense of the passage seems to be this: "You have folly enough to desire to commit these knaveries, and ability enough to accomplish them." *M. Mason.*

³ — are damned:] See *S. Mark*, x, 25; *S. Luke*, xviii, 25.

⁴ — to go to the world,] This phrase has already occurred in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and signifies to be married: and thus, in *As you Like it*, Audrey says: "— it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world." *Steevens.*

⁵ — and I —] *I*, which was inadvertently omitted in the first copy, was supplied by the editor of the second folio.

Malone.

⁶ Service is no heritage:] This is a proverbial expression. *Needs must when the devil drives*, is another. *Ritson.*

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You are shallow, madam; e'en great friends;⁷ for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of.⁸ He, that ears my land,⁹ spares my team,

⁷ *Clo.* You are shallow, madam; e'en great friends;] The meaning [i. e. of the ancient reading mentioned in the subsequent note] seems to be, you are not deeply skilled in the character or offices of great friends. *Johnson.*

The old copy reads—in great friends; evidently a mistake for e'en, which was formerly written e'n. The two words are so near in sound, that they might easily have been confounded by an inattentive hearer.

The same mistake has happened in many other places in our author's plays. So, in the present comedy, Act III, sc. ii, folio, 1623:

"*Lady.* What have we here?

"*Clown.* In that you have there."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"No more but in a woman."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

"'Tis with him in standing water, between boy and man."

The corruption of this passage was pointed out by Mr. Tyrwhitt. For the emendation now made, I am answerable.

Malone.

⁸ — the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of.] The same thought is more dilated in an old MS. play, entitled, *The Second Maid's Tragedy*:

"*Soph.* I have a wife, would she were so prefer'd!

"I could but be her subject; so I am now.

"I allow her her owne friend to stop her mouth,

"And keep her quiet; give him his table free,

"And the huge feeding of his great stone-horse,

"On which he rides in pompe about the cittie

"Only to speake to gallants in bay-windowes.

"Marry, his lodging he paises deerly for;

"He getts me all my children, there I save by 't;

"Beside, I drawe my life owte by the bargaine

"Some twelve yeres longer than the tymes appointed;

"When my young prodigal gallant kicks up 's heels

"At one and thirtie, and lies dead and rotten

"Some five and fortie yeres before I 'm coffin'd.

"'Tis the right waie to keep a woman honest:

"One friend is baracadoe to a hundred,

"And keepes 'em owte; nay more, a husband 's sure

"To have his children all of one man's gettinge;

"And he that performes best, can have no better:

"I 'm e'en as happie then that save a labour." *Steevens.*

⁹ — that ears my land,] To ear is to plough. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be his cuckold, he 's my drudge: He, that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he, that cherishes my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he, that loves my flesh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he that kisses my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam the papist, howsoe'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one, they may joll horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:¹

*For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.*²

“Make the sea serve them, which they ear and wound
“With keels of every kind.” *Stevens.*

See 1 Sam. viii, 12. *Isaiah*, xxx, 24. *Deut.* xxi, 4. *Gen.* xlv, 6. *Exod.* xxxiv, 21, for the use of this verb. *Henley.*

¹ *A prophet I, madam, and I speak the truth the next way.*] It is a superstition, which has run through all ages and people, that natural fools have something in them of divinity. On which account they were esteemed sacred: Travellers tell us in what esteem the Turks now hold them; nor had they less honour paid them heretofore in France, as appears from the old word *bénêt*, for a natural fool. Hence it was that Pantagruel, in *Rabelais*, advised Panurge to go and consult the fool Triboulet as an oracle; which gives occasion to a satirical stroke upon the privy council of Francis the First—*Par l'avis, conseil, prediction des fols vos sçavez quants princes, &c. ont esté conservez, &c.* The phrase—*speaking the truth the next way*, means directly; as they do who are only the instruments or canals of others; such as inspired persons were supposed to be. *Warburton.*

See the popular story of *Nixon the Idiot's Cheshire Prophecy.*

Douce.

Next way, is nearest way. So, in *K. Henry IV*, Part I:

“’Tis the next way to turn tailor,” &c. *Stevens.*

Next way is a phrase still used in Warwickshire, and signifies without circumlocution, or going about. *Henley.*

² — *sings by kind.*] I find something like two of the lines of ‘this ballad in *John Grange's Garden*, 1577:

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. *Was this fair face the cause,³ quoth she,* [Singing.
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?

Fond done,⁴ done fond,

Was this king Priam's joy.

"Content yourself as well as I, let reason rule your minde,
"As cuckoldes come by destinie, so cuckowes sing by kinde."

Steevens.

³ *Was this fair face the cause, &c.*] The name of Helen, whom the Countess has just called for, brings an old ballad on the sack-
ing of Troy to the Clown's mind. *Malone.*

This is a stanza of an old ballad, out of which a word or two are dropt, equally necessary to make the sense and alternate rhyme. For it was not Helen, who was king Priam's joy, but Paris. The third line, therefore, should be read thus:

Fond done, fond done, for Paris, he —. Warburton.

If this be a stanza taken from any ancient ballad, it will probably in time be found entire, and then the restoration may be made with authority. *Steevens.*

In confirmation of Dr. Warburton's conjecture, Mr. Theobald has quoted, from Fletcher's *Maid in the Mill*, the following stanza of another old ballad:

"And here fair *Paris* comes,

"The hopeful youth of *Troy*,

"Queen Hecuba's darling son,

"King *Priam's* only joy."

This renders it extremely probable, that Paris was the person described as "king Priam's joy" in the ballad quoted by our author; but Mr. Heath has justly observed, that Dr. Warburton, though he has supplied the words supposed to be lost, has not explained them; nor, indeed, do they seem, as they are connected, to afford any meaning. In 1585 was entered on the Stationers' books, by Edward White, *The Lamentation of Hecuba, and the Ladyes of Troye*; which probably contained the stanza here quoted. *Malone.*

I am told that this work is little more than a dull amplification of the latter part of the twenty-fourth Book of Homer's *Iliad*. I also learn, from a memorandum by Dr. Farmer, that *The Life and Death of St. George*, a ballad, begins as follows:

"Of Hector's deeds did Homer sing,

"And of the sack of stately *Troy*;

"What grief fair Helen did them bring

"Which was Sir *Paris'* only joy." *Steevens.*

*With that she sighed as she stood,
 With that she sighed as she stood,⁵
 And gave this sentence then;
 Among nine bad if one be good,
 Among nine bad if one be good,
 There 's yet one good in ten.⁶*

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song: 'Would God would serve the world so all the year! we 'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the parson: One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing star,⁷ or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well;⁸ a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

⁴ *Fond done,*] Is foolishly done. So, in *King Richard III*, Act III, sc. iii:

" — Sorrow and grief of heart,
 " Makes him speak *fondly*." *Steevens*.

⁵ *With that she sighed as she stood,*] At the end of the line of which this is a repetition, we find added in Italic characters the word *his*, denoting, I suppose, the necessity of its being repeated. The corresponding line was twice printed, as it is here inserted, from the oldest copy. *Steevens*.

⁶ *Among nine bad if one be good,
 There 's yet one good in ten.*] This second stanza of the ballad is turned to a joke upon the women: a confession, that there was one good in ten. Whereon the Countess observed, that he corrupted the song; which shows the song said—*nine good in ten*.

*If one be bad amongst nine good,
 There 's but one bad in ten.*

This relates to the ten sons of Priam, who all behaved themselves well but Paris. For though he once had fifty, yet, at this unfortunate period of his reign, he had but ten; *Agathon, Antiphon, Deiphobus, Drius, Hector, Helenus, Hippothous, Pammon, Paris, and Polites*. Warburton.

⁷ — *but every blazing star,*] The old copy reads—*but ore every blazing star*. *Steevens*.

I suppose o'er was a misprint for or, which was used by our old writers for before. *Malone*.

⁸ — *'twould mend the lottery well;*] This surely is a strange kind of phraseology. I have never met with any example of it in any of the contemporary writers; and if there were any proof that in the lotteries of Queen Elizabeth's time *wheels* were employed, I should be inclined to read—*lottery wheel*. *Malone*.

Count. You 'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.⁹—I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither.

[*Exit Clo.*]

* *Clo. That man &c.*] The Clown's answer is obscure. His lady bids him do as he is *commanded*. He answers, with the licentious petulance of his character, that *if a man does as a woman commands, it is likely he will do amiss*; that he does not amiss, being at the command of a woman, he makes the effect, not of his lady's goodness, but of his own *honesty*, which, though not very nice or *puritanical*, will do no hurt; and will not only do no hurt, but, unlike the *puritans*, will comply with the injunctions of superiors, and wear the *surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart*; will obey commands, though not much pleased with a state of subjection.

Here is an allusion, violently enough forced in, to satirize the obstinacy with which the *puritans* refused the use of the ecclesiastical habits, which was, at that time, one principal cause of the breach of the union, and, perhaps, to insinuate, that the modest purity of the surplice was sometimes a cover for pride. *Johnson*.

The aversion of the *puritans* to a *surplice* is alluded to in many of the old comedies. So, in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607:

"— She loves to act in as clean linen as any gentlewoman of her function about the town; and truly that 's the reason that your sincere *puritans* cannot abide a *surplice*, because they say 'tis made of the same thing that your villainous sin is committed in, of your prophane holland."

Again, in *The Match at Midnight*, 1633:

"He has turn'd my stomach for all the world like a *puritan's* at the sight of a *surplice*."

Again, in *The Hollander*, 1640:

"— A *puritan*, who, because he saw a *surplice* in the church, would needs hang himself in the bell-ropes." *Steevens*.

I cannot help thinking we should read—*Though honesty be a puritan*— *Tyrwhitt*.

Surely Mr. Tyrwhitt's correction is right. If our author had meant to say—though *honesty* be no *puritan*,—why should he add—that it would wear the *surplice*, &c. or, in other words, that it would be content to assume a covering that puritans in general reprobated? What would there be extraordinary in this? Is it matter of wonder that he who is no puritan, should be free from the scruples and prejudices of one?

The Clown, I think, means to say, "Though honesty be rigid and conscientious as a puritan, yet it will not be obstinate, but

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her, than is paid; and more shall be paid her, than she 'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level;¹ Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surprised, without rescue, in the first assault, or ransome afterward:² This she delivered

humbly comply with the lawful commands of its superiors, while, at the same time, its proud spirit inwardly revolts against them." I suspect, however, a still farther corruption; and that the compositor caught the words "*no hurt*" from the preceding line. Our author, perhaps, wrote—"Though honesty be a puritan, yet it will do *what is enjoined*; it will wear the surplice of humility, over the black gown of a big heart." I will, therefore, obey my mistress, however reluctantly, and go for Helena. *Malone.*

¹ — *only where qualities were level;*] The meaning may be, where qualities only, and not fortunes or conditions, were level. Or, perhaps, *only* is used for *except*: "— that would not extend his might, *except* where two persons were of equal rank."

Malone.

² — *Love, no god, &c. Diana, no queen of virgins, &c.*] This passage stands thus in the old copies:

Love, no god, that would not extend his might only where qualities were level; queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight, &c.

'Tis evident to every sensible reader that something must have slipped out here, by which the meaning of the context is rendered defective. The steward is speaking in the very words he overheard of the young lady; fortune was no goddess, she said, for one reason; love, no god, for another;—what could she then more naturally subjoin, than as I have amended in the text.

Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surprised without rescue, &c.

For, in poetical history, Diana was as well known to preside over chastity, as Cupid over love, or Fortune over the change or regulation of our circumstances. *Theobald.*

in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty, speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence,³ in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt: Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon.

[*Exit Stew.*]

Enter HELENA.

Count. Even so it was with me, when I was young:

If we are nature's,⁴ these are ours; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong:

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:
By our remembrances⁵ of days foregone,
Such were our faults;—or then we thought them none.⁶
Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.

³ — *sithence*,] i. e. since. So, in Spenser's *State of Ireland*: "—the beginning of all other evils which *sithence* have afflicted that land." Chaucer frequently uses *sith*, and *sithen*, in the same sense. *Steevens*.

⁴ *If we are nature's*,] The old copy reads—*If ever we are nature's*. *Steevens*.

The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. *Malone*.

⁵ *By our remembrances* —] That is, according to our recollection. So we say, he is old by my reckoning. *Johnson*.

⁶ *Such were our faults;—or then we thought them none.*] We should read: — *O! then we thought them none*.

A motive for pity and pardon, agreeable to fact, and the indulgent character of the speaker. This was sent to the Oxford editor, and he altered *O*, to *though*. *Warburton*.

Such were the faulty weaknesses of which I was guilty in my youth, or such at least were then my feelings, though, perhaps, at that period of my life, I did not think they deserved the name of faults. Dr. Warburton, without necessity, as it seems to me reads—"O! then we thought them none;"—and the subsequent editors adopted the alteration. *Malone*.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count.

Nay, a mother;

Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent: What 's in mother,
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine: 'Tis often seen,
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds:⁷
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care:—
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,
To say, I am thy mother? What 's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?⁸
Why?—that you are my daughter?

Hel.

That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel.

Pardon, madam;

The count Rousillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble:
My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.

Count.

Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam; 'Would you were
(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother)
Indeed, my mother!—or were you both our mothers,

⁷ ——— and choice breeds

A native slip to us from foreign seeds.] And our choice furnishes us with a slip propagated to us from foreign seeds, which we educate and treat, as if it were native to us, and sprung from ourselves. *Heath.*

⁸ ——— *What 's the matter,*

*That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?*] There is something exquisitely beautiful in this representation of that suffusion of colours which glimmers around the sight when the eye-lashes are wet with tears. The poet hath described the same appearance in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

“And round about her tear-distained eye

“Blue circles stream'd like rainbows in the sky.” *Henley.*

I care no more for, than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister:⁹ Can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?¹

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law;
God shield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother,
So strive² upon your pulse: What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head.³ Now to all sense 'tis gross,

⁹ ——— or were you both our mothers,

I care no more for, than I do for heaven,

So I were not his sister:] There is a designed ambiguity: I care no more for, is, I care as much for. I wish it equally.

Farmer.

In *Troilus and Cressida* we find—"I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus." There the words certainly mean, I should not be sorry or unwilling to be, &c. According to this, then, the meaning of the passage before us should be, "If you were mother to us both, it would not give me more solicitude than heaven gives me,—so I were not his sister." But Helena certainly would not confess an indifference about her future state. However, she may mean, as Dr. Farmer has suggested, "I should not care more than, but equally as, I care for future happiness; I should be as content, and solicit it as much, as I pray for the bliss of heaven." Malone.

¹ — Can't no other,

But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?] The meaning is obscured by the elliptical diction. Can it be no other way, but if I be your daughter, he must be my brother? Johnson.

² — strive —] To strive is to contend. So, in *Cymbeline*:

"That it did strive in workmanship and value." Steevens.

³ ——— Now I see

The mystery of your loneliness, and find

Your salt tears' head.] The old copy reads—loveliness.

Steevens.

The mystery of her loveliness is beyond my comprehension: the old Countess is saying nothing ironical, nothing taunting, or in reproach, that this word should find a place here; which it could not unless sarcastically employed, and with some spleen. I dare warrant the poet meant his old lady should say no more than this: "I now find the mystery of your creeping into corners, and weeping, and pining in secret." For this reason I have amended the text, loneliness. The Steward, in the foregoing scene, where he gives the Countess intelligence of Helena's behaviour, says—

"Alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears." Theobald.

You love my son; invention is asham'd,
 Against the proclamation of thy passion,
 To say, thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
 But tell me then, 'tis so:—for, look, thy cheeks
 Confess it, one to the other; and thine eyes
 See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,
 That in their kind⁴ they speak it; only sin
 And hellish obstinancy tie thy tongue,
 That truth should be suspected: Speak, is 't so?
 If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue;
 If it be not, forswear 't: howe'er, I charge thee,
 As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
 To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me!

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in 't a bond,
 Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose
 The state of your affection; for your passions
 Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess,
 Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
 That before you, and next unto high heaven,
 I love your son;—
 My friends were poor, but honest; so 's my love:
 Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
 That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not
 By any token of presumptuous suit;
 Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him;
 Yet never know how that desert should be.
 I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
 Yet, in this captious and intenible sieve,⁴

The late Mr. Hall had corrected this, I believe, rightly,—your
lowliness. *Tyrwhitt.*

I think Theobald's correction as plausible. To choose solitude
 is a mark of love. *Steevens.*

Your salt tears' head.] The source, the fountain of your tears,
 the cause of your grief. *Johnson.*

⁴ — in their kind —] i. e. their language, according to their
 nature. *Steevens.*

I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still:⁶ thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do: but, if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,⁷
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chastly, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love;⁸ O then, give pity

⁵ — captious and intenable sieve;] The word *captious* I never found in this sense; yet I cannot tell what to substitute, unless *carious* for *rotten*, which yet is a word more likely to have been mistaken by the copiers than used by the author. *Johnson*.

Dr. Farmer supposes *captious* to be a contraction of *capacious*. As violent ones are to be found among our ancient writers, and especially in Churchyard's *Poems*, with which Shakspeare was not unacquainted. *Steevens*.

By *captious*, I believe Shakspeare only meant *recipient*, capable of receiving what is put into it; and by *intenable*, incapable of holding or retaining it. How frequently he and the other writers of his age confounded the active and passive adjectives, has been already more than once observed.

The original copy reads—*intemible*. The correction was made in the second folio. *Malone*.

⁶ And lack not to lose still:] Perhaps we should read—
And lack not to love still. *Tyrwhitt*.

I believe *lose* is right. So afterwards, in this speech:

“— whose state is such, that cannot choose

“But lend and give, where she is sure to *lose*.”

Helena means, I think, to say that, like a person who pours water into a vessel full of holes, and still continues his employment, though he finds the water all lost, and the vessel empty, so, though she finds that *the waters of her love* are still *lost*, that her affection is thrown away on an object whom she thinks she never can deserve, she yet is not discouraged, but perseveres in her hopeless endeavour to accomplish her wishes. The poet evidently alludes to the trite story of the daughters of Danaus.

Malone.

⁷ Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,] i. e. whose respectable conduct in age *shows*, or *proves*, that you were no less virtuous when young. As a fact is *proved* by citing witnesses, or examples from books, our author, with his usual license, uses to cite in the same sense of to *prove*. *Malone*.

⁸ Wish chastly, and love dearly, that your Dian

Was both herself and love;] i. e. Venus. Helena means to

To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.⁹

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.
You know, my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading,
And manifest experience, had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive¹ were,
More than they were in note: amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approv'd set down,
To cure the desperate languishings, whereof
The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply, been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help: How shall they credit

say—"If ever you wished that the deity who presides over chastity, and the queen of amorous rites, were one and the same person; or, in other words, if ever you wished for the honest and lawful completion of your chaste desires." I believe, however, the words were accidentally transposed at the press, and would read—

Love dearly, and wish chastly, that your Dian &c. Malone.

⁹ — tell true.] This is an evident interpolation. It is needless, because it repeats what the Countess had already said: it is injurious, because it spoils the measure. *Steevens.*

¹ — notes, whose faculties inclusive —] Receipts in which greater virtues were inclosed than appeared to observation.

Johnson.

A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine,² have left off
The danger to itself?

Hel. There's something hints,
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt³
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day, and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe 't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave, and
love,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court; I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:⁴
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss. [*Exeunt.*]

² Embowell'd of their doctrine,] i. e. exhausted of their skill.
So, in the old spurious play of *K. John*:

"Back war-men, back; embowel not the clime." *Steevens.*

³ There's something hints

More than my father's skill, —

— that his good receipt, &c.] The old copy reads—*something* in 't. *Steevens.*

Here is an inference, [*that*] without any thing preceding, to which it refers, which makes the sentence vicious, and shows that we should read—

There's something hints

More than my father's skill, —

— that his good receipt —

i. e. I have a secret premonition, or presage. *Warburton.*

This necessary correction was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer.

Malone.

⁴ — into thy attempt:] So in the old copy. We might more intelligibly read, according to the third folio,—unto thy attempt.

Steevens.

ACT II.....SCENE I.

Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Flourish. Enter King, with young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war; BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and Attendants.

King. Farewel,⁵ young lord, these warlike principles
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lord, farewell:⁶—
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 Lord. It is our hope, sir,
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady

⁵ *Farewel, &c.] In all the latter copies these lines stood thus:*

*Farewel, young lords; these warlike principles
Do not throw from you. You, my lords, farewell;
Share the advice betwixt you; if both again,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd.*

The third line in that state was unintelligible. Sir T. Hanmer reads thus:

*Farewel, young lord: these warlike principles
Do not throw from you; you, my lord, farewell;
Share the advice betwixt you: If both gain, well!
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd;
And is enough for both.*

The first edition, from which the passage is restored, was sufficiently clear; yet it is plain, that the latter editors preferred a reading which they did not understand. *Johnson.*

⁶ — and you, my lord, farewell:] The old copy, both in this and the following instance, reads—*lords.* *Steevens.*

It does not any where appear that more than two French lords (besides Bertram) went to serve in Italy; and therefore I think the King's speech should be corrected thus:

*Farewel, young lord; these warlike principles
Do not throw from you; and you, my lord, farewell;*

what follows, shows this correction to be necessary:

Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all, &c. Tyrwhitt.

Tyrwhitt's emendation is clearly right. Advice is the only thing that may be shared between two, and yet both gain all.

M. Mason.

That doth my life besiege.⁷ Farewel, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy) see, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it:⁸ when

⁷ ——— and yet my heart

Will not confess he owes the malady

That doth my life besiege.] i. e. as the common phrase runs, *I am still heart-whole*; my spirits, by not sinking under my distemper, do not acknowledge its influence. *Stevens.*

⁸ ——— let higher Italy

(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall

Of the last monarchy) see, &c.] The ancient geographers have divided Italy into the higher and the lower, the Apennine hills being a kind of natural line of partition; the side next the Adriatic was denominated the higher Italy, and the other side the lower: and the two seas followed the same terms of distinction, the Adriatic being called the upper Sea, and the Tyrrhene or Tuscan the lower. Now the Sennones or Senois, with whom the Florentines are here supposed to be at war, inhabited the higher Italy, their chief town being Arminium, now called Rimini, upon the Adriatic. *Hanmer.*

Italy, at the time of this scene, was under three very different tenures. The emperor, as successor of the Roman emperors, had one part; the pope, by a pretended donation from Constantine, another; and the third was composed of free states. Now by the *last monarchy* is meant the *Roman*, the last of the four general monarchies. Upon the fall of this monarchy, in the scramble, several cities set up for themselves, and became free states: now these might be said properly to *inherit the fall* of the monarchy. This being premised, let us now consider sense. The *King* says *higher Italy*; giving it the rank of preference to France; but he corrects himself, and says, I except those from that precedence, who only inherit the fall of the last monarchy; as all the little petty states; for instance, Florence, to whom these volunteers were going. As if he had said, I give the place of honour to the emperor and the pope, but not to the free states.

Warburton.

Sir T. Hanmer reads:

Those bastards that inherit, &c.

with this note:

"Reflecting upon the abject and degenerate condition of the cities and states which arose out of the ruins of the Roman empire, the last of the four great monarchies of the world."

Dr. Warburton's observation is learned, but rather too subtle. Sir T. Hanmer's alteration is merely arbitrary. is confessedly obscure, and therefore I may offer

The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud:⁹ I say, farewell.

2 Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them;
They say our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you serve.¹

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewel.—Come hither to me.

[The King retires to a couch.

1 Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the spark —

2 Lord. O, 'tis brave wars!

nation. I am of opinion that the epithet *higher* is to be understood of situation rather than of dignity. The sense may then be this: *Let upper Italy*, where you are to exercise your valour, see that you come to gain honour, to the abatement, that is, to the disgrace and depression of those that have now lost their ancient military fame, and inherit but the fall of the last monarchy. To abate is used by Shakspeare in the original sense of *abatre*, to depress, to sink, to deject, to subdue. So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ — till ignorance deliver you,

“ As most *abated* captives to some nation

“ That won you without blows.”

And *bated* is used in a kindred sense in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ — in a bondman's key,

“ With *bated* breath, and whisp'ring humbleness.”

The word has still the same meaning in the language of the law. Johnson.

In confirmation of Johnson's opinion, that *higher* relates to situation, not to dignity, we find, in the third scene of the fourth Act, that one of the Lords says: “What will Count Rousillon do then? will he travel *higher*, or return again to France?”

M. Mason.

Those '*bated*' may here signify “those being taken away or *excepted*.” *Bate*, thus contracted, is in colloquial language still used with this meaning. This parenthetical sentence implies no more than they *excepted* who possess modern Italy, the remains of the Roman empire. H. White.

⁹ That fame may cry you loud:] So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ — fame with her loudst O yes,

“ Cries, This is he.” Steevens.

¹ — beware of being captives,

Before you serve.] The word *serve* is equivocal; the sense is, Be not captives before you serve in the war. Be not captives before you are soldiers. Johnson.

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with;
Too young, and the next year, and 'tis too early.

Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,
But one to dance with!² By heaven, I'll steal away.

¹ *Lord.* There 's honour in the theft.³

Par. Commit it, count.

² *Lord.* I am your accessary: and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.⁴

¹ *Lord.* Farewel, captain.

² *Lord.* Sweet monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin.
Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals:—You
shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain Spu-

² ——— and no sword worn,

But one to dance with!] It should be remembered that, in Shakespeare's time, it was usual for gentlemen to dance with swords on. Our author, who gave to all countries the manners of his own, has again alluded to this ancient custom in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III, sc. ix:

"——— He, at Philippi kept

"His sword, even like a dancer."

See Mr. Steevens's note there. *Malone.*

³ — I'll steal away —

There 's honour in the theft.] So, in *Macbeth*:

"There 's warrant in that theft,

"Which steals itself —." *Steevens.*

⁴ *I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.*] I read thus — *Our parting* is the parting of a tortured body. Our parting is as the disruption of limbs torn from each other. Repetition of a word is often the cause of mistakes: the eye glances on the wrong word, and the intermediate part of the sentence is omitted. *Johnson.*

So, in *K. Henry VIII*, Act II, sc. iii:

"—— it is a sufferance, panging

"As soul and body's severing." *Steevens.*

As they grow together, the tearing them asunder was torturing a body. Johnson's amendment is unnecessary. *M. Mason.*

We two growing together, and having, as it were, but one body, ("like to a double cherry, seeming parted") our parting is a tortured body; i. e. cannot be effected but by a disruption of limbs which are now common to both. *Malone.*

rio, with his cicatrice,⁵ an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports of me.

2 *Lord.* We shall, noble captain.

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! [*Exeunt Lords.* What will you do?

Ber. Stay; the king ——— [*Seeing him rise.*

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star;⁶ and though the devil

⁵ — with his cicatrice,] The old copy reads—his cicatrice with. *Steevens.*

It is surprizing, none of the editors could see that a slight transposition was absolutely necessary here, when there is not common sense in the passage, as it stands without such transposition. Parolles only means, "You shall find one captain Spurio in the camp, with a scar on his left cheek, a mark of war that my sword gave him." *Theobald.*

⁶ — they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, &c.] The main obscurity of this passage arises from the mistake of a single letter. We should read, instead of *do muster*, to *muster*. To wear themselves in the cap of the time, signifies to be the foremost in the fashion: the figurative allusion is to the gallantry then in vogue, of wearing jewels, flowers, and their mistress's favours in their caps.—*There to muster true gait*, signifies to assemble together in the high road of the fashion. All the rest is intelligible and easy. *Warburton.*

I think this emendation cannot be said to give much light to the obscurity of the passage. Perhaps it might be read thus:—They do muster with the true gait, that is, they have the true military step. Every man has observed something peculiar in the strut of a soldier. *Johnson.*

Perhaps we should read—*master true gait*. To master any thing, is to learn it perfectly. So, in *King Henry IV*, P. I:

"As if he master'd there a double spirit

"Of teaching and of learning —."

Again, in *King Henry V*:

"Between the promise of his greener days,

"And those he masters now."

In this last instance, however, both the quartos, viz. 1600 and 1608, read *masters* *Steevens.*

The obscurity of the passage arises only from the fantastical language of a character like Parolles, whose affectation of wit urges his imagination from one allusion to another, without al-

lead the measure,⁷ such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men. [*Exeunt. BER. and PAR.*]

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. Pardon, my lord, [*kneeling*] for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man
Stands, that has brought⁸ his pardon. I would you
Had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy; and
That, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for 't.

Laf. Goodfaith, across:⁹
But, my good lord, 'tis thus; Will you be cur'd?
Of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat
No grapes, my royal fox? yes, but you will,

lowing time for his judgment to determine their congruity. The *cap of time* being the first image that occurs, *true gait*, manner of *eating*, *speaking*, &c. are the several ornaments which they *muster*, place, or arrange in *time's cap*. This is done *under the influence of the most received star*; that is, the person in the highest repute for setting the fashions:—and though the devil were to lead the measure or *dance of fashion*, such is their implicit submission, that even he must be followed. *Henley.*

⁷ — *lead the measure*,] i. e. the dance. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Beatrice says: "Tell him there is *measure* in every thing, and so dance out the answer." *Steevens.*

⁸ — *brought* —] Some modern editions read—*bought*.

Malone.

⁹ — *across*.] This word, as has been already observed, is used when any pass of wit miscarries. *Johnson.*

While chivalry was in vogue, breaking spears against a quintain was a favourite exercise. He who shivered the greatest number was esteemed the most adroit; but then it was to be performed exactly with the point, for if achieved by a side-stroke, or *across*, it showed unskilfulness, and disgraced the practiser. Here, therefore, Lafeu reflects on the King's wit, as awkward and ineffectual, and, in the terms of play, good for nothing.

H. White.

See *As you Like it*, Act III, sc. iv, p. 97. *Steevens.*

My noble grapes, an if my royal fox
 Could reach them:¹ I have seen a medicine,²
 That 's able to breathe life into a stone;
 Quickened a rock, and make you dance canary,³
 With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch⁴
 Is powerful to araise king Pepin, nay,
 To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand,
 And write⁵ to her a love-line.

King.

What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor shē: My lord, there 's one arriv'd,
 If you will see her,—now, by my faith and honour,
 If seriously I may convey my thoughts
 In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
 With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession,⁶
 Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
 Than I dare blame my weakness:⁷ Will you see her,

¹ — yes, but you will,

My noble grapes, &c.] The words — *My noble grapes*, seem to Dr. Warburton and Sir T. Hanmer to stand so much in the way, that they have silently omitted them. They may be, indeed, rejected without great loss, but I believe they are Shakspeare's words. *You will eat*, says Lafau, *no grapes*. *Yes, but you will eat such noble grapes*, as I bring you, *if you could reach them*. *Johnson*.

² — medicine,] is here put for a *she-physician*. *Hanmer*.

³ — and make you dance canary,] Mr. Rich. Brome, in his comedy, entitled, *The City Wit, or the Woman wears the Breeches*, Act IV, sc. i, mentions this among other dances: "As for corantos, lavoltos, jigs, measures, pavins, brawls, galliards, or canaries; I speak it not swellingly, but I subscribe to no man."

Dr. Grey.

⁴ — whose simple touch &c.] Thus, *Ovid*, *Amor.* III, vii, 41:

Illius ad tactum Pylius juvenescere possit,

Tithonosque annis fortior esse suis. *Steevens*.

⁵ And write —] I believe a line preceding this has been lost.

Malone.

⁶ — her years, profession,] By *profession* is meant her declaration of the end and purpose of her coming. *Warburton*.

⁷ Than I dare blame my weakness:] This is one of Shakspeare's perplexed expressions. "To acknowledge how much she has astonished me, would be to acknowledge a weakness; and this I am unwilling to do." *Steevens*.

Lafau's meaning appears to me to be this:—"That the amazement she excited in him was so great, that he could not impute it merely to his own weakness, but to the wonderful qualities of the object that occasioned it." *M. Mason*.

(For that is her demand) and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. *[Exit LAF.]*

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.⁸

Re-enter LAFEU, with HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways;⁹
This is his majesty, say your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears: I am Cressid's uncle,¹
That dare leave two together; fare you well. *[Exit.]*

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was
My father; in what he did profess, well found.²

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;
Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bad me store up, as a triple eye,³
Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have so:
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd

⁸ Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.] So, in *Othello*:

"'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep." Steevens.

⁹ — come your ways;] This vulgarism is also put into the mouth of *Polonius*. See *Hamlet*, Act I, sc. iii. Steevens.

¹ — Cressid's uncle,] I am like *Pandarus*. See *Troilus and Cressida*. Johnson.

² — well found.] i. e. of known acknowledged excellence.

Steevens.

³ — a triple eye,] i. e. a third eye. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"The triple pillar of the world, transform'd

"Into a strumpet's fool." Steevens.

With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,⁴
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,—
When our most learned doctors leave us; and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidable estate,—I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empiricks; or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful:
Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give,
As one near death to those that wish him live:
But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy:
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes.⁵ Great floods have flown

⁴ ——— wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,] Perhaps we
may better read:

———— wherein the power
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in honour. *Johnson.*

⁵ So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes.] The allusion is to *St. Matthew's*
Gospel, xi, 25: "O father, lord of heaven and earth. I thank
thee, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent,
and revealed them unto babes." See also *1 Cor. i*, 27: "But God
hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise;
and God hath chosen the weak things of the world, to confound
the things which are mighty." *Malone.*

From simple sources; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.⁶
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.⁷

King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows:
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;⁸

⁶ *When miracles have by the greatest been denied.*] I do not see the import or connexion of this line. As the next line stands without a correspondent rhyme, I suspect that something has been lost. *Johnson.*

I point the passage thus; and then I see no reason to complain of want of connexion:

When judges have been babes. Great floods, &c.

When miracles have by the greatest been denied.

Shakspeare after alluding to the production of water from a rock, and the drying up of the Red Sea, says, that miracles had been denied by the GREATEST; or, in other words, that the ELDERS of ISRAEL (who just before, in reference to another text, were styled judges) had, notwithstanding these miracles, wrought for their own preservation, refused that compliance they ought to have yielded. See the Book of *Exodus*, particularly ch. xvii, 5, 6, &c. *Henley.*

So holy writ, &c. alludes to Daniel's judging, when, "a young youth," the two Elders in the story of *Susannah*. *Great floods,* i. e. when Moses smote the rock in Horeb, *Exod.* xvii.

— great seas have dried

When miracles have by the greatest been denied.

Dr. Johnson did not see the import or connexion of this line. It certainly refers to the children of Israel passing the Red Sea, when miracles had been denied, or not hearkened to, by Pharaoh.

H. White.

⁷ — and despair most sits.] The old copy reads—shifts. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. *Malone.*

⁸ *Myself against the level of mine aim;*] i. e. pretend to greater things than befits the mediocrity of my condition. *Warburton.*

But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quenched his sleepy lamp;¹
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,—
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,—
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; no worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.²

I rather think that she means to say,—*I am not an impostor that proclaim one thing and design another, that proclaim a cure and aim at a fraud; I think what I speak.* Johnson.

⁹ *The greatest grace lending grace,*] I should have thought the repetition of *grace* to have been superfluous, if the *grace of grace* had not occurred in the speech with which the tragedy of *Macbeth* concludes. Stevens.

The former *grace* in this passage, and the latter in *Macbeth*, evidently signify divine grace. Henley.

¹ — his *sleepy lamp*;] Old copy—her *sleepy lamp*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

² ——— a divulged shame,—
*Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; no worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.*] *I would bear* (says she) *the tax of impudence, which is the denotement of a strumpet; would endure a shame resulting from my failure in what I have undertaken, and thence become the subject of odious ballads; let my maiden reputation be otherwise branded; and, no worse of worst extended, i. e. provided nothing worse is offered to me, (meaning violation) let my life be ended with the worst of tortures.* The poet, for the sake of rhyme, has obscured the sense of the passage. *The worst that befal a woman, being extended to me, seems to be the meaning the last line.* Stevens.

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak;
His powerful sound, within an organ weak:³
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.⁴
Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate;⁵

Tax of impudence, that is, to be charged with having the boldness of a strumpet:—*a divulged shame*; i. e. to be traduced by odious ballads: *my maiden's name seared otherwise*; i. e. to be stigmatized as a prostitute:—*no worse of worst extended*; i. e. to be so defamed that nothing severer can be said against those who are most publicly reported to be infamous. Shakspeare has used the word *sear* and *extended* in *The Winter's Tale*, both in the same sense as above:

“ — for calumny will *sear*

“ Virtue itself!” —

And “ The report of her is *extended* more than can be thought.”

Henley.

The old copy reads, not *no*, but *ne*, probably an error for *nay*, or *the*. I would wish to read and point the latter part of the passage thus:

———— *my maiden's name*

Sear'd otherwise; nay, worst of worst, *extended*

With vilest torture, let my life be ended.

i. e. Let me be otherwise branded;—and (what is the worst of worst the consummation of misery) my body being extended on the rack by the most cruel torture, let my life pay the forfeit of my presumption.

So, in *Daniel's Cleopatra*, 1594:

“ — the worst of worst of ills.”

No was introduced by the editor of the second folio.

Again, in *The Remedie of Love*, 4to. 1600:

“ If she be fat, then she is swollen, say,

“ If browne, then tawny as the Africk Moore;

“ If slender, leane, meagre and worne away,

“ If courtly, wanton, worst of worst before.” *Malone.*

³ *Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak*;

His powerful sound, within an organ weak.] The verb, *doth speak*, in the first line, should be understood to be repeated in the construction of the second, thus:

His powerful sound speaks within a weak organ. *Heath.*

This, in my opinion, is a very just and happy explanation.

Steevens.

⁴ *And what impossibility would slay*

In common sense; sense saves another way.] i. e. and that which, if I trusted to my reason, I should think impossible, I yet, perceiving thee to be actuated by some blessed spirit, think thee capable of effecting. *Malone.*

Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all:⁶

That happiness and prime⁷ can happy call:

Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate

Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.

Sweet practiser, thy physick I will try;

That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property⁸

Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die;

And well deserv'd: Not helping, death's my fee;

But, if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel.

But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.⁹

⁶ — in thee hath estimate;] May be counted among the gifts enjoyed by thee. *Johnson.*

⁶ Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all —] The old copy omits *virtue*. It was supplied by Dr. Warburton, to remedy a defect in the measure. *Steevens.*

⁷ — prime —] Youth; the spring or morning of life. *Johnson.*

Should we not read—*pride*? Dr. Johnson explains *prime* to mean *youth*; and indeed I do not see any other plausible interpretation that can be given of it. But how does that suit with the context? "You have all that is worth the name of life; youth, beauty, &c. all, That happiness and youth can happy call."—*Happiness and pride* may signify, I think, the *pride of happiness*; the proudest state of happiness. So, in *The Second Part of Henry IV*, Act III, sc. i, the *voice and echo*, is put for the *voice of echo*, or, the *echoing voice*. *Tyrwhitt.*

I think, with Dr. Johnson, that *prime* is here used as a substantive, but that it means, that *sprightly vigour* which usually accompanies us in the prime of life. So, in Montaigne's *Essays*, translated by Florio, 1603, B. II, ch. 6: "Many things seeme greater by imagination, than by effect. I have passed over a good part of my age in sound and perfect health. I say, not only sound, but blithe and wantonly-lustful. That state, full of lust, of *prime* and mirth, made me deeme the consideration of sicknesses so yrksome, that when I came to the experience of them, I have found their fits but weak." *Malone.*

⁸ — in property —] In *property* seems to be here used, with much laxity, for—in the *due performance*. In a subsequent passage it seems to mean either a thing possessed, or a subject discriminated by peculiar qualities:

"The *property* by what it is should go,

"Not by the title." *Malone.*

⁹ Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.] The old copy adds:

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France;
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state:¹
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd;
So make the choice of thy own time; for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must;
Though, more to know, could not be more to trust;
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on,—But rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—
Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

———— my hopes of help. *Steevens.*

The King could have but a very slight hope of help from her, scarce enough to swear by: and therefore Helen might suspect he meant to equivocate with her. Besides, observe, the greatest part of the scene is strictly in rhyme: and there is no shadow of reason why it should be interrupted here. I rather imagine the poet wrote:

Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven. Thirlby.

[*With any branch or image of thy state.*] Shakspeare unquestionably wrote *impage*, grafting. *Impe*, a graff, or slip, or sucker: by which she means one of the sons of France. Caxton calls our Prince Arthur, *that noble impe of fame.* Warburton.

Image is surely the true reading, and may mean any representative of thine; i. e. any one who resembles you as being related to your family, or as a prince reflects any part of your state and majesty. There is no such word as *impage*; and, as Mr. M. Mason observes, were such a one coined, it would mean nothing but the art of grafting. Mr. Henley adds, that *branch* refers to the collateral descendants of the royal blood, and *image* to the direct and immediate line. *Steevens.*

Our author again uses the word *image* in the same sense as here, in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

“O, from thy cheeks my *image* thou hast torn.” *Malone.*

SCENE II.

Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed, and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off 's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap: and indeed such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that 's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks;² the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffata punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger,³ as a pancake for Shrove-

² *It is like a barber's chair, &c.*] This expression is proverbial. See Ray's *Proverbs*, and Burton's *Anat. of Melancholy*, edit 1632, p. 666.

Again, in *More Fools Yet*, by R. S. a collection of Epigrams, 4to. 1610:

"Moreover sattin suites he doth compare

"Unto the service of a *barber's chayre*;

"As fit for every Jacke and journeyman,

"As for a knight or worthy gentleman." *Steevens.*

³ — Tib's rush, *for* Tom's fore-finger,] *Tom* is the man, and by *Tib* we are to understand the woman, and therefore, more properly we might read—*Tom's rush for*, &c. The allusion is to an ancient practice of marrying with a rush ring, as well in other countries as in England. Breval, in his *Antiquities of Paris*, mentions it as a kind of espousal used in France, by such persons as meant to live together in a state of concubi-

tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrang-

nage: but in England it was scarce ever practised except by designing men, for the purpose of corrupting those young women to whom they pretended love.

Richard Poore, bishop of Salisbury, in his *Constitutions*, anno, 1217, forbids the putting of *rush rings*, or any the like matter, on women's fingers, in order to the debauching them more readily: and he insinuates, as the reason for the prohibition, that there were some people weak enough to believe, that what was thus done in jest, was a real marriage.

But, notwithstanding this censure on it, the practice was not abolished; for it is alluded to in a song in a play written by Sir William D'Avenant, called *The Rivals*:

"I'll crown thee with a garland of straw then,

"And I'll marry thee with a *rush ring*."

which song, by the way, was first sung by Miss Davis; she acted the part of Celania in the play; and King Charles II, upon hearing it, was so pleased with her voice and action, that he took her from the stage, and made her his mistress.

Again, in the song called *The Winchester Wedding*, in D'Urfey's *Pills to purge Melancholy*, Vol. I, p. 276:

"Pert Strephon was kind to Betty,

"And blithe as a bird in the spring;

"And Tommy was so to Katy,

"And wedded her with a *rush ring*." Sir J. Hawkins.

Tib and *Tom*, in plain English, I believe, stand for wanton and rogue. So, in *Churchyard's Chaise*:

"Tushe, that's a toye; let *Tomkin* talke of *Tibb*."

Again, in the *Queenes Majesties Entertainment in Suffolk and Norfolk*, &c. by Tho. Churchyard, 4to. no date:

CUPID.

"And doth not *Jove* and *Mars* bear sway? Tush, that is true."

PHILOSOPHER.

"Then put in *Tom* and *Tibbe*, and all beares sway as much as you." *Steevens*.

An anonymous writer, [Mr. Ritson] with some probability, supposes that this is one of those covert allusions in which Shakespeare frequently indulges himself. The following lines of Cleiveland on an *Hermaphrodite* seem to countenance the supposition:

"Nay, those which modesty can mean,

"But dare not speak, are Epicene.

"That gamester needs must overcome,

"That can play both with *Tib* and *Tom*."

Sir John Hawkins would read—"as *Tom's* rush for *Tib's* forefinger." But if this were the author's meaning, it would be ne-

ling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't: Ask me, if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again,³ if we could: I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir,⁴—There's a simple putting off;—more, more, a hundred of them.

cessary to alter still farther, and to read—As *Tom's* rush for *Tib's* fourth finger. *Malone.*

At the game of Gleek, the ace was called *Tib*, and the knave *Tom*; and this is the proper explanation of the lines cited from *Cleiveland*. The practice of marrying with a *rush ring*, mentioned by Sir John Hawkins, is very questionable, and it might be difficult to find any authority in support of this opinion.

Douce.

Sir John Hawkins's alteration is unnecessary. It was the practice, in former times, for the woman to give the man a ring, as well as for the man to give her one. So, in the last scene of *Twelfth Night*, the priest, giving an account of Olivia's marriage, says, it was

“Attested by the holy close of lips,

“Strengthen'd by *enterchangement* of your rings.”

M. Mason.

I believe what some of us have asserted respecting the exchange of rings in the *marriage ceremony*, is only true of the *marriage contract*, in which such a practice undoubtedly prevailed. *Steevens.*

³ *To be young again,*] The lady censures her own levity in trifling with her jester, as a ridiculous attempt to return back to youth. *Johnson.*

⁴ *O Lord, sir,*] A ridicule on that foolish expletive of speech then in vogue at court. *Warburton.*

Thus *Clove* and *Orange*, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

“You conceive me, sir?—*O Lord, sir!*”

Cleiveland, in one of his songs, makes his Gentleman—

“Answer, *O Lord, sir!* and talk *play-book* oaths.”

Farmer.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O lord, sir,—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Nay, put me to 't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, *O Lord, sir*, at your whipping, and *spare not me*? Indeed, your *O Lord, sir*, is very sequent to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to 't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my *O Lord, sir*: I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Why, there 't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir, to your business: Give Helen this, And urge her to a present answer back:

Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son;

This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: You understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.

Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

Laf. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern⁵ and familiar, things, supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge,⁶ when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.⁷

⁵ — *modern* —] i. e. common, ordinary. Again, in this play, Act V, sc. iii: "— with her *modern* grace —." So, in *As you Like it*:

"Full of wise saws and *modern* instances." *Malone.*

⁶ — *ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge*, —] To en-

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists, ——

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentick fellows,^s ——

ensconce literally signifies to secure as in a fort. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "I will *ensconce* me behind the arras." *Into* (a frequent practice with old writers) is used for *in*. *Steevens.*

⁷ —— unknown fear.] *Fear* is here an object of fear. *Johnson.*

⁸ *Par.* So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentick fellows,] *Shakspeare*, as I have often observed, never throws out his words at random. *Paracelsus* though no better than an ignorant and knavish enthusiast, was at this time in such vogue, even amongst the learned, that he had almost justled *Galen* and the ancients out of credit. On this account *learned* is applied to *Galen*, and *authentick* or fashionable to *Paracelsus*. *Sancy*, in his *Confession Catholique*, p. 301, Ed. Col. 1720, is made to say: "*Je trouve la Riviere premier medecin, de meilleure humeur que ces gens-la. Il est bon Galeniste, & tres bon Paracelsiste. Il dit que la doctrine de Galien est honorable, & non mesprisable pour la pathologie, & profitable pour les boutiques. L'auture, pourveu que ce soit de vrais preceptes de Paracelse, est bonne à suivre pour la verité, pour la subtilité, pour l'espargne; en somme pour la Therapeutique.*" *Warburton.*

As the whole merriment of this scene consists in the pretensions of *Parolles* to knowledge and sentiments which he has not, I believe here are two passages in which the words and sense are bestowed upon him by the copies, which the author gave to *Lafeu*. I read this passage thus:

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists ——

Par. So I say.

Laf. Both of *Galen* and *Paracelsus*, of all the learned and authentick fellows ——

Par. Right, so I say. *Johnson.*

—— authentick fellows,] The phrase of the diploma is, *authenticè licentiatius*. *Musgrave.*

The epithet *authentick* was, in our author's time, particularly applied to the learned. So, in *Drayton's Owle*, 4to. 1604:

"For which those grave and still *authentick* sages

"Which sought for knowledge in those golden ages,

"From whom we hold the science that we have," &c.

Malone.

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"As truth's *authentick* author to be cited."

Again, in *Chapman's* version of the eighth *Iliad*:

"—— *Nestor* cut the yeres

"With his new drawne *authentique* sword;——" *Steevens.*

Par. Right, so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable, —

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped, —

Par. Right: as 'twere, a man assured of an —

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in, — What do you call there?⁹ —

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.¹

Par. That 's it I would have said; the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier;² 'fore me I speak in respect —

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous spirit,³ that will not acknowledge it to be the —

⁹ *Par.* *It is, indeed; if you will have it in showing, &c.]* We should read, I think: *It is, indeed, if you will have it a showing — you shall read it in what do you call there.* — Tyrwhitt.

Does not, if you will have it *IN* showing, signify *IN* a demonstration or statement of the case? Henley.

¹ *A showing of a heavenly effect &c.]* The title of some pamphlet here ridiculed. Warburton.

² *Why, your dolphin is not lustier:]* By *dolphin* is meant the dauphin, the heir apparent, and the hope of the crown of France. His title is so translated in all the old books. Steevens.

What Mr. Steevens observes is certainly true; and yet the additional word *your* induces me to think that by *dolphin* in the passage before us the fish so called was meant. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ ——— His delights

“ Were *dolphin*-like; they show'd his back above

“ The element he liv'd in.”

Lafeu, who is an old courtier, if he had meant the king's son, would surely have said—the dolphin. I use the old spelling.

Malone.

In the colloquial language of Shakspeare's time, *your* was frequently employed as it is in this passage. So, in *Hamlet*, the Grave-digger observes, that “*your* water is a sore decayer of *your* whorson dead body.” Again, in *As you Like it*: “*Your* if, is the only peace-maker.” Steevens.

³ — *facinorous spirit,]* This word is used in Heywood's *English Traveller*, 1633:

“ And magnified for high *facinorous* deeds.”

Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak —

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king,⁴ as to be —

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter King, HELENA, and Attendants.

Par. I would have said it; you say well: Here comes the king.

Laf. Lustick, as the Dutchman says:⁵ I'll like a

Facinorous is wicked. The old copy spells the word *facinerosus*; but as *Parolles* is not designed for a verbal blunderer, I have adhered to the common spelling. *Steevens.*

⁴ — which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made &c.] I believe *Parolles* has again usurped words and sense to which he has no right; and I read this passage thus:

Laf. In a most weak and debile minister, great power, great transcendence; which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than the mere recovery of the king.

Par. As to be —

Laf. Generally thankful. *Johnson.*

When the parts are written out for players, the names of the characters which they are to represent are never set down; but only the last words of the preceding speech which belongs to their partner in the scene. If the plays of Shakspeare were printed (as there is reason to suspect) from these piece-meal transcripts, how easily may the mistake be accounted for, which Dr. Johnson has judiciously strove to remedy? *Steevens.*

⁵ Lustick, as the Dutchman says:] *Lustigh* is the Dutch word for lusty, cheerful, pleasant. It is used in *Hans Beer-pot's Invisible Comedy*, 1618:

" ——— can walk a mile or two

" As *lustique* as a boor —."

Again, in *The Witches of Lancashire*, by Heywood and Broome, 1634:

" What all *lustick*, all frolicksome!"

The burden also of one of our ancient *Medleys* is—

" Hey *Lusticke*." *Steevens.*

In the narrative of the cruelties committed by the Dutch at Amboyna, in 1622, it is said, that after a night spent in prayer, &c. by some of the prisoners, "the Dutch that guarded them ferred them wine, bidding them drink *lustick*, and drive away sorrow, according to the custom of their own nation." *Reed.*

maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: Why, he 's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. *Mort du Vinaigre*: Is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side:

And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense

Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive

The confirmation of my promis'd gift,

Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye; this youthful parcel

Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,

O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice⁶

I have to use: thy frank election make;

Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress

Fall, when love please!—marry, to each, but one!⁷

Laf. I'd give bay Curtal,⁸ and his furniture,

My mouth no more were broken⁹ than these boys',

And writ as little beard.

King.

Peruse them well:

Not one of those, but had a noble father.

⁶ *O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice* —] They were his *wards* as well as his subjects. *Henley*.

⁷ — *marry, to each, but one!*] I cannot understand this passage in any other sense, than as a ludicrous exclamation, in consequence of Helena's wish of *one* fair and virtuous mistress to *each* of the lords. If that be so, it cannot belong to Helena; and might, properly enough, be given to Parolles. *Tyrwhitt*.

Tyrwhitt's observations on this passage are not conceived with his usual sagacity. He mistakes the import of the words *but one*, which does not mean *one only*, but *except one*.

Helena wishes a fair and virtuous mistress to each of the young lords who were present, one only excepted; and the person excepted is Bertram, whose mistress she hoped she herself should be; and she makes the exception out of modesty: for otherwise the description of a fair and virtuous mistress would have extended to herself. *M. Mason*.

⁸ — *bay Curtal,*] i. e. a bay, docked horse. *Steevens*.

⁹ *My mouth no more were broken* —] A *broken mouth* is a mouth which has lost part of its teeth. *Johnson*.

Hel. Gentlemen,

Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,

That, I protest, I simply am a maid:—

Please it your majesty, I have done already:

The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,

We blush, that thou should'st choose; but be refus'd,

Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;

*We'll ne'er come there again.*¹

King.

Make choice; and, see,

Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;

And to imperial Love, that god most high,

Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit?

1 Lord. And grant it.

Hel.

Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.²

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-ace³ for my life.

¹ *We blush, that thou should'st choose; but, be refus'd,*

Let the white death &c.] In the original copy, these lines are pointed thus:

We blush that thou should'st choose, but be refus'd;

Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever, &c.

This punctuation has been adopted in all the subsequent editions. The present regulation of the text appears to me to afford a much clearer sense. "My blushes (says Helen) thus whisper me. We blush that thou should'st have the nomination of thy husband.—However, choose him at thy peril. But, if thou be refused, let thy cheeks be for ever pale; we will never revisit them again."

The blushes which are here personified could not be supposed to know that Helena would be refused, as, according to the former punctuation, they appear to do; and, even if the poet had meant this, he would surely have written — *and be refused*, not "— *but be refused*."

"*Be refus'd,*" means the same as—*thou being refused*, or, *be thou refused*. *Malone.*

The *white death* is the *chlorosis*. *Johnson.*

The pestilence that ravaged England in the reign of Edward III was called "the *black death*." *Steevens.*

² — *all the rest is mute.]* i. e. I have no more to say to you. So, *Hamlet*: "— *the rest is silence.*" *Steevens.*

³ — *ames-ace* —] i. e. the lowest chance of the dice. So, in *The Ordinary*, by Cartwright: "— *may I at my last stake, &c. throw ames-aces thrice together.*" *Steevens.*

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 *Lord.* No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great love grant! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her?⁴ An they were sons of
mine, I'd have them whipped; or I would send them
to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid [*to a Lord*] that I your hand should
take;

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have
her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French
ne'er got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet,⁵—I am sure, thy father
drank wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth
of fourteen; I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not say, I take you; [*to BER.*] but I give
Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

4 *Laf.* *Do all they deny her?*] None of them have yet denied
her, or deny her afterwards, but Bertram. The scene must be
so regulated that Lafeu and Parolles talk at a distance, where
they may see what passes between Helena and the lords, but not
hear it, so that they know not by whom the refusal is made.

Johnson.
5 *There's one grape yet,*] This speech the three last editors
[Theobald, Hanmer, and Warburton] have perplexed them-
selves, by dividing between Lafeu and Parolles, without any au-
thority of copies, or any improvement of sense. I have restored
the old reading, and should have thought no explanation neces-
sary, but that Mr. Theobald apparently misunderstood it.

Old Lafeu having, upon the supposition that the lady was re-
fused, reproached the young lords as *boys of ice*, throwing his
eyes on Bertram, who remained, cries out, *There is one yet into
whom his father put good blood—but I have known thee long enough
to know thee for an ass.* *Johnson.*

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her, she 's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your highness, In such a business give me leave to use The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram, What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord; But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st, she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down Must answer for your raising? I know her well; She had her breeding at my father's charge: A poor physician's daughter my wife!—Disdain Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title⁶ thou disdain'st in her, the which I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods, Of colour, weight, and heat,⁷ pour'd all together, Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off In differences so mighty: If she be All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislik'st A poor physician's daughter) thou dislik'st Of virtue for the name: but do not so: From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,⁸ The place is dignified by the doer's deed: Where great additions swell,⁹ and virtue none, It is a dropsied honour: good alone Is good, without a name; vileness is so:¹ The property by what it is should go,

⁶ 'Tis only title —] i. e. the want of title. *Malone.*

⁷ Of colour, weight, and heat,] That is, which are of the same colour, weight, &c. *Malone.*

⁸ From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,] The old copy has—whence. This easy correction [when] was prescribed by Dr. Thirlby. *Theobald.*

⁹ Where great additions swell,] Additions are the titles and descriptions by which men are distinguished from each other.

Malone.

¹ ——— good alone

Is good, without a name; vileness is so:] Shakspeare may mean, that external circumstances have no power over the real nature of things. Good alone (i. e. by itself) without a name (i. e.

Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she's immediate heir;²
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire:³ Honours best thrive,⁴
When rather from our acts we them derive

without the addition of titles) *is good*. *Vileness is so* (i. e. is it-self.) Either of them is what its name implies:

"The property by what it is should go,

"Not by the title —."

"Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,

"'Tis not the devil's crest." *Measure for Measure*.

Steevens.

Steevens's last interpretation of this passage is very near being right; but I think it should be pointed thus:

—good alone

Is good;—without a name, vileness is so.

Meaning that good is good without any addition, and vileness would still be vileness, though we had no such name to distinguish it by. A similar expression occurs in *Macbeth*:

"Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,

"Yet grace must still look so."

That is, grace would still be grace, as vileness would still be vileness. *M. Mason*.

The meaning is,—Good is good, independent on any wordly distinction or title: so vileness is vile, in whatever state it may appear. *Malone*.

² *In these to nature she's immediate heir;]* To be *immediate heir* is to inherit without any intervening transmitter: thus she inherits beauty *immediately* from nature, but honour is transmitted by ancestors. *Johnson*.

³ ——— that is honour's scorn,

Which challenges itself as honour's born,

And is not like the sire:] Perhaps we might read more elegantly—*as honour-born*,—honourably descended: the child of honour. *Malone*.

Honour's born, is the child of honour. *Born* is here used, as *bairn* still is in the North. *Henley*.

⁴ *And is not like the sire: Honours best thrive, &c.]* The first folio omits—*best*; but the second folio supplies it, as it is necessary to enforce the sense of the passage, and complete its measure. *Steevens*.

The modern editors read—*Honours best thrive*; in which they have followed the editor of the second folio, who introduced the word *best* unnecessarily; not observing that *sire* was used by our author, like *fire*, *hour*, &c. as a dissyllable. *Malone*.

Where is an example of *sire*, used as a dissyllable, to be found? *Fire* and *hour* were anciently written *fier* and *houer*; and conse-

Than our fore-goers: the mere word 's a slave,
 Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,
 A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
 Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
 Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
 If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
 I can create the rest: virtue, and she,
 Is her own dower: honour, and wealth, from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do 't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou should'st strive
 to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I am glad;
 Let the rest go.

King. My honour 's at the stake; which to defeat,
 I must produce my power:⁵ Here, take her hand,
 Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
 That dost in vile misprision shackle up
 My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,
 We, poizing us in her defective scale,
 Shall weigh thee to the beam:⁶ that wilt not know,

quently the concurring vowels could be separated in pronunciation. *Stevens.*

⁵ *My honour 's at the stake; which to defeat,*

I must produce my power:] The poor King of France is again made a man of Gotham, by our unmerciful editors. For he is not to make use of his authority to *defeat*, but to *defend* his honour. *Theobald.*

Had Mr. Theobald been aware that the *implication* or *clause* of the sentence (as the grammarians say) served for the antecedent "*Which danger to defeat,*" there had been no need of his wit or his alteration. *Farmer.*

Notwithstanding Mr. Theobald's pert censure of former editors for retaining the word *defeat*, I should be glad to see it restored again, as I am persuaded it is the true reading. The French verb *defaire* (from whence our *defeat*) signifies *to free, to disembarass*, as well as *to destroy*. *Defaire un nœud*, is *to untie a knot*; and in this sense, I apprehend, *defeat* is here used. It may be observed, that our verb *undo* has the same varieties of signification; and I suppose even Mr. Theobald would not have been much puzzled to find the sense of this passage, if it had been written; — *My honour 's at the stake, which to undo I must produce my power.* *Tyrwhitt.*

⁶ ——— that canst not dream,

We, poizing us in her defective scale,

Shall weigh thee to the beam;] That canst not understand,

It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We please to have it grow: Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
Into the staggers,⁷ and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate,
Loosing upon thee in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity: Speak; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes: When I consider,
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Flies where you bid it, I find, that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoize; if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king,
Smile upon this contráct; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night:⁸ the solemn feast

that if you and this maiden should be weighed together, and our royal favours should be thrown into her scale, (which you esteem so light) we should make that in which you should be placed, to strike the beam. *Malone.*

⁷ *Into the staggers,*] One species of the *staggers*, or the *horse's apoplexy*, is a raging impatience, which makes the animal dash himself with a destructive violence against posts or walls. To this the allusion, I suppose, is made. *Johnson.*

Shakspeare has the same expression in *Cymbeline*, where Posthumus says:

“Whence come these *staggers* on me?” *Steevens.*

⁸ — whose ceremony

*Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night.*] Several of the modern editors read—*new-born brief.* — *Steevens.*

This, if it be at all intelligible, is at least obscure and inaccurate. Perhaps it was written thus:

Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,

——— what ceremony

Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,

Shall be perform'd to-night; the solemn feast

Shall more attend ———.

The *brief* is the contract of espousal, or the license of the church. The King means, What ceremony is necessary to make this contract a marriage, shall be immediately performed; the rest may be delayed. *Johnson*.

The only authentick ancient copy reads—*now-born*. I do not perceive that any change is necessary. *Malone*.

The whole speech is unnaturally expressed; yet I think it intelligible as it stands, and should therefore reject *Johnson's* amendment and explanation.

The word *brief* does not here denote either a contract or a license, but is an adjective, and means *short* or *contracted*: and the words *on the now-born*, signify *for the present*, in opposition to *upon the coming space*, which means *hereafter*. The sense of the whole passage seems to be this:—"The king and fortune smile on this contract, the ceremony of which it seems expedient to abridge for the present; the solemn feast shall be performed at a future time, when we shall be able to assemble friends." *M. Mason*.

Though I have inserted the foregoing note, I do not profess to comprehend its meaning fully. Shakspeare uses the words *expedience*, *expedient*, and *expediently*, in the sense of *haste*, *quick*, *expeditiously*. A *brief*, in ancient language, means any short and summary writing or proceeding. The *now-born brief* is only another phrase for the contract recently and suddenly made. The ceremony of it (says the king) shall seem to hasten after its short preliminary, and be performed to-night, &c. *Steevens*.

Now-born, the epithet in the old copy, prefixed to *brief*, unquestionably ought to be restored. The *now-born brief*, is the *breve originale* of the feudal times, which in this instance, formally notified the king's consent to the marriage of Bertram, his ward. *Henley*.

Our author often uses *brief* in the sense of a short note, or intimation concerning any business; and sometimes without the idea of writing. So, in the last Act of this play:

"—— She told me

"In a sweet verbal *brief*," &c.

Again, in the Prologue to *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600:

"To stop which scruple let this *brief* suffice:—

"It is no pamp'rd glutton we present," &c.

The meaning therefore of the present passage, I believe, is: Good fortune, and the king's favour, smile on this short contract; the ceremonial part of which shall immediately pass,—shall follow close on the troth now plighted between the parties, and be performed this night; the solemn feast shall be delayed to a future time. *Malone*.

Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt King, BER. HEL. Lords, and Attendants.*]⁹

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation?—My lord? my master?

Laf. Ay; Is it not a language, I speak?

Par. A most harsh one; and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master?

Laf. Are you companion to the count Rousillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man; count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries,¹ to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs, and the bannerets, about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up;² and that thou art scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee, —

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well;

⁹ The old copy has the following singular continuation: *Parolles and Lafew stay behind, commenting of this wedding.* This could have been only the marginal note of a prompter, and was never designed to appear in print. *Steevens.*

To comment means, I believe, to assume the appearance of persons deeply engaged in thought. *Malone.*

¹ — for two ordinaries,] While I sat twice with thee at table. *Johnson.*

² — taking up;] To take up is to contradict, to call to account; as well as to pick off the ground. *Johnson.*

thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee.
Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge; that I may say, in the default,³ he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal; for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.⁴ [*Exit.*]

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me;⁵ scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must

³ — in the default,] That is, at a need. *Johnson.*

⁴ — for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave] The conceit, which is so thin that it might well escape a hasty reader, is in the word *past*—*I am past, as I will be past by thee.* *Johnson.*

Lafeu means to say, "for doing I am past, as I will *pass* by thee, in what motion age will permit." *Lafeu* says, that he will *pass* by *Parolles*, not that he will be *passed* by him; and *Lafeu* is actually the person who goes out. *M. Mason.*

Dr. Johnson is, I believe, mistaken. *Mr. Edwards* has, I think, given the true meaning of *Lafeu's* words. "*I cannot do much*, says *Lafeu*; *doing I am past*, as I will by thee in what motion age will give me leave; i. e. *as I will pass by thee as fast as I am able*:—and he immediately goes out. It is a play on the word *past*: the conceit indeed is poor, but *Shakspeare* plainly meant it." *Malone.*

Doing is here used obscenely. So, in *Ben Jonson's* translation of a passage in an Epigram of *Petronius*:

"*Brevis est, &c. et fada voluptas.*"

"*Doing a filthy pleasure is, and short.*" *Collins.*

⁵ *Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me;*] This the poet makes *Parolles* speak alone; and this is nature. A coward should try to hide his poltroonery even from himself. An ordinary writer would have been glad of such an opportunity to bring 'em to confession. *Warburton.*

be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married, there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: He is my good lord: whom I serve above, is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think, thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords, and honourable personages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission.⁶ You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you.

[Exit.]

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then.—Good very good; let it be concealed a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

⁶ ——— *than the heraldry of your birth &c.*] In former copies:—*than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry.* Sir Thomas Hanmer restored it. *Johnson.*

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me:
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is,
I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: To the wars, my boy,
to the wars!

He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicksy-wicksy here at home;⁷
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed: To other regions!
France is a stable; we that dwell in 't, jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so; I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike: War is no strife
To the dark house, and the detested wife.⁸

⁷ *That hugs his kicksy-wicksy &c.]* Sir T. Hanmer, in his Glossary, observes, that *kicksy-wicksy* is a made word in ridicule and disdain of a wife. Taylor, the water-poet, has a *poem* in disdain of his debtors, entitled, *A kicksy-twinsy*, or a *Lerry come-twang*.

Grey.

⁸ *To the dark house, &c.]* The *dark house* is a house made gloomy by discontent. Milton says of death and the king of hell preparing to combat:

"So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell

"Grew darker at their frown." *Johnson.*

Perhaps this is the same thought we meet with in *King Henry IV*, only more solemnly expressed:

"— he's as tedious

"As is a tired horse, a railing wife,

"Worse than a *smoaky house*."

The proverb originated before chimneys were in general use, which was not till the middle of Elizabeth's reign. See *Piers Plowman*, passus 17:

"Thre thinges there be that doe a man by strength

"For to flye his owne house, as holy wryte sheweth:

"That one is a wycked wife, that wyl not be chastysed;

"Her fere flyeth from her, for feare of her tonge:—

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.

I'll send her straight away: To-morrow⁹

I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these halls bound; there's noise in it,
'Tis hard;

A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd:

Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:

The king has done you wrong; but, hush! 'tis so.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter HELENA and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: Is she well?

Clo. She is not well; but yet she has her health: she's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well.

Clo. Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

"And when *smolke* and *smoulder* *smight* in his syghte,

"It doth him worse than his wyfe, or wete to slepe;

"For *smolke* or *smoulder*, *smiteth* in his eyen

"'Til he be *blear'd* or *blind*," &c.

The old copy reads—*detected* wife. Mr. Rowe made the correction. *Steevens.*

The emendation is fully supported by a subsequent passage:

"'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife

"Of a detesting lord." *Malone.*

⁹ *I'll send her straight away: To-morrow —*] As this line wants a foot, I suppose our author wrote—" *Betimes* to-morrow." So, in *Macbeth*:

"— I will to-morrow,

" *Betimes* I will," &c. *Steevens.*

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.¹

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave! How does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou 'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou art a knave; that is, before me thou art a knave: this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.²—
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off by a compell'd restraint;³

¹ — *fortunes.*] Old copy—*fortune*. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. *Malone*.

² — *and well fed.*] An allusion, perhaps, to the old saying—"Better fed than taught;" to which the Clown has himself alluded in a preceding scene:—"I will show myself *highly fed* and lowly taught." *Ritson*.

³ *But puts it off by a compell'd restraint;*] The old copy reads—*to a compell'd restraint*. *Steevens*.

The editor of the third folio reads—*by a compell'd restraint*; and the alteration has been adopted by the modern editors; perhaps without necessity. Our poet might have meant, in his usual licentious manner, that Bertram puts off the completion of his wishes to a future day, *till* which he is *compelled to restrain* his desires. This, it must be confessed, is very harsh; but our author is often so licentious in his phraseology, that change on that

Whose want, and whose delay, is strewed with sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbed time,⁴
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What 's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.⁵

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah. [*Exeunt.*]

ground alone is very dangerous. In *King Henry VIII*, we have a phraseology not very different:

“— All-souls day

“ Is the *determin'd respite* of my wrongs.”

i. e. the day to which my wrongs are respited. *Malone.*

⁴ *Whose want, and whose delay, &c.*] The *sweets* with which this *want* is *strewed*, I suppose, are compliments and professions of kindness. *Johnson.*

Johnson seems not to have understood this passage; the meaning of which is merely this:—“ That the delay of the joys, and the expectation of them, would make them more delightful when they come.” The *curbed time*, means the time of restraint. *Whose want*, means the *want of which*. So, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, *Theseus* says:

“— A day or two

“ Let us look sadly,—in *whose end*,

“ The visages of bridegrooms we 'll put on.” *M. Mason.*

The *sweets* which are distilled, by the restraint said to be imposed on *Bertram*, from “ the want and delay of the great prerogative of love,” are the sweets of *expectation*. *Parolles* is here speaking of *Bertram's* feelings during this “ curbed time,” not, as *Dr. Johnson* seems to have thought, of those of *Helena*. The following lines, in *Troilus and Cressida*, may prove the best comment on the present passage:

“ I am giddy; *expectation* whirls me round.

“ The *imaginary* relish is so *sweet*

“ That it enchants my sense. What will it be,

“ When that the watery palate *tastes indeed*

“ Love's thrice-reputed nectar? Death, I fear me,

“ Swoning destruction;” &c. *Malone.*

⁵ — *probable need.*] A specious appearance of necessity.

Johnson.

SCENE V.

*Another Room in the same.**Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.*

Laf. But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.⁶

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. These things shall be done, sir. [To *BER.*

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well: Ay, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the king? [*Aside to PAR.*

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

⁶ — a bunting.] This bird is mentioned in Lyly's *Love's Metamorphosis*, 1601: "— but foresters think all birds to be buntings." Barrett's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, gives this account of it: "Terraneola et rubetra, avis alaudæ similis, &c. Dicta terraneola quod non in arboribus, sed in terra versetur et nidificet." The following proverb is in Ray's *Collection*: "A gosshawk beats not a bunting." *Steevens*.

I took this lark for a bunting.] This is a fine discrimination between the possessor of courage, and him that only has the appearance of it.

The *bunting* is, in feather, size, and form, so like the *sky-lark*, as to require nice attention to discover the one from the other; it also ascends and sinks in the air nearly in the same manner: but it has little or no song, which gives estimation to the *sky-lark*. *J. Johnson*.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,—
And, ere I do begin, —

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end
of a dinner; but one that lies three-thirds,⁷ and uses a
known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should
be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and
you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my
lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into 't, boots and
spurs and all, like him that leap'd into the custard;⁸
and out of it you 'll run again, rather than suffer ques-
tion for your residence.

Ber. It may be, you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his
prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of
me, There can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul
of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of
heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know
their natures.—Farewel, monsieur: I have spoken bet-

⁷ *A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three-thirds, &c.]* So, in Marlowe's *King Edward II*, 1598:

"*Gao.* What art thou?

"*2 Poor Man.* A traveller.

"*Gao.* Let me see; thou would'st well

"*To wait on my trencher, and tell me lies at dinner-time.*"

Malone.

⁸ *You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leap'd into the custard;]* This odd allusion is not introduced without a view to satire. It was a foolery practised at city entertainments, whilst the jester or zany was in vogue, for him to jump into a large deep custard, set for the purpose, *to set on a quantity of barren spectators to laugh*, as our poet says in his *Hamlet*. I do not advance this without some authority; and a quotation from Ben Jonson will very well explain it:

"He may perchance, in tail of a sheriff's dinner,

"Skip with a rhyme o' th' table, from New-nothing,

"And take his *Almain-leap* into a custard,

"Shall make my lady mayoress, and her sisters,

"Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders."

Devil's an Ass, Act I, sc. i. *Theobald*

ter of you, than you have or will deserve⁹ at my hand;
but we must do good against evil. [Exit.

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave
For present parting; only, he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.

You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular: Prepar'd I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled: This drives me to entreat you,
That presently you take your way for home;
And rather muse, than ask, why I entreat you:¹
For my respects are better than they seem;
And my appointments have in them a need,
Greater than shows itself, at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother:
[Giving a letter.

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,

But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall

With true observance seek to eke out that,

⁹ — *than you have or will deserve* —] The oldest copy erroneously reads—*have or will to deserve*. *Steevens*.

Something seems to have been omitted; but I know not how to rectify the passage. Perhaps we should read—*than you have qualities or will to deserve*. The editor of the second folio reads—*than you have or will deserve* —. *Malone*.

¹ *And rather muse, &c.*] *To muse* is to wonder. So, in *Macbeth*:

“Do not muse at me, my most noble friends.” *Steevens*.

Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber.

Let that go:

My haste is very great: Farewel; hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber.

Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;²

Nor dare I say, 'tis mine; and yet it is;

But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal

What law does vouch mine own.

Ber.

What would you have?

Hel. Something; and scarce so much:—nothing, indeed.—

I would not tell you what I would: my lord—'faith,
yes;—

Strangers, and foes, do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?—Farewel.³

[*Exit HEL.*

Go thou toward home; where I will never come,

Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum:—

Away, and for our flight.

Par.

Bravely, coragio! [*Exeunt.*

² — the wealth I owe;] i. e. *I own, possess.* *Stevens.*

³ *Where are my other men, monsieur?—Farewel.*] In former copies:

Hel. Where are my other men? *Monsieur, farewell.*

What other men is Helen here inquiring after? Or who is she supposed to ask for them? The old Countess, 'tis certain, did not send her to the court without some attendants; but neither the Clown, nor any of her retinue, are now upon the stage: Bertram, observing Helen to linger fondly, and wanting to shift her off, puts on a show of haste, asks Parolles for his servants, and then gives his wife an abrupt dismissal. *Theobald.*

ACT III.....SCENE I.

Florence. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, attended; two French Lords, and Others.

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

1 Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin France
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

2 Lord. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,⁴
But like a common and an outward man,⁵
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion:⁶ therefore dare not
Say what I think of it; since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2 Lord. But I am sure, the younger of our nature,⁷
That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,

⁴ — *I cannot yield,*] I cannot inform you of the reasons.

Johnson.

Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:

"But well and free,

"If thou so yield him, there is gold —." *Steevens.*

⁵ — *an outward man,*] i. e. one not in the secret of affairs.

Warburton.

So, *inward*, is familiar, admitted to secrets. "I was an *inward*
of his:" *Measure for Measure.* *Johnson.*

⁶ *By self-unable motion:*] We should read *notion.* *Warburton.*

This emendation has also been recommended by Mr. Upton.

Steevens.

⁷ — *the younger of our nature,*] i. e. as we say at present, *our young fellows.* The modern editors read—*nation.* I have restored the old reading. *Steevens.*

Come here for physick.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it,
save, that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very
melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing;
mend the ruff, and sing;⁸ ask questions, and sing;
pick his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this
trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song.⁹

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means
to come. [*Opening a letter.*]

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court:
our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing
like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court: the brains
of my Cupid's knocked out; and I begin to love, as an
old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that¹ you have there. [*Exit.*]

⁸ *Clo.* Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff, and sing;] The tops of the boots, in our author's time, turned down, and hung loosely over the leg. The folding is what the Clown means by the *ruff*. Ben Jonson calls it *ruffle*; and perhaps it should be so here. "Not having leisure to put off my silver spurs, one of the rowels catch'd hold of the *ruff* of my boot." *Every Man out of his Humour*, Act IV, sc. vi. *Walley*.

To this fashion Bishop Earle alludes in his *Characters*, 1638, sign. E 10: "He has learnt to *ruffle* his face from his boote; and takes great delight in his walk to heare his spurs gingle."

Malone.

⁹ — sold a goodly manor for a song.] Thus the modern editors. The old copy reads—hold a goodly &c. The emendation, however, which was made in the third folio, seems necessary.

Steevens.

Count. [reads] *I have sent you a daughter-in-law; she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the not eternal. You shall hear, I am run away; know it, before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.*

Your unfortunate son,

BERTRAM.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be kill'd?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to 't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more: for my part, I only hear, your son was run away. [Exit Clo.]

Enter HELENA and two Gentlemen.

1 *Gen.* Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 *Gen.* Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen,—I have felt so many quirks of joy, and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me² unto 't: Where is my son, I pray you?

2 *Gen.* Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence:

We met him thitherward; for thence we came,

¹ *Clo.* E'en that —] Old copy—In that. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. *Malone.*

² *Can woman me* —] i. e. affect me suddenly and deeply, as sex are usually affected. *Steevens.*

And, after some despatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on this letter, madam: here 's my passport.

[reads] *When thou canst get the ring upon my finger,³
which never shall come off, and show me a child begot-
ten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me hus-
band: but in such a then I write a never.*

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 Gen.

Ay, madam;

And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer;

If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,

Thou robb'st me of a moiety:⁴ He was my son;

But I do wash his name out of my blood,

And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?

2 Gen. Ay, madam.

Count.

And to be a soldier?

2 Gen. Such is his noble purpose: and, believe 't,

The duke will lay upon him all the honour

That good convenience claims.

Count.

Return you thither?

1 Gen. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

³ *When thou canst get the ring upon my finger,*] i. e. When thou canst get the ring, which is on my finger, into thy possession. The Oxford editor, who took it the other way, to signify, when thou canst get it on upon my finger, very sagaciously alters it to—*When thou canst get the ring from my finger.* Warburton.

I think Dr. Warburton's explanation sufficient; but I once read it thus: *When thou canst get the ring upon thy finger, which never shall come off mine.* Johnson.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is confirmed incontestably by these lines in the fifth Act, in which Helena again repeats the substance of this letter:

“ ——— there is your ring:

“ And, look you, here 's your letter; this it says:

“ *When from my finger you can get this ring,*” &c. Malone.

⁴ *If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,*

Thou robb'st me of a moiety:] We should certainly read:

—— all the griefs as thine,

instead of—are thine. M. Mason.

This sentiment is elliptically expressed, but, I believe, means no more than—*If thou keepest all thy sorrows to thyself;* i. e. “²” the griefs that are thine, &c. Steevens.

Hel. [reads] *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*

'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel.

Ay, madam.

1 Gen. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which His heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife! There's nothing here, that is too good for him, But only she; and she deserves a lord, That twenty such rude boys might tend upon, And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with him?

1 Gen. A servant only, and a gentleman Which I have some time known.

Count.

Parolles, was 't not?

1 Gen. Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness: My son corrupts a well-derived nature With his inducement.

1 Gen. Indeed, good lady, The fellow has a deal of that, too much, Which holds him much to have.⁵

Count. You are welcome, gentlemen. I will entreat you, when you see my son, To tell him, that his sword can never win The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you Written to bear along.

2 Gen. We serve you, madam, In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.⁶

⁵ — a deal of that, too much,

Which holds him much to have.] That is, his vices stand him in stead. Helen had before delivered this thought in all the beauty of expression:

" — I know him a notorious liar;

" Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;

" Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,

" That they take place, when virtue's steely bones

" Look bleak in the cold wind —." *Warburton.*

Mr. Heath thinks that the meaning is, this fellow hath a deal too much of *that* which alone can hold or judge that he has much in him; i. e. folly and ignorance. *Malone.*

⁶ *Not so, &c.*] The gentlemen declare that they are servants to Countess; she replies,—No otherwise than as she returns same offices of civility. *Johnson.*

Will you draw near? [*Exeunt Count. and Gentlemen.*]

Hel. *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*

Nothing in France, until he has no wife!

Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France,

Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I

That chase thee from thy country, and expose

Those tender limbs of thine to the event

Of the none-sparing war? and is it I

That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou

Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark

Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,

That ride upon the violent speed of fire,

Fly with false aim; move the still-piecing air,

That sings with piercing,⁷ do not touch my lord!

Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;

Whoever charges on his forward breast,

I am the caitiff, that do hold him to it;

And, though I kill him not, I am the cause

His death was so effected: better 'twere,

I met the ravin lion⁸ when he roar'd

⁷ — move the still-piecing air,

That sings with piercing,] The words are here oddly shuffled into nonsense. We should read:

— pierce the still-moving air,

That sings with piercing.

i. e. pierce the air, which is in perpetual motion, and suffers no injury by piercing. *Warburton.*

The old copy reads—*the still-peering air.*

Perhaps we might better read:

— *the still-piecing air,*

i. e. the air that closes immediately. This has been proposed already, but I forget by whom. *Steevens.*

Piece was formerly spelt—*peece*: so that there is but the change of one letter. See *Twelfth Night*, first folio, p. 262:

“Now, good Cesario, but that *peece* of song —.” *Malone.*

I have no doubt that *still-piecing* was Shakspeare's word. But the passage is not yet quite sound. We should read, I believe,

— *rove the still-piecing air.*

i. e. fly at random through. The allusion is to shooting at rovers in archery, which was shooting without any particular aim.

Tyrwhitt.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's reading destroys the designed antithesis between *move* and *still*; nor is he correct in his definition of roving, which is not shooting without a particular aim, but at marks of uncertain lengths. *Douce.*

With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere
 That all the miseries, which nature owes,
 Were mine at once: No, come thou home, Rousillon,
 Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,⁹
 As oft it loses all. I will be gone:
 My being here it is, that holds thee hence:
 Shall I stay here to do 't? no, no, although
 The air of paradise did fan the house,
 And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;
 That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
 To console thine ear. Come, night! end, day!
 For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Florence. *Before the Duke's Palace.*

*Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, BERTRAM,
 Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and Others.*

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we,
 Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
 Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
 A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet
 We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
 To the extreme edge of hazard.¹

Duke. Then go thou forth;
 And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,²

⁸ — the ravin lion —] i. e. the ravenous or ravening lion. To ravin is to swallow voraciously. *Malone.*

See *Macbeth*, Act IV, sc. i. *Steevens.*

⁹ *Whence honour but of danger &c.*] The sense is, from that abode, where all the advantages that honour usually reaps from the danger it rushes upon, is only a scar in testimony of its bravery, as, on the other hand, it often is the cause of losing all, even life itself. *Heath.*

¹ *We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
 To the extreme edge of hazard.*] So, in our author's 116th Sonnet:

"But bears it out even to the edge of doom." *Malone.*
Milton has borrowed this expression; *Par. Reg.* B. I:

"You see our danger on the utmost edge

"Of hazard." *Steevens.*

² *And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,*] So, in *King Richard III.*:

As thy auspicious mistress!

Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts; and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know, she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

Stew. I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim,³ thither gone;
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,

That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,
My dearest master, your dear son may hic;

Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far,
His name with zealous fervour sanctify:
His taken labours bid him me forgive;

I, his despiteful Juno,⁴ sent him farth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:
He is too good and fair for death and me;
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest
words!——

"Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!"

Again, in *King John*:

"And victory with little loss doth play

"Upon the dancing banners of the French." *Steevens.*

³ — *Saint Jaques' pilgrim,*] I do not remember any place famous for pilgrimages consecrated in Italy to St. James, but it is common to visit St. James of Compostella, in Spain. Another saint might easily have been found, Florence being somewhat out of the road from Rousillon to Compostella. *Johnson.*

From Dr. Heylin's *France painted to the Life*, 8vo. 1656, p. 270, 276, we learn that at Orleans was a church dedicated to St. Jaques, to which Pilgrims formerly used to resort, to adore a part of the cross pretended to be found there. *Reed.*

⁴ — *Juno,*] Alluding to the story of Hercules. *Johnson.*

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,⁵
 As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,
 I could have well diverted her intents,
 Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew.

Pardon me, madam:

If I had given you this at over-night,
 She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,
 Pursuit would be but vain.

Count.

What angel shall

Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
 Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
 And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
 Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
 To this unworthy husband of his wife;
 Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
 That he does weigh too light:⁶ my greatest grief,
 Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
 Despatch the most convenient messenger:—
 When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
 He will return; and hope I may, that she,
 Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
 Led hither by pure love: which of them both
 Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
 To make distinction:—Provide this messenger:—
 My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
 Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Without the Walls of Florence.

*A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence,
 DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, and other Citizens.*

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city,
 we shall lose all the sight.

⁵ — lack advice so much,] *Advice, is discretion or thought.*

Johnson.

So, in *King Henry V*:

“And, on his more *advice* we pardon him.” *Steevens.*

⁶ *That he does weigh too light.*] To weigh here means to *value*,
 or *esteem*. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“You weigh me not, O, that 's you care not for me.”

Malone.

Dia. They say, the French count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander: and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl.⁷—Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under:⁸ many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA, in the dress of a Pilgrim.

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house: thither they send one another: I'll question her.—

God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le Grand.

Where do the palmers⁹ lodge, I do beseech you?

⁷ — those suggestions for the young earl.] Suggestions are temptations. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"Suggestions are to others as to me." *Steevens.*

⁸ — are not the things they go under:] They are not really so true and sincere, as in appearance they seem to be. *Theobald.*

To go under the name of any thing is a known expression. The meaning is, they are not the things for which their names would make them pass. *Johnson.*

⁹ — palmers —] Pilgrims that visited holy places; so call

Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. Ay, marry, is it.—Hark you!
[*A march afar off.*]

They come this way:—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,¹
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;
The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you?

Dia. The count Rousillon: Know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him:
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,

He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king² had married him
Against his liking: Think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth;³ I know his lady.

from a staff, or bough of palm they were wont to carry, especially such as had visited the holy places at Jerusalem. "A pilgrim and a palmer differed thus: a *pilgrim* had some dwelling-place, a *palmer* none; the *pilgrim* travelled to some certain place, the *palmer* to all, and not to any one in particular; the *pilgrim* must go at his own charge, the *palmer* must profess wilful poverty; the *pilgrim* might give over his profession, the *palmer* must be constant, till he had the *palm*; that is, victory over his ghostly enemies, and life by death." Blount's *Glossography*, voce *Pilgrim*. Reed.

¹ — holy *pilgrim*,] The interpolated epithet *holy*, which adds nothing to our author's sense, and is injurious to his metre, may be safely omitted. Steevens.

² — for the king &c.] *For*, in the present instance, signifies because. So, in *Othello*:

"— and great business scant,

"For she is with me." Steevens.

³ — mere the truth;] The exact, the entire truth. Malone.

Dia. There is a gentleman, that serves the count,
Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What 's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him,

In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.⁴

Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. A right good creature:⁵ wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does, indeed;
And brokes⁶ with all that can in such a suit

⁴ — examin'd.] That is, questioned, doubted. *Johnson.*

⁵ A right good creature:] There is great reason to believe, that when these plays were copied for the press, the transcriber trusted to the ear, and not to the eye; one person dictating, and another transcribing. Hence, probably, the error of the old copy, which reads—I write good creature. For the emendation now made I am answerable. The same expression is found in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634:

"A right good creature, more to me deserving," &c.

Malone.

Perhaps, Shakspeare wrote—

I weet, good creature, wheresoe'er she is,—

i. e. I know, I am well assured. He uses the word in *Antony and Cleopatra*. Thus also, Prior:

"But well I weet, thy cruel wrong

"Adorns a nobler poet's song." *Steevens.*

I should prefer the old reading to this amendment. *I write good creature*, may well mean, I set her down as a good creature. The widow could not well assert, that a woman was a right good creature, that she had never seen before. *M. Mason.*

In Bell's edition the passage is printed thus:

"Ay! right: good creature! wheresoe'er," &c.

Amer. Edit.

Corrupt the tender honour of a maid :
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Enter with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine army, BERTRAM, and PAROLLES.

Mar. The gods forbid else !

Wid. So, now they come :—
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son ;
That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman ?

Dia. He ;
That with the plume : 'tis a most gallant fellow ;
I would, he lov'd his wife : if he were honest,
He were much goodlier :—Is 't not a handsome gentle-
man ?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity, he is not honest : Yond 's that same
knave,
That leads him to these places ;⁷ were I his lady,
I 'd poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he ?

Dia. That Jack-an-apes with scarfs : Why is he mel-
ancholy ?

Hel. Perchance he 's hurt i' the battle.

Par. Lose our drum ! well.

Mar. He 's shrewdly vexed at something : Look, he
has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you !

⁶ — *brokes* —] Deals as a broker. *Johnson.*

To *broke* is to deal with panders. A *broker*, in our author's
time, meant a bawd or pimp. See a note on *Hamlet*, Act I,
sc. iii. *Malone.*

⁷ — *Yond 's that same knave,*

That leads him to these places ;] What *places* ? Have they
been talking of brothels ; or, indeed, of any particular locality ?
I make no question but our author wrote :

That leads him to these paces.

i. e. such irregular steps, to courses of debauchery, to not loving
his wife. *Theobald.*

The *places* are, apparently, where he

“ — *brokes* with all, that can in such a suit

“ Corrupt the tender honour of a maid.” *Steevens.*

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt* BER. PAR. *Officers, and Soldiers.*]

Wid. The troop is past: Come, pilgrim, I will bring you

Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night? the charge, and thanking,
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this^s virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Camp before Florence.

Enter BERTRAM, *and the two French Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to 't; let him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hilding,⁹ hold me no more in your respect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think, I am so far deceived in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fail you.

⁸ — on this —] Old copy—of this. Corrected in the second folio. *Malone.*

⁹ — a hilding,] A hilding is a paltry, cowardly fellow. So, in *King Henry V.*

"To purge the field from such a hilding foe." *Steevens.*
See note on *The Second Part of K. Henry IV*, Act I, sc. i.

Ber. I would, I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 Lord. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprize him; such I will have, whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hood-wink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries,¹ when we bring him to our tents: Be but your lordship present at his examination; if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

2 Lord. O for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for 't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his² success in 't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore³ will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment,⁴ your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

¹ — *he's carried into the leaguer of the adversaries,*] i. e. *camp*. "They will not vouchsafe in their speeches or writings to use our ancient termes belonging to matters of warre, but doo call a campe by the Dutch name of *Legar*; nor will not afford to say, that such a towne or such a fort is besieged, but that it is *bele-gard*." Sir John Smythe's *Discourses*, &c. 1590, fo. 2. Douce.

² — *of his* —] Old copy—of *this*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

³ — *of ore* —] Old copy—of *ours*. Malone.

Lump of *ours* has been the reading of all the editions. *Ore*, according to my emendation, bears a consonancy with the other terms accompanying, (viz. *metal*, *lump*, and *melted*) and helps the propriety of the poet's thought: for so one metaphor is kept up, and all the words are proper and suitable to it. Theobald.

⁴ — *if you give him not John Drum's entertainment,*] But, what is the meaning of *John Drum's entertainment*? Lafeu several times afterwards calls Parolles, Tom Drum. But the difference of the Christian name will make none in the explanation. There is an old motley interlude, (printed in 1601) called *Jack Drum's Entertainment*; or, *The Comedy of Pasquil and Catharine*. In this, Jack Drum is a servant of intrigue, who is ever aiming at projects, and always foiled, and given the drop. And there is another old piece, (published in 1627) called, *Apollo shroving*, which I find these expressions:

Enter PAROLLES.

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design; let him fetch off his drum in any hand.⁵

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on 't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

"*Thuriger.* Thou lozel, hath slug infected you?

"*Why* do you give such kind *entertainment* to that cobweb?

"*Scopas.* It shall have *Tom Drum's entertainment*: a flap with a fox-tail."

Both these pieces are, perhaps, too late in time, to come to the assistance of our author: so we must look a little higher. What is said here to Bertram is to this effect: My lord, as you have taken this fellow [Parolles] into so near a confidence, if, upon his being found a counterfeit, you don't cashier him from your favour, then your attachment is not to be removed. I will now subjoin a quotation from Holinshed, (of whose books Shakspeare was a most diligent reader) which will pretty well ascertain Drum's history. This chronologer, in his description of Ireland, speaking of Patrick Sarsfield, (mayor of Dublin in the year 1551) and of his extravagant hospitality, subjoins, that no guest had ever a cold or forbidding look from any part of his family: so that *his porter, or any other officer, durst not, for both his eares, give the simplest man that resorted to his house, Tom Drum his entertainment, which is, to hale a man in by the heade, and thrust him out by both the shoulders.* *Theobald.*

A contemporary writer has used this expression in the same manner that our author has done; so that there is no reason to suspect the word *John* in the text to be a misprint: "In faith good gentlemen, I think we shall be forced to give you right *John Drum's entertainment*, [i. e. to treat you very ill] for he that composed the book we should present, hath snatched it from us at the very instant of entrance." Introduction to *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, a comedy, 1601. *Malone.*

Again, in Taylor's *Laugh and be fat*, 78:

"And whither now is Monst' Odcome come

"Who on his owne backe-side receiv'd his pay?

"Not like the *Entertainm't of Jacke Drum*,

"Who was best welcome when he went away."

Again, in *Manners and Customs of all Nations*, by Ed. Aston, 1611, 4to. p. 280: "— some others on the contrarie part, give them *John Drum's intertainm't* reviling and beating them away from their houses," &c. *Reed.*

⁵ — in any hand.] The usual phrase is—at any hand, but in any hand will do. It is used in Holland's *Pliny*, p. 456: "he must be a free citizen of Rome in any hand." Again, p. 508, 553, 546. *Steuens.*

Par. But a drum! Is 't but a drum? A drum so lost! —There was an excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers.

2 Lord. That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum: but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.⁶

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to 't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I 'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas,⁷ encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace, you are gone about it?

⁶ — *I would have that drum or another, or hic jacet.*] i. e. *Here lies*;—the usual beginning of epitaphs. I would (says Parolles) recover either the drum I have lost, or another belonging to the enemy; or *die in the attempt*. *Malone.*

⁷ — *I will presently pen down my dilemmas,*] By this word, Parolles is made to insinuate that he had several ways, all equally certain, of recovering his drum. For a *dilemma* is an argument that concludes both ways. *Warburton.*

I think, that by penning down his *dilemmas*, Parolles means, that he will pen down his plans on the one side, and the probable obstructions he was to meet with, on the other. *M. Mason.*

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know, thou art valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership,⁸ will subscribe for thee. Farewel.

Par. I love not many words. [Exit.]

1 *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water.⁹—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do 't?

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

1 *Lord.* None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost embossed him,¹ you shall see his fall

⁸ — possibility of thy soldiership,] *I will subscribe* (says Bertram) to the possibility of your soldiership. His doubts being now raised, he suppresses that he should not be so willing to vouch for its probability. *Steevens.*

I believe Bertram means no more than that he is confident Parolles will do all that soldiership can effect. He was not yet certain that he was "a hilding." *Malone.*

⁹ *Par.* I love not many words.

1 *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water.] Here we have the origin of this boaster's name; which, without doubt, (as Mr. Steevens has observed) ought, in strict propriety, to be written —*Paroles*. But our author certainly intended it otherwise, having made it a trisyllable.

"Rust sword, cool blushes, and Parolles live."
He probably did not know the true pronunciation. *Malone.*

1 — we have almost embossed him,] To emboss a deer is to inclose him in a wood. Milton uses the same word:

"Like that self-begotten bird

"In the Arabian woods imbost,

"Which no second knows or third." *Johnson.*

It is probable that Shakspeare was unacquainted with this word, in the sense which Milton affixes to it, viz. from *emboscage*, Ital. to enclose in a thicket.

When a deer is run hard, and foams at the mouth, in the language of the field, he is said to be *embossed*. *Steevens.*

to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2 *Lord*. We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him.² He was first smoked by the old lord Lafcu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

1 *Lord*. I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1 *Lord*. As 't please your lordship: I'll leave you.³
[*Exit*.

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you The lass I spoke of.

2 *Lord*. But, you say, she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once, And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her, By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,⁴ Tokens and letters which she did re-send; And this is all I have done: She's a fair creature; Will you go see her?

2 *Lord*. With all my heart, my lord.
[*Exeunt*.

SCENE VII.

Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter HELENA and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she, I know not how I shall assure you further,

"To know when a stag is weary (as Markham's *Country Contentments* say) you shall see him *imboast*, that is, *foaming and slavering* about the mouth with a thick white froth," &c. *Tollet*.

2 — *ere we case him.*] That is, before we strip him naked.
Johnson.

3 — *I'll leave you.*] This line is given in the old copy to the second lord, there called Captain G, who goes out; and the first lord, there called Captain E, remains with Bertram. The whole course of the dialogue shows this to have been a mistake. See p. 248.

"1 *Lord*. [i. e. Captain E.] I, with a troop of Florentines," &c.
Malone.

4 — *we have i' the wind,*] To have *one in the wind*, is enumerated as a proverbial saying by Ray, p. 261. *Reed*.

But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.⁵

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband;
And, what to your sworn counsel⁶ I have spoken,
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that, which well approves
You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he wooes your
daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent,
As we 'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it.
Now his important blood will nought deny⁷
That she 'll demand: A ring the county wears,⁸
That downward hath succeeded in his house,
From son to son, some four or five descents,
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.

⁵ But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.] i. e. by discovering herself to the count. *Warburton.*

⁶ — to your sworn counsel —] To your private knowledge, after having required from you an oath of secrecy. *Johnson.*

⁷ Now his important blood will nought deny —] Important here, and elsewhere, is *importunate*. *Johnson.*

So, Spenser, in *The Fairy Queen*, B. II, c. vi, st. 29:

"And with *important* outrage him assailed."
Important, from the French *Important*. *Tyrwhitt.*

⁸ — the county wears,] i. e. the count. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, we have "the county Paris." *Steevens.*

Hel. You see it lawful then: It is no more,
 But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
 Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
 In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
 Herself most chastly absent: after this,⁹
 To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
 To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:
 Instruct my daughter how she shall perséver,
 That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
 May prove coherent. Every night he comes
 With musick of all sorts, and songs compos'd
 To her unworthiness: It nothing steads us,
 To chide him from our eaves; for he persists,
 As if his life lay on 't.

Hel. Why then, to-night
 Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
 Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
 And lawful meaning in a lawful act;¹
 Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
 But let 's about it.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁹ — *after this,*] The latter word was added to complete the metre, by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

¹ *Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,*

And lawful meaning in a lawful act;] To make this gingling riddle complete in all its parts, we should read the second line thus:

And lawful meaning in a wicked act;

The sense of the two lines is this: It is a *wicked meaning* because the woman's intent is to deceive; but a *lawful deed*, because the man enjoys his own wife. Again, it is a *lawful meaning* because done by her to gain her husband's estranged affection, but it is a *wicked act* because he goes intentionally to commit adultery. The riddle concludes thus: *Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact*, i. e. Where neither of them sin, and yet it is a sinful fact on both sides; which conclusion, we see, requires the emendation here made. *Warburton.*

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads in the same sense:

Unlawful meaning in a lawful act. *Johnson.*

Bertram's meaning is wicked in a lawful deed, and Helen's meaning is lawful in a lawful act; and neither of them sin: yet on his part it was a sinful act, for his meaning was to commit adultery, of which he was innocent, as the lady was his wife.

Tollet.

ACT IV.....SCENE I.

Without the Florentine Camp.

Enter first Lord, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.

1 Lord. He can come no other way but by this hedge' corner: When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter: for we must not seem to understand him; unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 Sold. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1 Lord. Art not acquainted with him? Knows he not thy voice?

1 Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

1 Lord. But what linsy-woolsy hast thou to speak to us again?

1 Sold. Even such as you speak to me.

1 Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment.² Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose:³ chough's language,⁴ gabble

The first line relates to Bertram. The *deed* was *lawful*, as being the duty of marriage, owed by the husband to the wife; but his *meaning* was *wicked*, because he intended to commit adultery. The second line relates to Helena; whose *meaning* was *lawful*, in as much as she intended to reclaim her husband, and demanded only the rights of a wife. The *act* or *deed* was *lawful* for the reason already given. The subsequent line relates to them both. The *fact* was *sinful*, as far as Bertram was concerned, because he intended to commit adultery; yet neither he nor Helena *actually* sinned: not the wife, because both her intention and action were innocent; not the husband, because he did not *accomplish* his intention; he did not commit adultery.—This note is partly Mr. Heath's. *Malone.*

² — *some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment.*] That is, *foreign troops in the enemy's pay.* *Johnson.*

³ — *so we seem to know, is to know &c.*] I think the meaning is,—Our seeming to know what we speak one to another, is to *make him* to know our purpose immediately; to discover our design to him. *To know*, in the last instance, signifies to *make*

enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politick. But couch, ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it: They begin to smoke me; and disgraces of late knocked too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 *Lord.* This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. *[Aside.*

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say, I got them in exploit: Yet slight ones will not carry it: They will say, Came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the instance?⁴ Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy another of Bajazet's mule,⁶ if you prattle me into these perils.

known. Sir T. Hanmer very plausibly reads—to show straight our purpose. *Malone.*

The sense of this passage with the context I take to be this—We must each fancy a jargon for himself, without aiming to be understood by one another, for provided we appear to understand, that will be sufficient for the success of our project. *Henley.*

⁴ — *chough's language,*] So, in *The Tempest*:

“ — I myself, could make

“ A chough of as deep chat.” *Steevens.*

⁵ — *the instance?*] *The proof.* *Johnson.*

⁶ — *of Bajazet's mule,*] Dr. Warburton would read—*mute.*
Malone.

As a mule is as dumb by nature, as the mute is by art, the reading may stand. In one of our old Turkish histories, there is a pompous description of Bajazet riding on a mule to the Divan. *Steevens.*

Perhaps there may be here a reference to the following apology mentioned by Maitland, in one of his despatches to Secretary Cecil: “I think yow have hard the apologue off the Philosopher who for th' emperor's plesure tooke upon him to make a

1 Lord. Is it possible, he should know what he is, and be that he is? [Aside.

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1 Lord. We cannot afford you so. [Aside.

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say, it was in stratagem.

1 Lord. 'Twould not do. [Aside.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say, I was stripped.

1 Lord. Hardly serve. [Aside.

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel ———

1 Lord. How deep? [Aside.

Par. Thirty fathom.

1 Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [Aside.

Par. I would, I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear, I recovered it.

1 Lord. You shall hear one anon. [Aside.

Par. A drum now of the enemy's! [Alarum within.

1 Lord. *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O! ransome:—Do not hide mine eyes.
[*They seize him and blindfold him.*

1 Sold. *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment.
And I shall lose my life for want of language:
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me,
I will discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.

1 Sold. *Boskos vaurvado:—*

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:—
*Kerchybonto:—*Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

Moyle speak: In many yeares the lyke may yet be, eyther that the Moyle, the Philosopher, or Eamperor may dye before the tyme be fully ronne out." *Haynes's Collection*, 369. Parolles probably means, he must buy a tongue which has still to learn the use of speech, that he may run himself into no more difficulties by his loquacity. *Reed.*

Par. Oh!

1 Sold. O, pray, pray, pray.—

Manka revania dulce.

1 Lord. *Oscorbi dulchos volivorco.*

1 Sold. The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hood-wink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply, thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

1 Sold. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1 Sold. *Acordo linta.*—

Come on, thou art granted space.

[*Exit, with PAR. guarded.*]

1 Lord. Go, tell the count Rousillon, and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled,
Till we do hear from them.

2 Sold. Captain, I will.

1 Lord. He will betray us all unto ourselves;—
Inform 'em⁶ that.

2 Sold. So I will, sir.

1 Lord. Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely
lock'd. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.

Ber. They told me, that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess;

And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one

⁶ *Inform 'em* —] Old copy—*Inform on.* Corrected by Mr.
owe. *Malone.*

As you are now, for you are cold and stern;⁷
And now you should be as your mother was,
When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber.

So should you be.

Dia.

No:

My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

Ber.

No more of that!

I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows:
I was compell'd to her;⁸ but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.

Dia.

Ay, so you serve us,

Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.

Ber.

How have I sworn?

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth;
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,⁹

⁷ *You are no maiden, but a monument:*

— *for you are cold and stern;*] Our author had here, probably, in his thoughts some of the *stern* monumental figures with which many churches in England were furnished by the rude sculptors of his own time. He has again the same allusion in *Cymbeline*:

"And be her sense but as a monument,

"Thus in a chapel lying." *Malone.*

I believe the epithet *stern* refers only to the severity often impressed by death on features which, in their animated state, were of a placid turn. *Stevens.*

⁸ *No more of that!*

I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows:

I was compell'd to her;] *Against his vows,* I believe, means—*against his determined resolution never to cohabit with Helena;* and this *vow*, or *resolution*, he had very strongly expressed in his letter to the Countess. *Stevens.*

So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, a tragedy, by Webster, 1612:

"Henceforth I'll never lie with thee,—

"My vow is fix'd." *Malone.*

⁹ *What is not holy, that we swear not by,*] The sense is—We never swear by what is not holy, but swear by, or take to witness, the Highest, the Divinity. The tenor of the reasoning contained in the following lines perfectly corresponds with

But take the Highest to witness: Then, pray you tell me,
 If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,¹
 I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
 When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
 To swear by him whom I protest to love,
 That I will work against him:² Therefore, your oaths
 Are words, and poor conditions; but unseal'd;
 At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it;

Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;
 And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,
 That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
 But give thyself unto my sick desires,
 Who then recover: say, thou art mine, and ever
 My love, as it begins, shall so perséver.

Dia. I see, that men make hopes, in such affairs,³

If I should swear by Jove's great attributes, that I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths, when you found by experience that I loved you ill, and was endeavouring to gain credit with you in order to seduce you to your ruin? No, surely; but you would conclude that I had no faith either in Jove or his attributes, and that my oaths were mere words of course. For that oath can certainly have no tie upon us, which we swear by him we profess to love and honour, when at the same time we give the strongest proof of our disbelief in him, by pursuing a course which we know will offend and dishonour him. *Heath.*

¹ *If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,*] In the print of the old folio, it is doubtful whether it be *Jove's* or *Love's*, the characters being not distinguishable. If it is read *Love's*, perhaps it may be something less difficult. I am still at a loss. *Johnson.*

² *To swear by him whom I protest to love, &c.*] This passage likewise appears to me corrupt. She swears not by him whom she loves, but by Jupiter. I believe we may read—*To swear to him.* There is, says she, no holding, no consistency, in swearing to one that I love him, when I swear it only to injure him.

Johnson.

This appears to me a very probable conjecture. Mr. Heath's explanation, which refers to the words—"whom I protest to love," to *Jove*, can hardly be right. Let the reader judge.

Malone.

May we not read—

To swear by him whom I profess to love. *Harris.*

³ *I see, that men make hopes, in such affairs,*] The four folio editions read:

— make rope's in such a scarre.

That we 'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

The emendation was introduced by Mr. Rowe. I find the word *scarre* in *The Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1631; but do not readily perceive how it can suit the purpose of the present speaker:

"I know a cave, wherein the bright day's eye,

"Look'd never but asance, through a small creeke,

"Or little cranny of the fretted *scarre* :

"There have I sometimes liv'd," &c.

Again:

"Where is the villain's body?—

"Marry, even heaved over the *sarr*, and sent a swimming," &c.

Again:

"Run up to the top of the dreadful *scarre*."

Again:

"I stood upon the top of the high *scarre*."

Ray says, that a *scarre* is a cliff of a rock, or a naked rock on the dry land, from the Saxon *carre*, cautes. He adds, that this word gave denomination to the town of *Scarborough*.

But as some Latin commentator, (whose name I have forgot) observes on a similar occasion, *veritate desperatâ, nihil amplius cura de hac re suscipere volui. Steevens*.

I see, that men make hopes, in such a scene,

That we 'll forsake ourselves.] i. e. I perceive that while our lovers are making professions of love, and acting their assumed parts in this kind of amorous *interlude*, they entertain hopes that we shall be betrayed by our passions to yield to their desires. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "The sport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage, and no such matter,—that 's the scene that I would see," &c.

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"— It shall be so my care

"To have you royally appointed, as if

"The scene you play, were mine."

The old copy reads:

I see, that men make ropes in such a scarre, &c.

which Mr. Rowe altered to—*make hopes in such affairs*; and all the subsequent editors adopted his correction. It being entirely arbitrary, any emendation that is nearer to the traces of the unintelligible word in the old copy, and affords at the same time an easy sense, is better entitled to a place in the text.

A corrupted passage in the first sketch of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, suggested to me [scene] the emendation now introduced. In the fifth Act, Fenton describes to the Host his scheme for marrying Anne Page:

"And in a robe of white this night disguised

"Wherein fat Falstaff had [r. hath] a mighty *scarre*,

"Must Slender take her," &c.

It is manifest, from the corresponding lines in the folio, that

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring:
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose: Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring:
My house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber
window;
I'll order take, my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:

scarre was printed by mistake for *scene*; for in the folio the passage runs—

“ — fat Falstaff

“ Hath a great *scene*.” *Malone*.

Mr. Rowe's emendation is not only liable to objection from its dissimilarity to the reading of the four folios, but also from the awkwardness of his language, where the *literal* resemblance is most, like the words, rejected. *In such affairs*, is a phrase too vague for Shakspeare, when a determined point, to which the preceding conversation had been gradually narrowing, was in question; and to *MAKE hopes*, is as uncouth an expression as can well be imagined.

Nor is Mr. Malone's supposition, of *scene* for *scarre*, a whit more in point: for, first, *scarre*, in every part of England where rocks abound, is well known to signify the detached protrusion of a large rock; whereas *scarre* is terror or affright. Nor was *scarre*, in the first sketch of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, a mistake for *scene*, but an intentional change of ideas; *scarre* implying only *Falstaff's terror*, but *scene* including the spectator's entertainment. On the supposal that *make hopes* is the true reading, *in such a scarre*, may be taken figuratively for *in such an extremity*, &c. in so desperate a situation. *Henley*.

My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them,
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring; that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fail not: You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee.
[*Exit.*]

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!
You may so in the end.—

My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in his heart; she says, all men
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me,
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him,
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid;⁴
Only, in this disguise, I think 't no sin
To cozen him, that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

The Florentine Camp.

Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.

1 *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 *Lord.* I have delivered it an hour since: there is

⁴ — Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid:] Braid signifies
crafty or deceitful. So, in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616:

"Dian rose with all her maids,

"Blushing thus at love his braids."

Chaucer uses the word in the same sense; but as the passage
where it occurs in his *Troilus and Cressida* is contested, it may
be necessary to observe, that *Bred* is an Anglo-Saxon word, sig-
nifying *fraus, astus*. Again, in Thomas Drant's *Translation of*
Horace's Epistles, where its import is not very clear:

"Professing thee a friend, to plaie the ribbalde at a brade."

In *The Romaunt of the Rose*, v. 1336, *braid* seems to mean
forthwith, or, *at a jerk*. There is nothing to answer it in the
French, except *tantost*.

In the ancient song of *Lytyl Thanke*, (MS. Cotton, Titus A.
xxvi,) "at a brayd" undoubtedly signifies—at once, on a sudden,
in the instant:

"But in come ffrankelyn at a brayd." *Stevens.*

something in 't that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he changed almost into another man.

1 *Lord*.⁵ He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2 *Lord*. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord*. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord*. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 *Lord*. Now, God delay our rebellion; as we are ourselves, what things are we!

2 *Lord*. Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends;⁶ so

⁵ 1 *Lord*.] The latter editors have with great liberality bestowed lordship upon these interlocutors, who, in the original edition, are called, with more propriety, *capt. E.* and *capt. G.* It is true that *captain E.* in a former scene is called *lord E.* but the subordination in which they seem to act, and the timorous manner in which they converse, determines them to be only captains. Yet as the latter readers of Shakspeare have been used to find them lords, I have not thought it worth while to degrade them in the margin. *Johnson.*

These two personages may be supposed to be two young French Lords serving in the Florentine camp, where they now appear in their military capacity. In the first scene, where the two French lords are introduced, taking leave of the king, they are called in the original edition, *Lord E.* and *Lord G.*

G. and E. were, I believe, only put to denote the players who performed these characters. In the list of actors prefixed to the first folio, I find the names of Gilburne and Ecclestone, to whom these insignificant parts probably fell. Perhaps, however, these performers first represented the French Lords, and afterwards two captains in the Florentine army; and hence the confusion of the old copy. In the first scene of this Act, one of these captains is called throughout, 1. *Lord E.* The matter is of no great importance. *Malone.*

⁶ — till they attain to their abhorred ends;] This may mean—
are perpetually talking about the mischief they intend to
till they have obtained an opportunity of doing it. *Stevens.*

he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.⁷

1 *Lord*. Is it not meant damnable in us,⁸ to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

2 *Lord*. Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord*. That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company⁹ anatomized; that he might take a measure of his own judgments,¹ wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.²

2 *Lord*. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord*. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2 *Lord*. I hear, there is an overture of peace.

⁷ — in his proper stream o'erflows himself.] That is, betrays his own secrets in his own talk. The reply shows that this is the meaning. *Johnson*.

⁸ Is it not meant damnable in us,] I once thought that we ought to read—*Is it not most damnable*; but no change is necessary.—Adjectives are often used as adverbs by our author and his contemporaries. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,

"And damnable ungrateful."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

"—and as thou drawest, swear horrible —."

Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound."

Again, in Massinger's *Very Woman*:

"I'll beat thee damnable." *Malone*.

Mr. M. Mason wishes to read—*mean* and damnable. *Steevens*.

⁹ — his company —] i. e. his companion. It is so used in *King Henry V*. *Malone*.

¹ — he might take a measure of his own judgments,] This is a very just and moral reason. Bertram, by finding how erroneously he has judged, will be less confident, and more easily moved by admonition. *Johnson*.

² — wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.] Parolles is the person whom they are going to anatomize. *Counterfeit*, besides its ordinary signification,—[a person pretending to be what he is not] signified also in our author's time a false coin, and a picture. The word *set* shows that it is here used in the first and the last of these senses. *Malone*.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 *Lord.* I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house; her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplished: and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this justified?

1 *Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say, is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily sorry, that he 'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 *Lord.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter BERTRAM.

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too sweet for the King's tartness. Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is 't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night despatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have conge'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertained my convoy; and, between these main parcels of despatch, effected many nicer needs; the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord.* If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier?—Come, bring forth this counterfeit module;³ he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophetier.⁴

2 *Lord.* Bring him forth: [*Exeunt Soldiers*] he has sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long.⁵ How does he carry himself?

³ — bring forth this counterfeit module;] *Module* being the pattern of any thing, may be here used in that sense. Bring forth this fellow, who, by counterfeit virtue, pretended to make himself a pattern. *Johnson.*

It appears from *Minshieu*, that *module* and *model* were synonymous.

In *King Richard II*, *model* signifies a thing fashioned after an archetype:

“Who was the *model* of thy father's life.”

Again, in *King Henry VIII*:

“The *model* of our chaste loves, his young daughter.”

Our author, I believe, uses the word here in the same sense: Bring forth this counterfeit representation of a soldier. *Malone.*

⁴ — a double-meaning prophetier.] So, in *Macbeth*:

“That palter with us in a double sense,

“And keep the word of promise to our ear,

“But break it to our hope.” *Steevens.*

⁵ — in usurping his spurs so long.] The punishment of a recreant, or coward, was to have his spurs hacked off. *Malone.*

1 *Lord*. I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps, like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very instant disaster of his sitting i' the stocks: And what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord*. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in 't, as, I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

*Re-enter Soldiers, with PAROLLES.*⁶

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

1 *Lord*. Hoodman comes!—*Porto tartarossa*.

1 *Sold*. He calls for the tortures; What, will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint; if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

1 *Sold*. *Bosko chimurcho*.

2 *Lord*. *Boblibindo chicurmurco*.

1 *Sold*. You are a merciful general:—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 *Sold*. *First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong*. What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and un-serviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 *Sold*. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do; I'll take the sacrament on 't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him.⁷ What a past-saving slave is this!

I believe these words allude only to the ceremonial degradation of a *knight*. I am yet to learn, that the same mode was practised in disgracing dastards of inferior rank. *Steevens*.

⁶ *Re-enter Soldiers, with Parolles.*] See an account of the examination of one of Henry the Eighth's captains, who had gone over to the enemy (which may possibly have suggested this of Parolles) in *The Life of Iacke Wilton*, 1594; sig. C iii. *Ritson*.

1 *Lord*. You are deceived, my lord; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase) that had the whole theorick⁸ of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 *Lord*. I will never trust a man again, for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 *Sold*. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

1 *Lord*. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't,⁹ in the nature he delivers it.¹

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 *Sold*. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

⁷ *All's one to him.*] In the old copy these words are given by mistake to Parolles. The present regulation, which is clearly right, was suggested by Mr. Steevens. *Malone*.

It will be better to give these words to one of the Dumains, than to Bertram. *Ritson*.

⁸ — *that had the whole theorick* —] i. e. *theory*. So, in Montaigne's *Essais*, translated by J. Florio, 1603: "They know the *theorique* of all things, but you must seek who shall put it in practice." *Malone*.

In 1597 was published "*Theorique and Practise of Warre*, written by Don Philip Prince of Castil, by Don Bernardino de Mendoza. Translated out of the Castilian Tongue in Englishe, by Sir Edward Hoby, Knight," 4to. *Reed*.

⁹ — *I con him no thanks for't,*] To *con thanks* exactly answers the French *savoir gré*. To *con* is to know. I meet with the same expression in *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication*, &c.

"— I believe he will *con thee little thanks for it*."

Again, in *Wily Beguiled*, 1606:

"*I con master Churms thanks for this*."

Again, in *Any Thing for a quiet Life*: "He would not trust you with it, *I con him thanks for it*." *Steevens*.

¹ — *in the nature he delivers it.*] He has said truly, that our numbers are about five or six thousand; but having described them as "weak and unserviceable," &c. I am not much obliged to him. *Malone*.

Rather, perhaps, because his narrative, however near the truth, was uttered for a treacherous purpose. *Steevens*.

1 Sold. Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot. What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour,² I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each: mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks,³ lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

1 Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions,⁴ and what credit I have with the duke.

² — if I were to live this present hour, &c.] I do not understand this passage. Perhaps (as an anonymous correspondent observes) we should read:—if I were to live but this present hour. Steevens.

Perhaps he meant to say—if I were to die this present hour. But fear may be supposed to occasion the mistake, as poor frightened Scrub cries: "Spare all I have, and take my life."

Tollet.

³ — off their cassocks,] *Cassock* signifies a horseman's loose coat, and is used in that sense by the writers of the age of Shakspeare. So, in *Every Man in his Humour*, Brainworm says: "He will never come within the sight of a *cassock* or a musquet-rest again." Something of the same kind likewise appears to have been part of the dress of rusticks, in *Mucedorus*, an anonymous comedy, 1598, erroneously attributed to Shakspeare:

"Within my closet there does hang a *cassock*,

"Though base the weed is, 'twas a shepherd's."

Again, in Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

"—— I will not stick to wear

"A blue *cassock*."

On this occasion a woman is the speaker.

So again, Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589: "Who would not think it a ridiculous thing to see a lady in her milk-house with a velvet gown, and at a bridal in her *cassock of moccado*."

In *The Hollander*, a comedy by Glapthorne, 1640, it is again spoken of as part of a soldier's dress:

"Here, sir, receive this military *cassock*, it has seen service."

"—— This military *cassock* has, I fear, some military hangbys." Steevens.

—— my conditions,] i. e. my disposition and character.

Malone.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down. You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp; a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks, it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories:⁵ Demand them singly.

1 *Sold.* Do you know this captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the sheriff's fool⁶ with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him, nay.⁷ [*Dum. lifts up his hand in anger.*

5 — interrogatories:] i. e. interrogatories. *Reed.*

6 — the sheriff's fool —] We are not to suppose that this was a fool kept by the sheriff for his diversion. The custody of all ideots, &c. possessed of landed property, belonged to the King, who was entitled to the income of their lands, but obliged to find them with necessaries. This prerogative, when there was a large estate in the case, was generally granted to some court-favourite, or other person who made suit for and had interest enough to obtain it, which was called *begging a fool*. But where the land was of inconsiderable value, the *natural* was maintained out of the profits, by the *sheriff*, who accounted for them to the crown. As for those unhappy creatures who had neither possessions nor relations, they seem to have been considered as a species of property, being sold or given with as little ceremony, treated as capriciously, and very often, it is to be feared, left to perish as miserably, as dogs or cats. *Ritson.*

7 — a dumb innocent, that could not say him, nay.] *Innocent* does not here signify a person without guilt or blame; but means, in the good-natured language of our ancestors, an *ideot* or *natural* fool. Agreeably to this sense of the word is the following entry of a burial in the parish register of Charlewood, in Surrey: — "Thomas Sole, an *innocent* about the age of fifty years and upwards, buried 19th September, 1605." *Whalley.*

Doll Common, in *The Alchemist*, being asked for her opinion of the *Widow Pliant*, observes that she is—"a good dull *innocent*." Again, in *I Would and I Would Not*, a poem, by B. N. 1614:

"I would I were an *innocent*, a foole,

"That can do nothing else but laugh or crie,

"And eate fat meate, and never go to schoole,

"And be in love, but with an apple-pie;

"Weare a pide coate, a cockes combe, and a bell,

"And think it did become me passing well."

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.⁸

1 Sold. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

1 Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship⁹ anon.

1 Sold. What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day, to turn him out o' the band: I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

1 Sold. Marry, we 'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 Sold. Here 'tis; here 's a paper? Shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know, if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 Lord. Excellently.

1 Sold. Dian. *The count 's a fool, and full of gold,*¹ —

Mr. Douce observes to me, that the term—*innocent*, was originally French.

See also a note on Ford's *'Tis Pity she 's a Whore*, new edition of Dodsley's *Collection of old Plays*, Vol. VIII, p. 24. *Stevens.*

⁸ — *though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.*] In Lucian's *Contemplantes*, Mercury makes Charon remark a man that was killed by the falling of a tile upon his head, whilst he was in the act of putting off an engagement to the next day: — *ὃς μάλιστα λίσσῃ, ἀπὸ τοῦ τέγους παραμυῖς ἐπιπίπτουσα, ἐκ ἐὶδ' ὅτου κινήσαντος, ἀπέκτεινεν αὐτόν.* See the life of Pyrrhus in Plutarch. Pyrrhus was killed by a tile. *S. W.*

⁹ — *your lordship* —] The old copy has *Lord*. In the MSS. of our author's age, they scarcely ever wrote *Lordship* at full length. *Malone.*

¹ Dian. *The count 's a fool, and full of gold,*] After this line there is apparently a line lost, there being no rhyme that corresponds to *gold*. *Johnson.*

I believe this line is incomplete. The poet might have written:

Dian. *The count 's a fool, and full of golden store—or ore;*
d this addition rhymes with the following alternate verses.

Stevens.

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 Sold. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in 't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both sides rogue!

1 Sold. *When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;*

After he scores, he never pays the score:

Half won, is match well made; watch, and well make it;²

He ne'er pays after debts, take it before;

May we not suppose the former part of the letter to have been prose, as the concluding words are? The sonnet intervenes.

The feigned letter from Olivia to Malvolio, is partly prose, partly verse. *Malone.*

² *Half won, is match well made; watch, and well make it;]*

This line has no meaning that I can find. I read, with a very slight alteration: *Half won is match well made; watch, and well make it.* That is, a match well made is half won; watch, and make it well.

This is not, in my opinion, all the error. The lines are misplaced, and should be read thus:

Half won is match well made; watch, and well make it;

When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold and take it.

After he scores, he never pays the score:

He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before,

And say ———

That is, take his money, and leave him to himself. When the players had lost the second line, they tried to make a connexion out of the rest. Part is apparently in couplets, and the whole was probably uniform. *Johnson.*

Perhaps we should read:

Half won is match well made, watch, and we'll make it.

i. e. if we mean to make any match of it at all. *Steevens.*

There is no need of change. The meaning is, "A match well made, is half won; make your match, therefore, but make it well." *M. Mason.*

The verses having been designed by Parolles as a caution to Diana, after informing her that Bertram is both *rich* and *faithless*, he admonishes her not to yield up her virtue to his *oaths*, but his *gold*; and having enforced this advice by an adage, recommen-

*And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this,
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss:³
For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,*

PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in his forehead.

2 Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

her to comply with his importunity, provided half the sum for which she shall stipulate be previously paid her:—*Half won is match well made; match, and well make it.* *Henley.*

Gain half of what he offers, and you are well off; if you yield to him, make your bargain secure. *Malone.*

³ *Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss.*] The meaning of the word *mell*, from *meler*, French, is obvious.

So, in *Ane very excellent and delectabill Treatise, intitult PHILLOTUS*, &c. 1603:

"But he na husband is to mee;

"Then how could we twa disagree

"That never had na *melling*,"

"Na *melling*, mistress? will you then

"Deny the marriage of that man?"

Again, in *The Corpus Christi Play*, acted at Coventry. MSS. *Cott. Vesp.* VIII, p. 122:

"And fayr yonge qwene herby doth dwelle,

"Both frech and gay upon to loke,

"And a tall man with her doth *melle*,

"The way into hyr chawmer ryght evyn he toke."

The argument of this piece is *The Woman taken in Adultery*.

Stevens.

Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss.] Mr. Theobald and the subsequent editors read—*boys are but to kiss*. I do not see any need of change, nor do I believe that any opposition was intended between the words *mell* and *kiss*. Parolles wishes to recommend himself to Diana, and for that purpose advises her to grant her favours to *men*, and not to *boys*. He himself calls his letter "An advertisement to Diana to take heed of the allurements of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy."

To *mell* is used by our author's contemporaries in the sense of *meddling*, without the indecent idea which Mr. Theobald supposed to be couched under the word in this place. So, in *Hall's ires*, 1597:

1 *Sold.* I perceive, sir, by the general's looks,⁴ we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case; not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or any where, so I may live.⁵

1 *Sold.* We 'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this captain Dumain: You have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: What is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister;⁶ for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them, he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

"Hence, ye profane; *mell* not with holy things."

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. IV, c. i:

"With holy father fits not with such things to *mell*."

Malone.

⁴ — *by the general's looks,*] the old copy has—*by your*. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio, and the misprint probably arose from *ye* in the MS. being taken for *yr*.

Malone.

⁵ — *let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or any where, so I may live.*] Smith might have had this abject sentiment of Parolles in his memory, when he put the following words into the mouth of Lycon, in *Phædra and Hippolytus*:

"O, chain me, whip me, let me be the scorn

"Of sordid rabbles, and insulting crowds;

"Give me but life, and make that life most wretched!"

Steevens.

⁶ — *an egg out of a cloister;*] I know not that *cloister*, though it may etymologically signify *any thing shut*, is used by our author otherwise than for a *monastery*, and therefore I cannot guess whence this hyperbole could take its original: perhaps it means only this—*He will steal any thing, however trifling, from any place, however holy.* *Johnson.*

Robbing the spital, is a common phrase, of the like import.

M. Mason.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

1 *Sold.* What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there call'd Mile-end,⁷ to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord.* He hath out-villained villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat still.⁸

1 *Sold.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu*⁹ he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

⁷ — at a place there call'd Mile-end,] See a note on *K. Henry IV*, P. II, Act III, sc. ii. *Malone*.

⁸ — he's a cat still.] That is, throw him how you will, he lights upon his legs. *Johnson*.

Bertram has no such meaning. In a speech or two before, he declares his aversion to a cat, and now only continues in the same opinion, and says he hates Parolles as much as he hates a cat. The other explanation will not do, as Parolles could not be meant by the cat, which always lights on its legs, for Parolles is now in a fair way to be totally disconcerted. *Steevens*.

I am still of my former opinion. The speech was applied by King James to Coke, with respect to his subtilties of law, that throw him which way we would, he could still, like a cat, light upon his legs. *Johnson*.

The Count had said, that formerly a cat was the only thing in the world which he could not endure; but that now Parolles was as much the object of his aversion as that animal. After Parolles has gone through his next list of falsehoods, the Count adds, "he's more and more a cat,"—still more and more the object of my aversion than he was. As Parolles proceeds still further, one of the Frenchmen observes, that the singularity of his impudence and villainy redeems his character.—Not at all, replies the Count; "he's a cat still;" he is as hateful to me as ever. There cannot, therefore, I think be any doubt that Dr. Johnson's interpretation, "throw him how you will, he lights upon his legs,"—is founded on a misapprehension. *Malone*.

⁹ — for a quart d'ecu —] The fourth part of the smaller French crown; about eight-pence of English money. *Malone*.

1 *Sold.* What's his brother, the other captain Du-main?

2 *Lord.* Why does he ask him of me?¹

1 *Sold.* What's he?

Par. E'en a crow of the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: In a retreat he out-runs any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 *Sold.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rou-sillon.

1 *Sold.* I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the sup-position² of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: Yet, who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? [*Aside.*

1 *Sold.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, heads-man, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my death!

1 *Sold.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unmuffling him.*

So, look about you; Know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* God bless you, captain Parolles.

1 *Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafeu? I am for France.

¹ *Why does he ask him of me?*] This is nature. Every man is, on such occasions, more willing to hear his neighbour's character than his own. *Johnson.*

² — *to beguile the supposition* —] That is, to deceive the opinion, to make the Count think me a man that deserves well.

1 *Lord*. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I 'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt* *BER.* Lords, &c.]

1 *Sold*. You are undone, captain: all but your scarf, that has a knot on 't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

1 *Sold*. If you can find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France too: we shall speak of you there. [*Exit*.]

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this: Captain, I 'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall: simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive! }
There 's place, and means, for every man alive. }
I 'll after them. [*Exit*.]

SCENE IV.

Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,

One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne, 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at Marseilles;³ to which place

³ *His grace is at Marseilles; &c.*] From this line, and others, it appears that *Marseilles* was pronounced by our author as a word of three syllables. The old copy has here *Marcella*, and in the last scene of this Act, *Marcellus*. *Malone*.

We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be, before our welcome.

Wid.

Gentle madam,

You never had a servant, to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel.

Nor you,⁴ mistress,

Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love; doubt not, but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive⁵
And helper to a husband. But O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night!⁶ so lust doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away:
But more of this hereafter:—You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia.

Let death and honesty⁷

Go with your impositions,⁸ I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel.

Yet, I pray you,—

⁴ *Nor you,*] Old copy—*Nor your*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.

Malone.

⁵ — *my motive* —] *Motive* for assistant. *Warburton*.

Rather for *mover*. So, in the last Act of this play:

“ — all impediments in fancy's course

“ *Are motives of more fancy.*” *Malone*.

⁶ *When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts*

Defiles the pitchy night!] *Saucy* may very properly signify *luxurious*, and by consequence *lascivious*. *Johnson*.

So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ — as to remit

“ Their *saucy* sweetness, that do coin heaven's image

“ In stamps that are forbid.” *Malone*.

⁷ — *death and honesty* —] i. e. an honest death. So, in another of our author's plays, we have “death and honour” for *honourable death*. *Steevens*.

⁸ — *your impositions,*] i. e. your commands. *Malone*.

An *imposition* is a task imposed. The term is still current in Universities. *Steevens*.

But with the word, the time will bring on summer,
 When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
 And be as sweet as sharp.⁹ We must away;
 Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us;¹

⁹ *But with the word, the time will bring on summer, &c.] With the word, i. e. in an instant of time. Warburton.*

The meaning of this observation is, that as *briars* have sweetness with their *prickles*, so shall these *troubles* be recompensed with *joy*. *Johnson.*

I would read:

Yet I'fray you

But with the word: the time will bring, &c.

And then the sense will be, "I only frighten you by mentioning the word *suffer*; for a short time will bring on the season of happiness and delight." *Blackstone.*

As the beginning of Helen's reply is evidently a designed aposiopesis, a break ought to follow it, thus:

Hel. Yet, I pray you: —

The sense appears to be this:—Do not think that I would engage you in any service that should expose you to such an alternative, or, indeed, to any lasting inconvenience; *But with the word, i. e.* But on the contrary, you shall no sooner have delivered what you will have to testify on my account, than the irksomeness of the service will be over, and every pleasant circumstance to result from it will instantaneously appear. *Henley.*

¹ *Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us:] The word revives conveys so little sense, that it seems very liable to suspicion.*

— and time revives us:

i. e. looks us in the face, calls upon us to hasten. *Warburton.*

The present reading is corrupt, and I am afraid the emendation none of the soundest. I never remember to have seen the word *revive*. One may as well leave blunders as make them. Why may we not read for a shift, without much effort, *the time invites us?* *Johnson.*

To *vie* and *revie* were terms at several ancient games at cards, but particularly at *Gleek*. So, in Greene's *Art of Coney-catching*, 1592: "I'll either win something or lose something, therefore I'll *vie* and *revie* every card at my pleasure, till either yours or mine come out: therefore 12d. upon this card, my card comes first." Again: "— so they *vie* and *revie* till some ten shillings be on the stake," &c. Again: "This flesheth the Conie, and the sweetness of gain makes him frolick, and none more ready to *vie* and *revie* than he." Again: "So they *vie* and *revie*, and for once that the Barnacle wins, the Conie gets five." Perhaps, however, *revives* is not the true reading. Shakspeare might have written—*time revives us*, i. e. reproaches us for wasting it. Yet, —*time revives us* may mean, it *rouses* us. So, in another play of our author:

All's well that ends well:² still the fine's³ the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter Countess, LAFEU, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffata fellow there; whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour:⁴ your daughter-in-law had been alive at this

"—— I would revive the soldiers' hearts,

"Because I found them ever as myself." *Steevens.*

Time *revives* us, seems to refer to the happy and speedy termination of their embarrassments. She had just before said:

"With the word, the time will bring on summer."

Henley.

² *All's well that ends well*.] So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*:

"The end is crown of every work well done."

All's well that ends well, is one of Camden's proverbial sentences.

Malone.

³ —— the fine's —] i. e. the end. So, in *The London Prodigal*, 1605:

"Nature hath done the last for me, and there's the fine."

Malone.

—— still the fine's the crown;] So, in Chapman's version of the second *Iliad*:

"We fly, not putting on the crown of our so long-held war."

Again, *ibid*:

"—— and all things have their crown,

"As he interpreted." *Steevens.*

⁴ —— whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour:] Parolles is represented as an affected follower of the fashion, and an encourager of his master to run into all the follies of it; where he says: "Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords—they wear themselves in the cap of time—and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed." Here some particularities of fashionable dress are ridiculed. *Snipt-taffata* needs no explanation; but *villainous saffron* is more obscure. This alludes to a fantastic fashion, then much followed, of using *yellow starch* for their bands and ruffs. So, Fletcher, in his *Queen of Corinth*:

"—— Has he familiarly

"Dislik'd your yellow starch; or said your doublet

"Was not exactly frenchified? ——"

hour; and your son here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

And Jonson's *Devil's an Ass*:

"Carmen and chimney-sweepers are got into the *yellow starch*."

This was invented by one Turner, a tire-woman, a court-bawd, and, in all respects, of so infamous a character, that her invention deserved the name of *villainous saffron*. This woman was, afterwards, amongst the miscreants concerned in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, for which she was hanged at Tyburn, and would die in a *yellow ruff* of her own invention: which made yellow starch so odious, that it immediately went out of fashion. 'Tis this, then, to which Shakspeare alludes: but using the word *saffron* for *yellow*, a new idea presented itself, and he pursues his thought under a quite different allusion—*Whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youths of a nation in his colour*; i. e. of his temper and disposition. Here the general custom of that time, of colouring *paste* with saffron, is alluded to. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"I must have *saffron* to colour the warden pyes." *Warburton*.

This play was probably written several years before the death of Sir Thomas Overbury. The plain meaning of the passage seems to be: "Whose evil qualities are of so deep a dye, as to be sufficient to corrupt the most innocent, and to render them of the same disposition with himself." *Malone*.

Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, published in 1595, speaks of starch of various colours:

"—The one arch or pillar wherewith the devil's kingdome of great ruffles is underpropped, is a certain kind of liquid matter which they call *starch*, wherein the devill hath learned them to wash and die their ruffles, which, being drie, will stand stiff and inflexible about their neckes. And this starch they make of divers substances, sometimes of wheate flower, of branne, and other graines: sometimes of rootes, and sometimes of other thinges: of all collours and hues, as white, redde, blewe, purple, and the like."

In *The World toss'd at Tennis*, a masque by Middleton, the *five starches* are personified, and introduced contesting for superiority.

Again, in *Albumazar*, 1615:

"What price bears wheat and *saffron*, that your band's so stiff and *yellow*?"

Again, in Heywood's *If you know not me, you know nobody*, 1606: "—have taken an order to wear *yellow* garters, points, and shoe-tyings, and 'tis thought *yellow* will grow a custom."

"It has been long used at London."

It may be added, that in the year 1446, a parliament was held at Trim, in Ireland, by which the natives were directed, among other things, not to wear shirts stained with *saffron*. *Steevens*.

See a note on *Albumazar*, Dodsley's *Collection of Old Plays*, vol. VII, p. 156, edit. 1780. *Reed*.

Count. I would, I had not known him!⁵ it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman, that ever nature had praise for creating; if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads, ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or, rather the herb of grace.⁶

Laf. They are not salad-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir, I have not much skill in grass.⁷

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself; a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.⁸

⁵ *I would, I had not known him.*] This dialogue serves to connect the incidents of Parolles with the main plan of the play.

Johnson.
I should wish to read—he had not known him, meaning that her son had not. Her knowing Parolles was of little consequence, but Bertram's knowing him caused the death of Helen, which she deplores. *M. Mason.*

⁶ — *herb of grace.*] i. e. rue. So, in *Hamlet*: "there's rue for you—we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays." *Steevens.*

⁷ — *in grass.*] The old copy, by an evident error of the press, reads—*grace.* The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. The word *salad*, in the preceding speech, was also supplied by him. *Malone.*

⁸ — *I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.*] Part of the furniture of a fool was a bauble, which, though it be generally taken to signify any thing of small value, has a precise and determinable meaning. It is, in short, a kind of truncheon with a head carved on it, which the fool anciently carried in his hand. There is a representation of it in a picture of Watte

Laf. I will subscribe for thee; thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, he has an English name;⁹ but his phisnomy is more hotter in France, than there.¹

formerly in the collection of Dr. Mead, which is engraved by Baron, and called *Comediens Italiens*. A faint resemblance of it may be found in the frontispiece of L. de Guernier to *King Lear*, in Mr. Pope's edition in duodecimo. *Sir J. Hawkins*.

So, in Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, 1604:

"— if a fool, we must bear his bauble."

Again, in *The Two angry Women of Abingdon*, 1599: "The fool will not leave his bauble for the Tower of London."

Again, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601:

"She is enamoured of the fool's bauble."

In the *STULTIFERA NAVIS*, 1497, are several representations of this instrument, as well as in *Cocke's Lorel's Bote*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde. Again, in *Lyte's Herbal*: "In the hollownes of the said flower (the great blue wolfe's-bane) grow two small crooked hayres, somewhat great at the end, fashioned like a fool's bable." An ancient proverb, in *Ray's Collection*, points out the materials of which these baubles were made: "If every fool should wear a bable, fewel would be dear." *Steevens*.

The word *bauble* is here used in two senses. The Clown had another *bauble* besides that which the editor alludes to.

M. Mason.

When Cromwell, 1653, forcibly turned out the rump-parliament, he bid the soldier's, "take away that fool's bauble," pointing to the speaker's mace. *Blackstone*.

⁹ — an English name;] The old copy reads—*maine*. *Steevens*.

Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Malone*.

Maine, or head of hair, agrees better with the context than *name*. *His hair was thick*. *Henley*.

¹ — his phisnomy is more hotter in France, than there.] This is intolerable nonsense. The stupid editors, because the devil was talked of, thought no quality would suit him but *hotter*. We should read—more *honour'd*. A joke upon the French people, as if they held a dark complexion, which is natural to them, in more estimation than the English do, who are generally white and fair. *Warburton*.

The allusion is, in all probability, to the *Morbus Gallicus*.

Steevens.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince,² sir, *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master³ thou talkest of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire;⁴ and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world,⁵ let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.⁶

Laf. Go thy ways; I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [Exit.

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.⁷

² *The black prince,*] Bishop Hall, in his *Satires*, B. V, Sat. ii, has given the same name to Pluto: "So the *black prince* is broken loose again," &c. *H. White.*

³ — *to suggest thee from thy master* —] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read—*seduce*, but without authority. To *suggest* had anciently the same meaning. So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"Knowing that tender youth is soon *suggested*,
"I nightly lodge her in an upper tower." *Steevens.*

⁴ *I am a woodland fellow, sir, &c.*] Shakspeare is but rarely guilty of such impious trash. And it is observable, that then he always puts that into the mouth of his *fools*, which is now grown the characteristic of the *fine gentleman*. *Warburton.*

⁵ *But, sure, he is the prince of the world,*] I think we should read—*But since he is*, &c. and thus Sir T. Hanmer. *Steevens.*

⁶ — *the flowery way, — and the great fire.*] The same impious stuff occurs again in *Macbeth*: "the *primrose way* to the *everlasting bonfire*." *Steevens.*

Count. So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.⁸

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss: and I was about to tell you, Since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship, to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter: but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

⁷ — unhappy.] i. e. mischievously waggish, unlucky. Johnson. So, in *King Henry VIII.*

"You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,

"I should judge now unhappily." Steevens.

⁸ So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.] Should not we read—no place, that is, no station, or office in the family? Tyrwhitt.

A pace is a certain or prescribed walk; so we say of a man meanly obsequious, that he has learned his paces, and of a horse who moves irregularly, that he has no paces. Johnson.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord your son, with a patch of velvet on 's face: whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour;⁹ so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed¹ face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man.² [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V..... SCENE I.

Marseilles. *A Street.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it;

⁹ *Laf.* *A scar nobly got, &c.*] This speech, in the second folio, and the modern editions, is given to the Countess, and perhaps rightly. It is more probable that she should have spoken thus favourably of Bertram, than Lafeu. In the original copy, to each of the speeches of the Countess, *Lad.* or *Lg.* [i. e. *Lady*] is prefixed; so that the mistake was very easy. *Malone.*

I do not discover the improbability of this commendation from Lafeu, who is at present anxious to marry his own daughter to Bertram. *Stevens.*

¹ ——— *carbonadoed* ———] i. e. scotched like a piece of meat for the gridiron. So, in *Coriolanus*: "Before Corioli, he scotched and notched him like a carbonado." *Stevens.*

The word is again used in *King Lear*. Kent says to the Steward—

"I'll carbonado your shanks for you." *Malone.*

² ——— *feathers, which ——— nod at every man.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"——— a blue promontory,

"With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world——." *Stevens.*

But, since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold, you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;—

*Enter a gentle Astringer.*³

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

Gen. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gen. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gen. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you

To give this poor petition to the king;
And aid me with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.

Gen. The king's not here.

Hel.

Not here, sir?

Gen.

Not, indeed:

³ *Enter a gentle Astringer.*] Perhaps a gentle stranger, i. e. a stranger of gentle condition, a gentleman.—The error of this conjecture, (which I have learned, since our first edition made its appearance, from an old book of Falconry, 1633) should teach diffidence to those who conceive the words which they do not understand to be corruptions. An *ostringer* or *astringer* is a falconer, and such a character was probably to be met with about a court which was famous for the love of that diversion. So, in *Hamlet*:

“We'll e'en to it like French *Falconers*.”

A gentle *astringer*, is a gentleman falconer. The word is derived from *ostercus* or *austercus*, a goshawk; and thus, says Cowell, in his *Law Dictionary*: “We usually call a falconer, who keeps that kind of hawk, an *austringer*.” Again, in *The Book of Hawking*, &c. bl. l. no date: “Now because I spoke of *ostregiers*, ye shall understand that they ben called *ostregiers* that keep gosshauks or tercelts,” &c. I learn from Blount's *Antient Tenures*, that a “gosshawk is in our records termed by the several names *Ostercum*, *Hostricum*, *Estricum*, *Astureum*, and *Austurcum*,” and all from the French *Austour*. *Stevens*.

He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. *All's well that ends well*, yet;
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.—
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gen. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it:
I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means.⁴

Gen. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again;—
Go, go, provide. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

Rousillon. *The inner Court of the Countess's Palace.*

Enter Clown and PAROLLES.

Par. Good monsieur Lavatch,⁵ give my lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's moat, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.⁶

⁴ *Our means will make us means.*] Shakspeare delights much in this kind of reduplication, sometimes so as to obacure his meaning. Helena says, *they will follow with such speed as the means which they have will give them ability to exert.* Johnson.

⁵ — *Lavatch,*] This is an undoubted, and perhaps irremediable corruption, of some French word. Stevens.

⁶ — *but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's moat, &c.*] In former editions—but *I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.* I believe the poet wrote—in *fortune's moat*; because the Clown, in the very next speech, replies—"I will henceforth eat no *fish* of fortune's buttering;" and again, when he comes to repeat Parolles's petition to Lafeu, "That hath fallen into the unclean *fishpond* of her displeasure, and, as he says, is *muddied* withal." And again

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strong as thou speakest of: I will henceforth

"Pray you, sir, use the *carp* as you may," &c. In all which places, it is obvious a moat or a pond is the allusion. Besides, Parolles smelling strong, as he says, of fortune's strong displeasure, carries on the same image; for as the *moats* round old seats were always replenished with fish, so the Clown's joke of holding his nose, we may presume, proceeded from this, that the privy was always over the moat; and therefore the Clown humorously says, when Parolles is pressing him to deliver his letter to Lord Lafew, "Foh! prythee stand away; a paper from fortune's *close-stool*, to give to a nobleman!" Warburton.

Dr. Warburton's correction may be supported by a passage in *The Alchemist*:

"*Subtle.* — Come along sir,

"I must shew you *Fortune's privy lodgings*."

"*Face.* Are they perfum'd, and his bath ready?

"*Sub.* All.

"Only the fumigation somewhat strong." *Farmer.*

By the whimsical caprice of Fortune, I am fallen into the mud, and smell somewhat strong of her displeasure. In *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609, we meet with the same phrase:

"— but *Fortune's mood*

"Varies again."

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

"When *fortune*, in her shift and change of *mood*,

"Spurns down her late lov'd."

Again, in *Julius Caesar*:

"*Fortune* is merry,

"And in this *mood* will give us any thing."

Mood is again used for *resentment* or *caprice* in *Othello*: "You are but now cast in his *mood*, a punishment more in policy than in malice."

Again, for *anger*, in the old *Taming of a Shrew*, 1607:

"— This brain-sick man,

"That in his *mood* cares not to murder me."

Dr. Warburton, in his edition, changed *mood* into *moat*, and his emendation was adopted, I think, without necessity, by the subsequent editors. All the expressions enumerated by him,— "I will eat no *fish*,"—"he hath fallen into the unclean *fishpond* of her displeasure," &c.—agree sufficiently well with the text, without any change. Parolles having talked metaphorically of being *muddy'd* by the displeasure of fortune, the Clown, to render him ridiculous, supposes him to have actually fallen into a *fishpond*. *Malone.*

Though Mr. Malone defends the old reading, I have retained Dr. Warburton's emendation, which, in my opinion, is one of the luckiest ever produced. *Steevens.*

eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.⁷

Par. Nay, you need not stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor.⁸ Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, pr'ythee, stand away; A paper from fortune's close-stool, to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat,⁹ (but not a musk-cat) that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal: Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he

⁷ — allow the wind.] i. e. stand to the leeward of me.

Steevens.

⁸ Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor.] Nothing could be conceived with greater humour or justness of satire, than this speech. The use of the stinking metaphor is an odious fault, which grave writers often commit. It is not uncommon to see moral declaimers against vice describe her as Hesiod did the fury Tristitia:

“Τῆς ἐκ πίονος μύζης πίον.”

Upon which Longinus justly observes, that, instead of giving a terrible image, he has given a very nasty one. Cicero cautions well against it in his book *de Orat.* “*Quoniam hæc, says he, vel summa laus est in verbis transferendis ut sensum feriat id, quod translatum sit, fugienda est omnis turpitudine earum rerum, ad quas eorum animos qui audiunt trahet similitudo. Nolo morte dici Africani castratam esse rempublicam. Nolo sturcus curiæ dici Glauciam.*” Our poet himself is extremely delicate in this respect; who, throughout his large writings, if you except a passage in *Hamlet*, has scarce a metaphor that can offend the most squeamish reader. *Warburton.*

Dr. Warburton's recollection must have been weak, or his zeal for his author extravagant, otherwise he could not have ventured to countenance him on the score of delicacy; his offensive metaphors and allusions being undoubtedly more frequent than those of all his dramatick predecessors or contemporaries.

Steevens.

⁹ Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat,] We should read—or fortune's cat; and, indeed, I believe there is an error in the former part of the sentence, and that we ought to read—*Here is a puss of fortune's, instead of pur.* *M. Mason.*

looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort,¹ and leave him to your lordship. [Exit Clo.]

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her?² There's a *quart d'ecu* for you: Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour, to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word.³

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then.⁴—Cox' my passion! give me your hand: How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

1 — *I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort,*] We should read—*smiles* of comfort, such as the calling him *fortune's cat*, *carp*, &c Warburton.

The meaning is, I testify my pity for his distress, by encouraging him with a gracious smile. The old reading may stand.

Heath.

Dr. Warburton's proposed emendation may be countenanced by an entry on the books of the Stationers' Company, 1595. "— A booke of verie pythie *similies*, comfortable and profitable for all men to reade."

The same mistake occurs in the old copies of *King Henry IV*, P. I, where, instead of "unsavoury *similes*" we have "unsavoury *smiles*." Steevens.

2 — *under her?*] *Her*, which is not in the first copy, was supplied by the editor of the second folio. Malone.

3 — *save your word,*] i. e. you need not ask;—here it is.

Malone.

4 *You beg more than one word then.*] A quibble is intended on the word *Parolles*, which, in French, is plural, and signifies *words*. *ne*, which is not found in the old copy, was added, perhaps unnecessarily, by the editor of the third folio. Malone.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king's coming, I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat;⁵ go to, fellow.

Par. I praise God for you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, LAFEU, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem⁶ Was made much poorer by it: but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home.⁷

Count. 'Tis past, my liege: And I beseech your majesty to make it Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth;⁸

⁵ — *you shall eat;*] Parolles has many of the lineaments of Falstaff, and seems to be the character which Shakspeare delighted to draw, a fellow that had more wit than virtue. Though justice required that he should be detected and exposed, yet his *vices sit so fit in him* that he is not at last suffered to starve.

Johnson.

⁶ — *esteem* —] Dr. Warburton, in Theobald's edition, altered this word to *estate*; in his own he lets it stand, and explains it by *worth* or *estate*. But *esteem* is here *reckoning* or *estimate*. Since the loss of *Helen*, with her virtues and qualifications, our account is *sunk*; what we have to reckon ourselves king of, is much poorer than before. *Johnson.*

Meaning that his esteem was lessened in its value by Bertram's misconduct; since a person who was honoured with it could be so ill treated as Helena had been, and that with impunity. Johnson's explanation is very unnatural. *M. Mason.*

⁷ — *home.*] That is, *completely, in its full extent.* *Johnson.* So, in *Macbeth*: "That thrust *home*," &c. *Malone.*

⁸ — *blaze of youth;*] The old copy reads—*blade.* *Steevens.* "*Blade of youth*" is the *spring of early life*, when the man is yet green. Oil and fire suit but ill with *blade*, and therefore Dr. Warburton reads, *blaze of youth.* *Johnson.*

When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all:
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,——
But first I beg my pardon, — The young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes;⁹ whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve,
Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear.——Well, call him
hither:——

We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition:¹—Let him not ask our pardon;

This very probable emendation was first proposed by Mr. Theobald, who has produced these two passages in support of it:

"—— I do know

"When the blood *burns*, how prodigal the soul

"Lends the tongue vows. These *blazes*," &c. *Hamlet*.

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"For Hector, in his *blaze* of wrath," &c. *Malone*.

In *Hamlet* we have also "*flaming youth*," and in the present comedy "the quick *fire* of youth." I read, therefore, without hesitation,—*blaze*. *Steevens*.

⁹ *Of richest eyes*;] Shakspeare means that her beauty had astonished those, who, having seen the greatest number of fair women, might be said to be the *richest* in ideas of beauty. So, in *As you Like it*: "— to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have *rich eyes* and poor hands." *Steevens*.

¹ —— the first view shall kill

All repetition:] *The first interview shall put an end to all recollection of the past*. Shakspeare is now hastening to the end of the play, finds his matter sufficient to fill up his remaining scenes, and therefore, as on other such occasions, contracts his dialogue and precipitates his action. Decency required that Bertram's double crime of cruelty and disobedience, joined likewise with some hypocrisy, should raise more resentment; and that though his mother might easily forgive him, his king should more perti-

The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion do we bury
The incensing relicks of it: let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he should.

Gen. I shall, my liege. [*Exit Gen.*]

King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters
sent me,

That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on 't.

King. I am not a day of season,²

For thou may'st see a sun-shine and a hail
In me at once: But to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames,³

Dear sovereign pardon to me.

King. All is whole;

Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals ere we can effect them:⁴ You remember

naciously vindicate his own authority and Helen's merit. Of all this Shakspeare could not be ignorant, but Shakspeare wanted to conclude his play. *Johnson.*

² *I am not a day of season,*] That is, of *uninterrupted rain*: one of those *wet days* that usually happen about the vernal equinox. A similar expression occurs in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"But I alone, alone must sit and pine,

"*Seasoning* the earth with showers."

The word is still used in the same sense in Virginia, in which government, and especially on the eastern shore of it, where the descendants of the first settlers have been less mixed with later emigrants, many expressions of Shakspeare's time are still current. *Henley.*

³ *My high-repented blames,*] *High-repented blames*, are faults repented of to the height, to the utmost. Shakspeare has *high-fantastical* in *Twelfth Night*. *Steevens.*

The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege: at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n;
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a most hideous object: Thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great 'compt: But love, that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, That's good that's gone: our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.⁴

⁴ *The inaudible and noiseless foot of time &c.]* This idea seems to have been caught from the Third Book of Sidney's *Arcadia*: "The summons of *Time* had so creepingly stolne upon him, that hee had heard scarcely the noise of his feet." *Steevens*.

⁵ *Our own love waking &c.]* These two lines I should be glad to call an interpolation of a player. They are ill connected with the former, and not very clear or proper in themselves. I believe the author made two couplets to the same purpose; wrote them both down that he might take his choice; and so they happened to be both preserved.

For *sleep* I think we should read *sleeps*. *Love cries* to see what was done while hatred *sleeps*, and suffered mischief to be done. Or the meaning may be, that *hatred* still continues to sleep at ease, while *love* is weeping; and so the present reading may stand.

Johnson.
I cannot comprehend this passage as it stands, and have no doubt but we should read —

Our old *love waking*, &c.
Extinctus amabitur idem.

Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main consents are had; and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the first, O dear heaven,
bless!

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!⁶

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave⁷ at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.—
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that⁸ by this token

Our own love, can mean nothing but our *self-love*, which would not be sense in this place; but *our old love waking*, means our former affection being revived. *M. Mason.*

This conjecture appears to me extremely probable; but *waking* will not, I think, here admit of Mr. Mason's interpretation, *being revived*; nor, indeed, is it necessary to his emendation. It is clear, from the subsequent line, that *waking* is here used in its ordinary sense. Hate *sleeps* at ease, unmolested by any remembrance of the dead, while old love, reproaching itself for not having been sufficiently kind to a departed friend, "*wakes and weeps*;" crying, "that's good that's gone." *Malone.*

⁶ Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless!

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!] I have ventured, against the authorities of the printed copies, to prefix the Countess's name to these two lines. The King appears, indeed, to be a favourer of Bertram; but if Bertram should make a bad husband the second time, why should it give the King such mortal pangs? A fond and disappointed mother might reasonably not desire to live to see such a day; and from her the wish of dying, rather than to behold it, comes with propriety. *Theobald.*

⁷ The last that e'er I took her leave —] The last time that I saw her, when she was leaving the court. Mr. Rowe and the subsequent editors read—that e'er she took, &c. *Malone.*

I would relieve her: Had you that craft, to reave her
Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure, I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it:
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,⁹
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought
I stood ingag'd:¹ but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,

⁹ *I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that —*] Our author here, as in many
other places, seems to have forgotten, in the close of the sen-
tence, how he began to construct it. See p. 159, n. 8. The
meaning however is clear, and I do not suspect any corruption.

Malone.

⁹ *In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,*] Bertram still
continues to have too little virtue to deserve Helen. He did not
know indeed that it was Helen's ring, but he knew that he had
it not from a window. *Johnson.*

¹ — *noble she was, and thought*

I stood ingag'd:] Thus the old copy. Dr. Johnson reads—
engaged. *Stevens.*

The plain meaning is, when she saw me receive the ring, she
thought me engaged to her. *Johnson.*

Ingag'd may be intended in the same sense with the reading
proposed by Mr. Theobald, [*ungag'd*] i. e. *not engaged*; as Shak-
speare, in another place, uses *gag'd* for *engaged*. *Merchant of
Venice*, Act I, sc. i. *Tyrwhitt.*

I have no doubt that *ingaged* (the reading of the folio) is right.
Gaged is used by other writers, as well as by Shakspeare, for
engaged. So, in a *Pastoral*, by Daniel, 1605:

“Not that the earth did gage

“Unto the husbandman

“Her voluntary fruits, free without fees.”

Ingaged, in the sense of *unengaged*, is a word of exactly the
formation as *inhabitable*, which is used by Shakspeare and
contemporary writers for *uninhabitable*. *Malone.*

In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,²
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you: Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers,³ and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her: she call'd the saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
(Where you have never come) or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out: If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so;
And yet I know not:—Thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—

[*Guards seize BER.*]

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,

² *Plutus himself,*

That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,] Plutus the grand alchemist, who knows the *tincture* which confers the properties of gold upon base metals, and the *matter* by which gold is *multiplied*, by which a small quantity of gold is made to communicate its qualities to a large mass of base metal.

In the reign of Henry the Fourth a law was made to forbid *all men thenceforth to multiply gold, or use any craft of multiplication*. Of which law, Mr. Boyle, when he was warm with the hope of transmutation, procured a repeal. *Johnson.*

³ — *Then, if you know*

That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers,] i. e. confess the ring was hers, for you know it as well as you know that you are yourself. *Edwards.*

The true meaning of this expression, is, *If you know that your faculties are so sound, as that you have the proper consciousness of your own actions,* and are able to recollect and relate what you have done, *tell me, &c.* *Johnson.*

Having vainly fear'd too little.⁴—Away with him;—
We 'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit BER. guarded.*]

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Gen. Gracious sovereign;
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not:
Here 's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes, come short
To tender it herself.⁵ I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [*reads*] *Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count Rousillon a widower; his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour 's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice: Grant it me, O king; in you it best lies: otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.*

DIANA CAPULET.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll him:
for this, I 'll none of him.⁶

⁴ *My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,*

Having vainly fear'd too little.] The proofs which I have already⁴
had are sufficient to show that my fears were not vain and irrational. I have rather been hitherto more easy than I ought, and have unreasonably had too little fear. *Johnson.*

⁵ *Who hath, for four or five removes, come short &c.*] Who hath missed the opportunity of presenting it in person to your majesty, either at Marseilles, or on the road from thence to Rousillon, in consequence of having been four or five removes behind you. *Malone.*

Removes are journies or post-stages. Johnson.

I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll him: for this, I 'll

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafew,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:—

none of him.] Thus the second folio. The first omits—*him*. Either reading is capable of explanation.

The meaning of the earliest copy seems to be this: I'll buy me a new son-in-law, &c. and *toll* the bell for this; i. e. look upon him as a dead man. The second reading, as Dr. Percy suggests, may imply: I'll buy me a son-in-law as they buy a horse in a fair; *toul* him, i. e. enter him on the *toul* or *toll*-book, to prove I came honestly by him, and ascertain my title to him. In a play called *The famous History of Tho. Stukely*, 1605, is an allusion to this custom:

"*Gov.* I will be answerable to thee for thy *horse*."

"*Stuk.* Dost thou keep a *toll*-book? zounds, dost thou make a *horse*-courser of me?"

Again, in *Hudibras*, P. II, C. i:

"—— a roan gelding

"Where, when, by whom, and what y^e were sold for

"And in the open market *toll'd* for."

Alluding (as Dr. Grey observes) to the two statutes relating to the sale of horses, 2 and 3 *Phil. and Mary*, and 31 *Eliz. c. 12*, and publickly *tolling* them in fairs, to prevent the sale of such as were stolen, and to preserve the property to the right owner.

The previous mention of a *fair* seems to justify the reading I have adopted from the second folio. *Steevens*.

The passage should be pointed thus:

I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll;

For this, I'll none of him.

That is, "I'll buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and pay toll; as for this, I will have none of him." *M. Mason*.

The meaning, I think, is, "I will purchase a son-in-law at a fair, and get rid of this worthless fellow, by *tolling* him out of it." To *toll* a person out of a fair was a phrase of the time. So, in Camden's *Remaines*, 1605: "At a Bartholomew Faire at London there was an escheator of the same city, that had arrested a clothier that was outlawed, and had seized his goods, which he had brought into the faire, *tolling him out of the faire*, by a traine."

And *toll for this*, may, however, mean—and I will sell this fellow in a fair, as I would a horse, publickly entering in the *toll-book* the particulars of the sale. For the hint of this tatter interpretation I am indebted to Dr. Percy. I incline, however, to the former exposition.

The following passage in *King Henry IV*, P. II, may be adduced in support of Mr. Steevens's interpretation of this passage: "Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown,—and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee."

Here Falstaff certainly means to speak equivocally; and of his senses is, "I will take care to have thee knocked in t head, and thy friends shall ring thy funeral knell." *Mason*

Go, speedily, and bring again the count.

[*Exeunt Gen. and some Attendants.*]

I am afeard, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count.

Now, justice on the doers!

Enter BERTRAM, *guarded.*

King. I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters to you,⁷
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.—What woman 's that?

Re-enter Gentleman, *with* Widow, *and* DIANA.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet;
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease,⁸ without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count; Do you know these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can, nor will deny
But that I know them: Do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She 's none of mine, my lord.

⁷ *I wonder, sir, since wives &c.] This passage is thus read in the first folio:*

*I wonder, sir, sir, wives are monsters to you,
And that you fly them, as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.—*

Which may be corrected thus:

"I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters &c.

The editors have made it—*wives are so monstrous to you, and in the next line—swear to them, instead of—swear them lordship.*

Though the latter phrase be a little obscure, it should not have been turned out of the text without notice. I suppose *lordship* is put for that *protection* which the husband in the marriage ceremony, promises to the wife. *Tyrwhitt.*

As, I believe, here signifies as soon as. Malone.

I read with Mr. Tyrwhitt, whose emendation I have placed in the text. It may be observed, however, that the second folio reads:

I wonder, sir, wives are such monsters to you —.

Steevens.

⁸ ——— *shall cease,*] i. e. de cease, die. So, in *King Lear*: "Fall and cease." The word is used in the same sense in p. 297 of the *present comedy.* *Steevens.*

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she, which marries you, must marry me,
Either both, or none.

Luf. Your reputation [*to BER.*] comes too short for
my daughter, you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She 's impudent, my lord;
And was a common gamester to the camp.⁹

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect, and rich validity,¹
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,

⁹ — *a, common gamester to the camp.*] The following passage, in an ancient MS. tragedy, entitled *The Second Muiden's Tragedy*, will sufficiently elucidate the idea once affixed to the term—*gamester*, when applied to a female:

"'Tis to me wondrous how you should spare the day

"From amorous clips, much less the general season

"When all the world 's a *gamester*."

Again, in *Pericles*, Lysimachus asks Mariana—

"Were you a *gamester* at five or at seven?"

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"— daughters of the *game*." *Steevens*.

¹ *Whose high respect, and rich validity,*] *Validity* means *value*:
So, in *King Lear*:

"No less in space, *validity*, and pleasure."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

"Of what *validity* and pitch soever." *Steevens*.

He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis it:²
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife;
That ring 's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought, you said,³
You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name 's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?
He 's quoted for a most perfidious slave,⁴
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd;⁵
Whose nature sickens, but to speak a truth:⁶
Am I or that, or this, for what he 'll utter,
That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think, she has: certain it is, I lik'd her,

² — 'tis it:] The old copy has—'tis *hit*. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. In many of our old chronicles I have found *hit* printed instead of *it*. Hence, probably, the mistake here. Mr. Pope reads—and 'tis *his*. *Malone*

Or, he blushes, and 'tis fit. *Henley*.

³ *Methought, you said,*] The poet has here forgot himself. Diana has said no such thing. *Blackstone*.

⁴ *He 's quoted for a most perfidious slave,*] *Quoted* has the same sense as *noted*, or *observed*.

So, in *Hamlet*:

"I 'm sorry that with better heed and judgment

"I had not *quoted* him." *Steevens*.

⁵ — *debosh'd,*] See a note on *The Tempest*, Act III, sc. ii. Vol. II, p. 82, n. 2. *Steevens*.

⁶ *Whose nature sickens, but to speak a truth.*] Here the modern editors read:

Which nature sickens with:—

a most licentious corruption of the old reading, in which the punctuation only wants to be corrected. We should read, as here printed:

Whose nature sickens, but to speak a truth:
only to speak a truth. *Tyrwhitt*.

And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy;⁷ and, in fine,
Her insult coming with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had that, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dian. I must be patient;
You, that turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me.⁸ I pray you yet,

⁷ — all impediments in fancy's course

Are motives of more fancy;] Every thing that obstructs love is an occasion by which love is heightened. And, to conclude, her solicitation concurring with her fashionable appearance, she got the ring.

I am not certain that I have attained the true meaning of the word *modern*, which, perhaps, signifies rather *meanly pretty*.

Johnson.

I believe *modern* means *common*. The sense will then be this — *Her solicitation concurring with her appearance of being common*, i. e. with the appearance of her being to be had, as we say at present. Shakspeare uses the word *modern* frequently, and always in this sense. So, in *King John*:

“ — scorns a *modern* invocation.”

Again, in *As you Like it*:

“ Full of wise saws and *modern* instances.”

“ Trifles, such as we present *modern* friends with.”

Again, in the present comedy, p. 211, n. 5: “ — to make *modern* and familiar things supernatural and causeless.”

Mr. M. Mason says, that *modern grace* means, *with a tolerable degree of beauty*. He questions also the insufficiency of the instances brought in support of my explanation, but adduces none in defence of his own. *Steevens.*

Dr. Johnson's last interpretation is certainly the true one. See p. 59, n. 4; and p. 211, n. 5. I think, with Mr. Steevens, that *modern* here, as almost every where in Shakspeare, means *common, ordinary*; but do not suppose that Bertram here means to call Diana a common gamester, though he has styled her so in a former passage. *Malone.*

⁸ *May justly diet me.] May justly loath or be weary of me*, as people generally are of a regimen or prescribed diet. Such, I imagine, is the meaning. Mr. Collins thinks she means — “ May justly make me fast, by depriving me (as Desdemona says) of the rites for which I love you.” *Malone.*

Mr. Collins's interpretation is just. The allusion may b

(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like

The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confess, the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts
you.—

Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but, tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been
an honourable gentleman; tricks he hath had in him,
which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose: Did he love this
woman?

Par. 'Faith, sir, he did love her; But how?'

King. How, I pray you?

the management of hawks, who were half starved till they became tractable. Thus, in *Coriolanus*:

"— I'll watch him,

"Till he be dieted to my request."

"To fast, like one who takes diet," is a comparison that occurs in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. *Steevens*.

'— he did love her; But how?'] *But how* perhaps belongs to the King's next speech:

But how, how, I pray you?

This suits better with the King's apparent impatience and solicitude for Helena. *Malone*.

Surely all transfer of these words is needless. *Hamlet* addresses such another flippant interrogatory to himself: "The use-trap. Marry, how? Tropicallly." *Steevens*.

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave:—
What an equivocal companion¹ is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promised me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty; I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to speak of, therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: But thou art too fine in thy evidence;² therefore stand aside.—

This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor did I buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

¹ — *companion* —] i. e. fellow. So, in *King Henry VI*, P. II:

"Why, rude *companion*, whatsoe'er thou be,

"I know thee not." *Steevens*.

² — *But thou art too fine in thy evidence;*] *Too fine*, too full of finesse; too artful. A French expression—*trop fine*.

So, in Sir Henry Wotton's celebrated *Parallel*: "We may rate this one secret, as it was *finely* carried, at 4000l. sterling.

Malone.

So, in a very scarce book, entitled *A Courtlie Controversie of Cupid's Cautels: conteyning five Tragical Histories, &c. Translated out of French, &c. by H. W. [Henry Wotton] 4to. 1578*: "Woulde God, (sayd he) I were to deale with a man, that I might recover my losse by *fine force*: but sith my controversie is agaynst a woman, it muste be woone by loue and favoure." p. 51. Again, p. 277: "— as a butterflie flickering from floure floure, if it be caught by a childe that *finely* followeth it," &c.

Ste

Dia. It was not lent me, neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes
off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now;
To prison with her: and away with him.—
Unless thou tell'st me where thou had'st this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.³

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty;
He knows, I am no maid, and he'll swear to't:
I'll swear, I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to LAF.*

King. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal sir;

[*Exit WID.*

The jeweller, that owes the ring, is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:
He knows himself, my bed he hath defil'd;⁴
And at that time he got his wife with child:

³ — customer —] i. e. a common woman. So, in *Othello*:
"I marry her!—what?—a customer!" *Steevens*.

⁴ *He knows himself, &c.*] the dialogue is too long, since the audience already knew the whole transaction; nor is there any reason for puzzling the King and playing with his passions; but as much easier than to make a pathetic interview between a and her husband, her mother, and the King. *Johnson*.

Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick;
So there 's my riddle, One, that 's dead, is quick:
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist⁵
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is 't real, that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord;
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both; O, pardon!

Hel. O, my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wond'rous kind. There is your ring,
And, look you, here 's your letter; This it says,
When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are⁶ by me with child, &c.—This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

⁵ — *exorcist* —] This word is used, not very properly, for *enchanter*. *Johnson*.

Shakspeare invariably uses the word *exorcist*, to imply a person who can raise spirits, not in the usual sense of one that can lay them. So, Ligarius, in *Julius Caesar*, says—

"Thou, like an *exorcist*, hast conjur'd up
"My mortified spirit."

And in *The Second Part of Henry VI*, where Bolingbroke is about to raise a spirit, he asks of Eleanor—

"Will your ladyship behold and hear our *exorcisms*?"

M. Mason.

Such was the common acceptation of the word in our author's time. So, Minshieu, in his *Dict.* 1617: "An *Exorcist*, or *Conjuror*."—So also, "To *conjure* or *exorcise* a spirit."

The difference between a *Conjuror*, a *Witch*, and an *Inchanter*, according to that writer, is as follows:

"The *Conjuror* seemeth by praiers and invocations of God's powerful names, to compell the Divell to say or doe what he commandeth him. The *Witch* dealeth rather by a friendly and voluntarie conference or agreement between him or her and the Divell or Familiar, to have his or her turne served, in lieu or stead of blood or other gift offered unto him, especially of his or her soule:—And both these differ from *Inchanters* or *Sorcerers*, because the former two have personal conference with the Divell, and the other meddles but with medicines and ceremonial formes of words called *charmes*, without apparition." *Malone*.

⁶ *And are* —] The old copy reads—*And is*. Mr. Rowe made the emendation. *Malone*.

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!—
O, my dear mother, do I see you living?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon:—
Good Tom Drum, [*to PAR.*] lend me a handkerchief:
So, I thank thee: wait on me home, I'll make sport
with thee: Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow:—
If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower, [*To DIA.*
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
Of that, and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well; and, if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet. [*Flourish.*

Advancing.

'The king's a beggar, now the play is done:'
All is well ended, *if this suit be won,*
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;'
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[*Exeunt.*']

⁷ *The king's a beggar, now the play is done:']* Though these lines are sufficiently intelligible in their obvious sense, yet perhaps there is some allusion to the old tale of *The King and the Beggar*, which was the subject of a ballad, and, as it should seem from the following lines in *King Richard II*, of some popular interlude also:

"Our scene is altered from a serious thing,
"And now chang'd to the beggar and the king." *Malone.*

⁸ *Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;']* The meaning is: Grant us then your patience; hear us without interruption. And take our parts; that is, support and defend us. *Johnson.*

⁹ This play has many delightful scenes, though not sufficiently probable, and some happy characters, though not new, nor produced by any deep knowledge of human nature. *Parolles* is a

boaster and a coward, such as has always been the sport of the stage, but perhaps never raised more laughter or contempt than in the hands of Shakspeare.

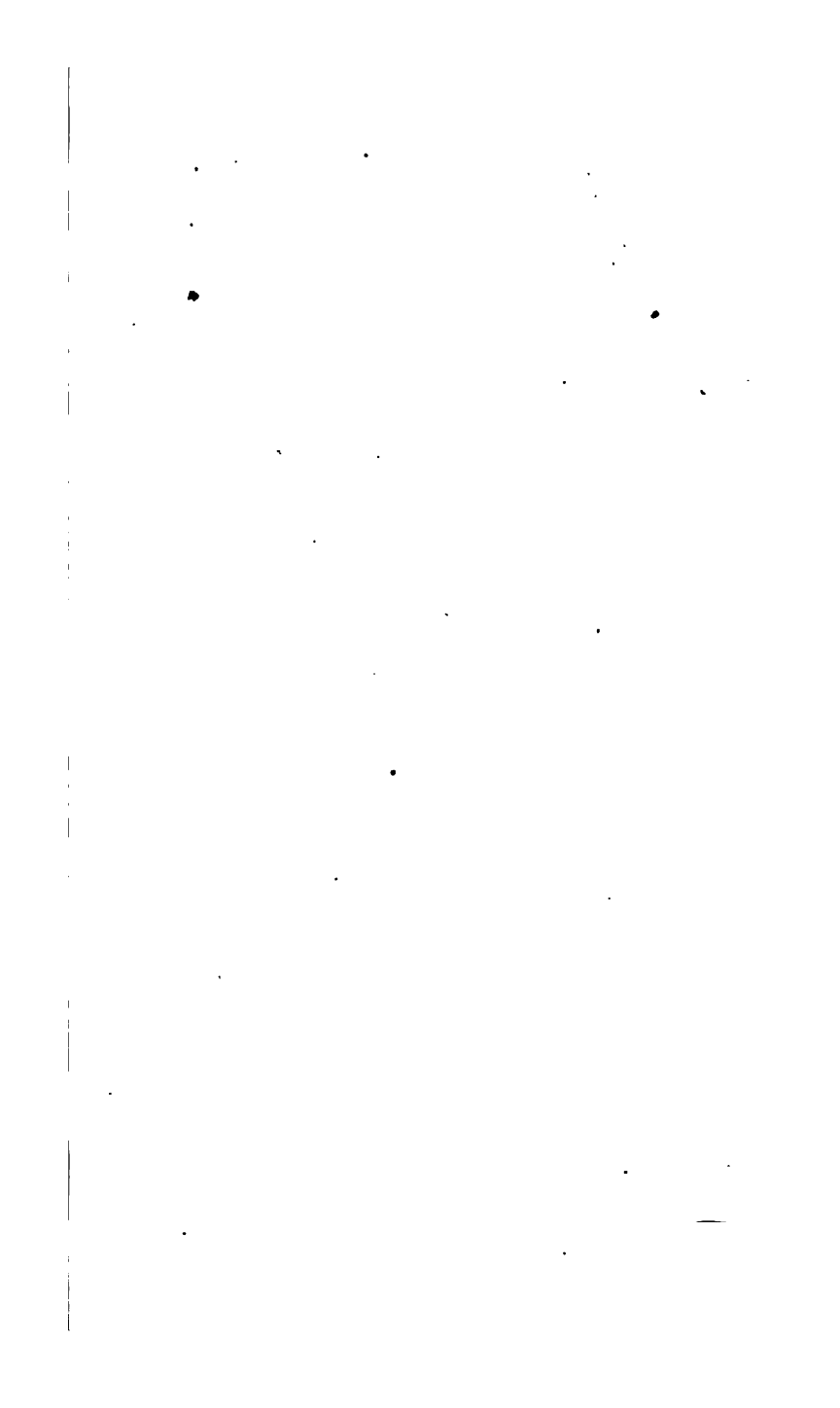
I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without generosity, and young without truth; who marries Helen as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when she is dead by his unkindness, sneaks home to a second marriage, is accused by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and is dismissed to happiness.

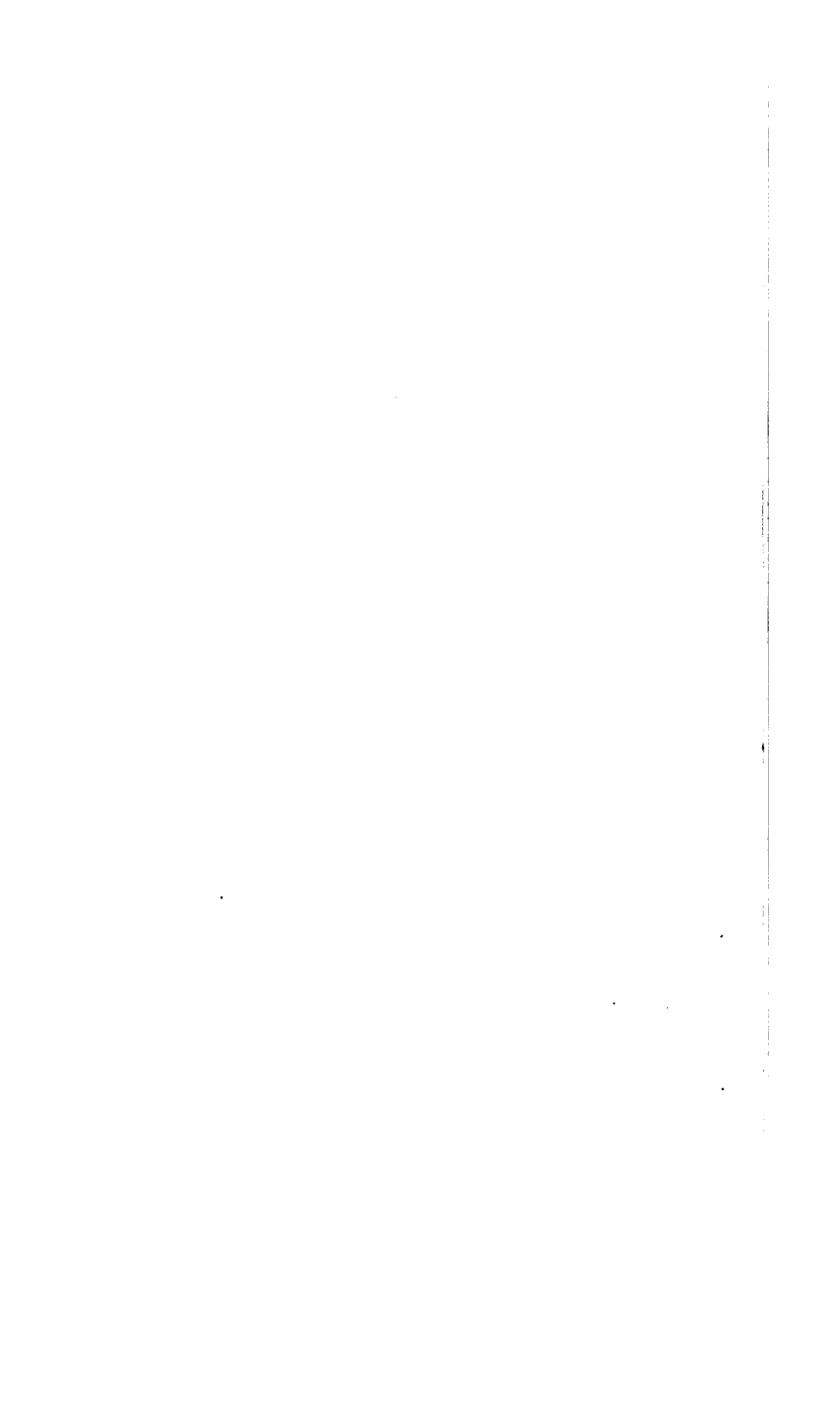
The story of Bertram and Diana had been told before of Mariana and Angelo, and, to confess the truth, scarcely merited to be heard a second time. *Johnson.*

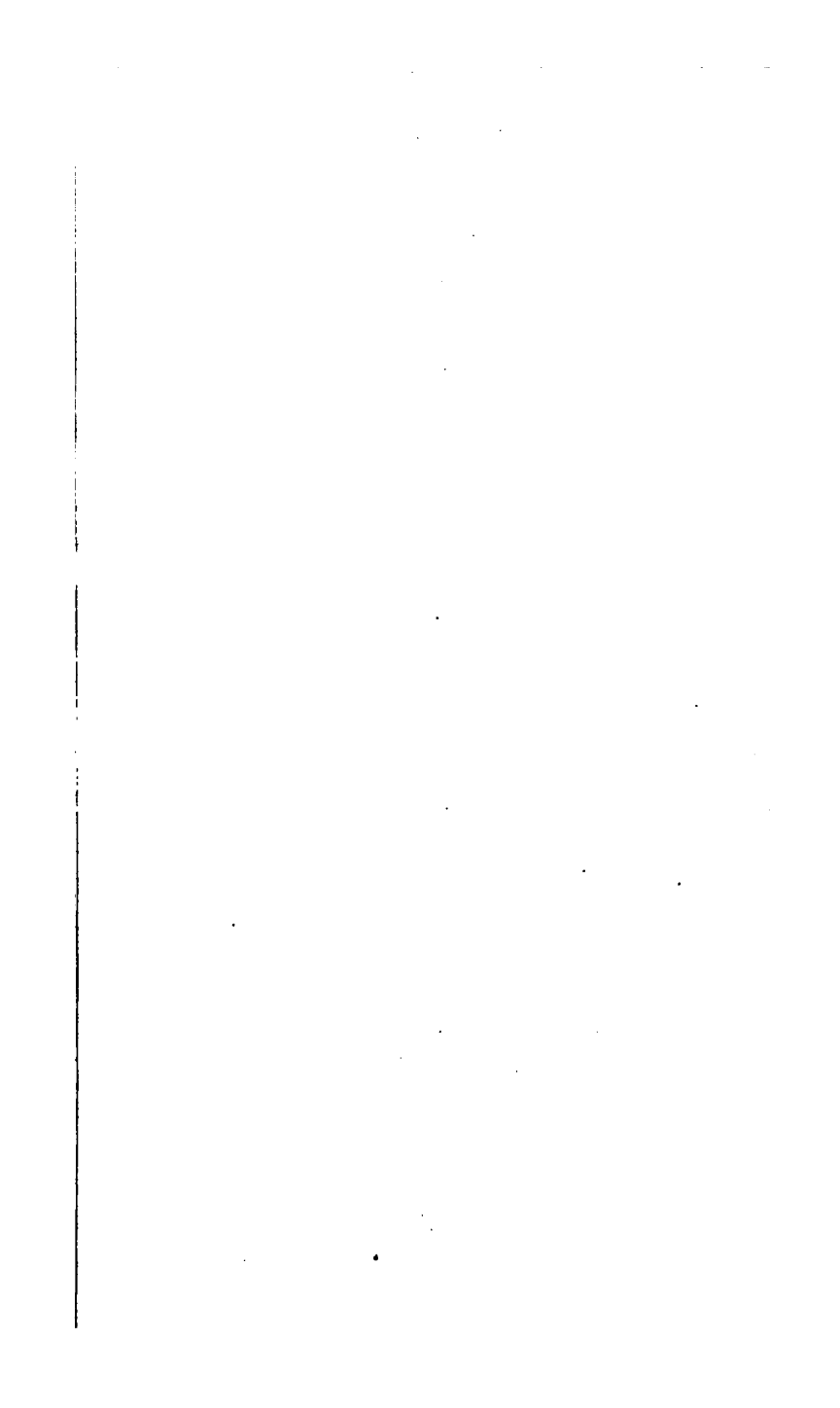
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